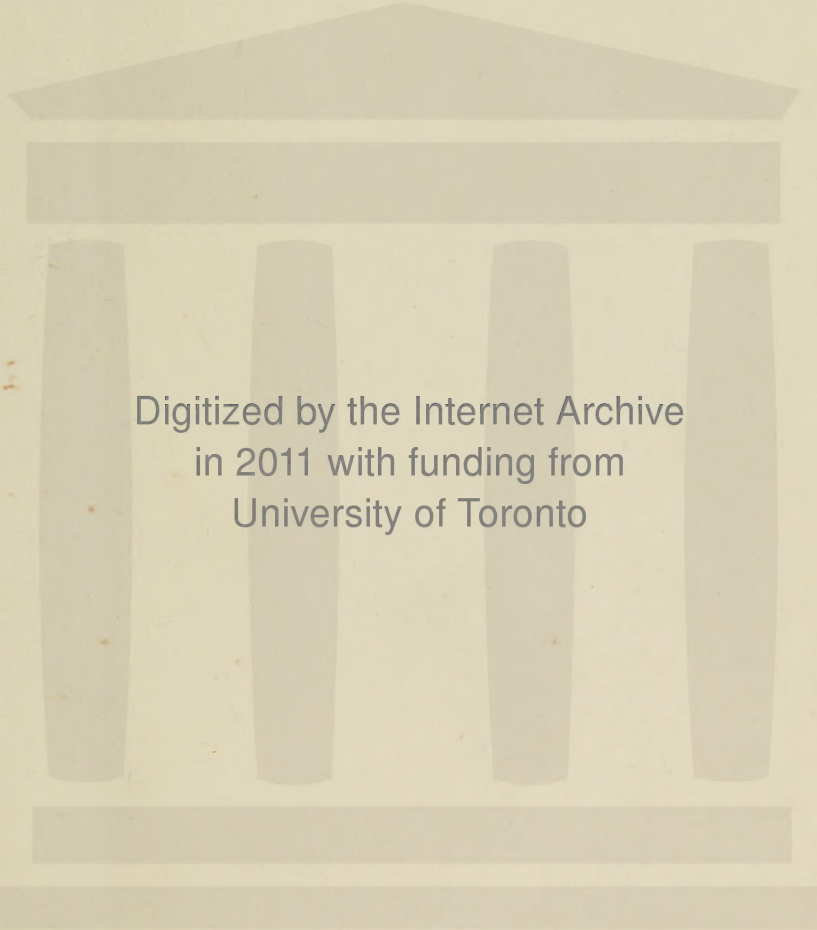




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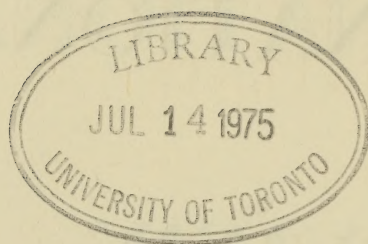
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RUBENS
ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMING

THE
INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1880.

RUBENS.

II.

IN a previous article on Rubens, our principal subject of study was his generally successful life. His special merits as an artist were purposely left for future consideration.

So much has been said about him by various authors that it is difficult to write any thing which may not have been in some degree anticipated; but there are certain peculiarities which it may be well to bring into clearer relief.

The first and most important of these is the strikingly personal character of the painter's genius, shown in his arbitrary way of substituting his own treatment for that of others, not from bravado, but from the strength of personal instincts. He differed from many other great painters in having a decided taste for copying the works of other artists, but the reader is not to suppose that Rubens would at all abdicate his own personality in doing this. On the contrary, his copies are the best evidence we have of the intensity of his own idiosyncrasy. He copied Titian and other painters, but only to turn their works into so many pictures of his own, not at all caring to preserve the peculiarities of their coloring or their style. "A drawing by Rubens after Raphael," says Mr. Comyns Carr, "is surely more impregnated by Rubens than by Raphael. The individuality of the copyist, or rather of the interpreter, is so frankly expressed that the contrast between his interpretation and the original performance marks precisely all the concordances and all the incompatibilities of

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these two artistic natures." The same writer goes on to mention other examples ;¹ but M. Xavier de Reul alludes to an especially curious case of transformation, in which Rubens had altered a set of engravings from Michael Angelo by drawing upon them with sanguine, so as to bring them into harmony with his own personal genius.² The engravings so altered used to be at Brussels, in the Kaieman collection. The most remarkable case of all is a free copy by Rubens of a picture in tempera which he found at Mantua. The picture was one of a series of nine which Mantegna had designed as illustrations of a triumph of Julius Cæsar. Rubens chose that with the elephants carrying the candelabra ; "but," says Dr. Waagen, "his ardent imagination, ever directed to the dramatic, could not be contented with this ; instead of a harmless sheep which in Mantegna is walking by the foremost elephant, Rubens has introduced a lion and a lioness which growl angrily at the elephant. The latter on his part is not idle, but, looking furiously around, is on the point of striking the lion a blow with his trunk." The original tempera picture is now at Hampton Court, and the copy by Rubens is in the English National Gallery.

Would it be possible to adduce a more striking instance of predominating personality in an artist ? He coolly alters a sheep to a lion and lioness, and then to give unity to the work so altered he changes the attitude of an elephant from a state of quiet indifference to one of warlike fury. Rubens has accepted Mantegna's design as a convenience, and treated it as freely as he would have treated a sketch of his own invention which as a first conception had been wanting in vivacity. But is this copying ? Certainly not ; it is adapting, not copying. He treated Nature and history with a like audacity ; in other words he dealt with all his materials as their master and not their slave, using the people and things in the world as the substance on which his invention might be left free to operate, or as a stimulus to invention itself. It is easy to demonstrate the deviation when an artist substitutes a lion and lioness for a sheep ; but if Mantegna's design had no longer been in existence, this interesting evidence would have been wanting. When we come to the interpretation of Nature the difficulty of demonstration is much increased, because the models are all dead. Here, then, we have to proceed by induction and by a certain line of reasoning which I will endeavor to make clear to the reader.

¹ See *l'Art*, vol. xi. p. 266.

² See *l'Art*, vol. x. p. 266.

Before proceeding to do this, I beg permission to offer a few words of necessary explanation. I have endeavored to show in my "Life of Turner" how freely a great artist deals with his materials, and how he is at the same time studious of truth and independent of it. An analysis of this kind is perfectly within my province as a writer on art, and no one has either the authority or the power to hinder me from applying it; but it exposes me to attack from two classes of critics. The sincere but superstitious critic—the man, I mean—whose ideas about art are a superstition and not a philosophy, has formed (perhaps unconsciously) the following syllogism in his mind, and feels outraged and exasperated when a writer acts in independence of it:—

Truth is a good quality.

Great artists have all good qualities.

Therefore, of course, great artists may be presumed to be absolutely truthful in all their works.

I shall say more of this piece of reasoning later, but just at present I have to mention another class of critics who know very well that great artists are not remarkable for veracity, but who are also aware that the general public esteems veracity as a moral virtue, and who therefore take advantage of that sentiment to win for themselves a little easily-obtained approbation and to cast upon me some odium as a slanderer and vilifier of great men. Quite a considerable number of reviewers in England and America have tried to make it appear that I was hostile to Turner's reputation because I demonstrated the manner in which his mind operated upon natural material; and among that large portion of the public which judges of books without reading them it has gone forth that I am an enemy to Turner's fame. The same may now be said of me about Rubens. It is impossible to reply to all these anonymous writers in detail, and it is at the same time unnecessary, because they are sufficiently answered by better critics who understand my teaching and know that it is founded upon unprejudiced investigation; but it may be well in the present instance to steal a march upon the enemy, and take up a strong position before he makes his appearance.

The popular error to which these writers appeal—the error which they flatter when they are dishonest and innocently share when they are simple-minded—is a confusion of art with morals or with science. Truth is of great importance in morals and of supreme importance in

science, which rejects a proposition when it is proved to be untrue ; but truth is of very secondary importance in the fine arts. How fully art may exist in the simple absence of truth is proved by music, one of the noblest and richest of the arts, one of the most imaginative, one of the most influential over the souls of men, yet simply destitute of truth. Poetry is not destitute of truth in that absolute way ; but it is careless of it, and frequently when it has the choice prefers falsehood, if the falsehood is charming, powerful, or pathetic. The poets do not seek to eliminate what is fabulous from history and tradition ; they prefer the fabulous : and they are not even faithful to legends as they find them, but embellish them for their own purposes. They do not care in the least what science has to say ; they give deliberately false measurements of depth, height, and distance : they alter the facts of natural history. Shelley affirms that the lark is not a bird but a spirit ; Byron maintains the unscientific theory that the nightingale loves the rose and sings for it ; and Scott solemnly declares that when a poet dies, mute Nature mourns for him,—just because it is pleasing to think so. Hundreds of the most charming and best remembered passages of the poets are simply beautiful lies ; so that poetry has been not inaccurately defined as the art of lying beautifully. Again, in dramatic writing, which is supposed by simple-minded people to be truer than light and fanciful verse, the speeches which are put into the mouths of personages are such as tell well upon the stage, or produce a strong effect on the reader, but they are very seldom such as a real person under such circumstances would actually pronounce. Shakspeare in particular had an all but complete indifference to that sort of truth, for he makes his characters deliver orations to each other at times when real persons would say very little ; but this was with a view to the business of the stage. Every actor knows that if he sets a chair, or walks across a room, exactly as such things are done in real life the effect will be bad ; and that he has to learn to do these things by art in a manner which the experience of actors has ascertained to be artistically better than the truth. So it is with the paintings of great masters : people who fancy that it is the truth only show that the craft of the artist has succeeded in imposing upon them. They may be in a state of mind favorable to the simple enjoyment of works of art, but they can know very little about them critically.

Rubens, then, in his way of dealing with Nature was an artist of the wilful and masterful sort, and not at all of the humbly imitative

sort. He painted things not as they were, but as he chose to have them. It has been said of him that he concerned himself little about other people and much about himself,—an expression which is true in this sense, that he painted in a remarkably independent manner. His style as all admit was a very strong style and his own; and what is style in painting if not a wilful restatement of Nature in other terms? The painting which was simply true to Nature and no more would be destitute of style. Mr. Carr considers that the instinct of Rubens led him to see what ought to be saved from the shipwreck of the Italian schools, and what abandoned. To me it seems rather that Rubens took and left with reference to his own strong personal nature, and not with reference to abstract artistic value. His way of dealing with history shows that art, and not fact, was his real pre-occupation. For example, in the picture of the "Education of the Virgin," Saint Anne is seated on a stone or marble bench raised on steps, with a balustrade behind it,—a kind of seat like those in the new court of the Louvre; and there are square columns in the background as a finish to some trellised alley,—the whole belonging to the palatial style of gardening. The Virgin has a satin gown, and Saint Anne is a stately lady, handsomely dressed. The Virgin looks toward the spectator with an engaging air, and two flying cherubs (or are they amorini?) are gracefully bringing her a crown of roses as a reward for her attention to her book. We see at a glance that the painter did not trouble himself in the least about historic truth; he was accustomed to paint princesses in palace gardens, and thought handsome garden architecture more decorative than a rural scene in the Holy Land; besides which, he thought a pretty girl would look better in a handsome and costly dress than in a poor one. As for the amorini with the wreath, they are put in to complete the composition. In most of his drawings and pictures Rubens paid great attention to composition, because that is the most essentially artistic part of the painter's craft. There are few scenes more painful than the "Elevation of the Cross;" and if you thoroughly imagine the reality you will have little inclination to think about artistic arrangements. But Rubens obviously chooses the subject for a drawing precisely because it affords him a rare opportunity for a diagonal arrangement of figures, which he carries out with great thoroughness, ingenuity, and success. Even the Roman officer's horse and the baton which he holds in his hand conform to the dominant inclination,—a diagonal which marine painters easily get with sailing vessels heeling over to

the breeze, but which is difficult to procure in figure-compositions except in skating scenes. The reader sees at once how these considerations carry us away from the solemnity of the subject.

It would be easy to insist upon the perpetual introduction of mythology in the historical compositions of Rubens as a deviation from the truth, and as evidence that events such as really occurred were insufficient for his mind ; but I have no wish to push an argument too far. Rubens belonged to his own time, — the time of the Renaissance, — which had what seems to us a very curious and unaccountable fancy for allegories with gods and goddesses. We are not in that state of mind, and have naturally a difficulty in understanding it ; but the introduction of naked gods and goddesses seated on clouds or attitudinizing strangely when they deign to visit the earth is, I think, more intelligible in painting than in poetry, because in painting these figures may be made exceedingly decorative, and any artist who can paint the nude at all likes to keep up his practice and display his ability. It must be remembered, too, that Rubens actually saw mythological scenes enacted in the state ceremonies of his time ; so that although he never beheld the divine Neptune or Diana he had seen people acting in those characters, and he could put them still better into his pictures than he saw them in the *tableaux vivants* of the public festivals. What seems most odd and ridiculous to us at this time is the mixture of the mythological with the real, — as when we see Marie de Medicis dressed like a very decent respectable lady, yet conducted by a very muscular Mercury, who has scarcely more drapery than a Zulu, up to the Temple of Peace ; and this is only one instance out of many. Perhaps the most serious objection to the Medicean set of pictures is this mixture of the real and the mythological in the same canvases ; but we very soon get accustomed to it, and it would be difficult to mention any series of pictures in the world which have so magnificently decorative an effect. Here again Rubens was a man of his own time. The idea of decorative splendor was one of the dominant ideas of those days in courtly life, and even in the life of the wealthy burghers. The world has changed greatly in that respect since then. Queen Victoria is at the head of a much wealthier nation than Marie de Medicis, but her royal yachts, though exceedingly expensive, are not nearly so sumptuous and showy as the gorgeous galley in which Marie de Medicis came from Tuscany to France. The latest remnants of that bygone taste in England are the Queen's state coach, now disused, and the bar-

baric magnificence of the Lord Mayor, which is not likely to hold out against modern simplicity for much more than the space of a generation.

I have mentioned by accident the *tableaux vivants* got up at public festivals in the time of Rubens, and this reminds me of a very particular merit in his compositions, which is, that, although the subjects so often approach perilously near to the subjects of *tableaux vivants*, the pictures themselves are always quite distinct from a mere concatenation of natural objects. The quality which so separates them from mere Nature is the fusing power of genius which unites things together in one whole. It is a quality by no means equally possessed by great artists. For example, Holbein and Albert Dürer were great artists, but they are famous for other merits; they scarcely had this quality at all. Even Raphael, though he had much more of it than these two, had much less of it than Rubens. It is difficult to mention other artists who were fully equal to Rubens in this respect, except Correggio and Reynolds. The quality is essentially modern, if we date modernism from the Italian renaissance. You will not find it at all among the mediæval artists who drew their objects one by one without considering the effect of groups upon the eye, — the most striking example being the delicate care they could give to a single leaf and their incapacity to deal with landscape. You will not find it in the remnants of antique painting which have come down to us: the ancient Egyptian, the ancient Greek, would put a certain definite number of objects into his picture, but he would paint them as if they were presented in isolation. In Rubens nothing is isolated. His sketches show this fine quality of synthesis even better than the finished pictures upon which his assistants had worked. He had magnificent skill in various different kinds of sketching, but more particularly in oil. There is a lightness of hand, there is a sureness and at the same time an evanescence of touch in the oil sketches of Rubens which are the delight of artists, and which greatly contribute to that pictorial unity we have been talking about, or at least render it technically easier when the mind of the painter has completely conceived it.

In Fromentin's severe but intelligent criticism of Rubens there are two or three pages which I should like to quote, but cannot endure to translate because it is wrong to spoil such good literary workmanship. The drift of these pages is that Rubens had not much imagination; that he could not powerfully and clearly conceive

a really imaginary figure ; that he only excelled in representing figures which he could study from life, or remembered well because he had seen them recently. Fromentin argues this point very ably, and asks us to remember the great series in the Louvre, where Marie de Medicis is always perfect, Henri IV. generally excellent, and the gods and goddesses so many failures with very active muscles and no faces to speak of. Again, in sacred subjects the evangelical personages are too human to suit Fromentin ; that is, they remind us of the model too much, and are insufficiently idealized. All the weak parts of the pictures by Rubens are those which made claims on his imagination. On the other hand, though he could remember reality well, Fromentin does not consider Rubens a great portrait painter. "His portraits are weak," Fromentin says, "without much observation, superficially constructed and vague as likenesses. When you compare him with Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, Sebastian del Piombo, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Holbein, Antonio Moro (I might exhaust the list of the greatest and come down the scale several degrees, till I reached Philippe de Champagne in the seventeenth century and the excellent portraits of the eighteenth), it becomes evident that Rubens had not that attentive *naïveté*, strongly submissive, which the study of the human face requires for its perfection."

Is this criticism just ? I think it is more just in the passages relating to the muscular bodies of gods, with no faces to speak of, than in what concerns Rubens as a portrait painter. Such a lively artist as he was might well feel some embarrassment in dealing with heathen gods ; for the orthodox old Greek manner of treating these deities was very calm and dignified, and there is but little tranquillity in the art of Rubens. His conceptions, too, had a certain materialism and grossness which unfitted him for following, even at a distance, the elegant ideals of Greece. We all know that his gods and goddesses are really nothing but well-fed Flemish bodies in strong action, arranged with a view to decorative effect. The Venus and Adonis in the Hermitage gallery at St. Petersburg is a good example both of his grossness of conception and his strong decorative instinct. The Venus is not a goddess at all, but a fleshy Flemish woman with ugly form copied from some ill-chosen model ; and the Adonis looks like an agricultural laborer. The decorative instinct shows itself, however, very decidedly in the fine arrangement of the group, and in the use of the swans' necks and wings, the chariot-wheel, etc. It is a mistake to estimate the mythology of Rubens too seriously, as if we

were to expect from it some adequate representation of Greek ideals. If Rubens had been asked to illustrate such a poem as Tennyson's "Ænone," he would have done it no doubt with absolute confidence in his own powers; but the result would have been intolerable as an accompaniment to a work of elegant imagination. Mythology for him was simply a convenient excuse for arranging nude figures in free designs, as it permitted him to put them up in the air, or anywhere, and in any kind of attitude that suited his composition. The criticism about his portrait-painting is, I think, less just. It is difficult for us who have not seen the originals to decide about the degree of resemblance which he gave, except by comparing together his different portraits of the same person,—such as those of Marie de Medicis, Henri IV., or himself. Rubens bears this test as well as, if not better than, Rembrandt. It seems, too, as if there were some contradiction in Fromentin's criticism, when he says that Rubens was vague in his portraits, and yet at the same time praises so heartily the frequently recurring portrait of Marie de Medicis in the Louvre series. I quite admit that there is no depth of character in the portraits, that they are showy rather than thoughtful, that they never make you dream and wonder like the enthralling and affecting portrait of a gentleman by Francia in the *salon carré* of the Louvre; but depth of character did not belong to the art of Rubens in any of its manifestations, and yet he could be a great artist in his own way without it. The portrait of himself in the Queen's collection, etched by M. Flameng and reproduced by photogravure for the readers of this periodical, is not so deep and thoughtful as that wonderful portrait in which Rembrandt represents himself sketching; but it is noble and dignified, while the accompanying painting of the artist's second wife is a very complete realization of the portly and comely *grande dame*, whose handsome dress is quite a part of herself and not put on for the occasion. The famous *Chapeau de Paille* as it is commonly called in Europe, or "Spanish Hat" as it ought to be called, is a portrait of a young lady of Antwerp named Lunden, and is quite justly celebrated for its beauty and charm as well as for its remarkable technical merits. Luckily for the reputation of the painter this picture, after various obscure adventures, passed into the possession of the great Sir Robert Peel, and went into the National Gallery when his collection was purchased for the nation. It is in itself sufficient evidence that Rubens could paint the portrait of a lady in such a manner as to place him, simply as a portraitist, by the side of

the most eminent artists of all the centuries. It does not remind us of Holbein or Albert Dürer, but it carries our thoughts forward to Gainsborough and Reynolds.¹

There is another side to the talent of Rubens which we have not yet alluded to, — a coarse popular side, reminding us of Teniers in sentiment, though not in execution. The well-known "Kermesse," or village feast, in the Louvre, is one of the best examples of this. We see at once that the genius of Rubens, notwithstanding his education as a gentleman and his courtly habits, was perfectly at home in this work ; but this need not surprise us, for several reasons. One of the most visible of his gifts was exuberance of life ; and life is exuberant here. Another of his characteristics was a delight in the flesh, in the richness of animal natures ; and here the flesh is everything and the spirit not visibly present. Again, Rubens in his most serious work was an artful and clever composer ; here he composes with so much felicity and skill that only one criticism suggests itself, — the composition is somewhat too obvious, a wedge of human figures jutting from right to left across the picture, even the smallest minor group being arranged with obvious art. It appears to us, with our modern refinement, a disgusting picture ; but it is not more disgusting than the plebeian parts of Shakspeare, and is probably not an unfaithful representation of Flemish peasant-life in an hour of rude enjoyment, which would be sensual as a matter of course, simply because more refined pleasures are inaccessible to the uneducated. There is evidence enough in this work and in others of the same class, that if Rubens had chosen to give himself up to what may be called Dutch subjects he could have been very successful in that line of business. They would have given scope for his energy and vitality, but not for his love of magnificence and his natural instinct for decoration.

Rubens has a great reputation as a landscape-painter, but here there is some exaggeration of his merits. It has long been the fashion among figure-painters, and among critics who merely repeat what they have heard said by figure-painters, to praise very warmly the landscape-painting of great masters of the figure, with a view to put down the pretensions of modern landscape-painters who certainly

¹ The reader who desires to refer to some reproduction of this portrait will find an admirable etching of it by Rajon in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" for January, 1874. A Woodburytype photograph of the same picture, from an engraving, appeared in the "Portfolio" for June, 1871.

work on very different principles. If the reader cares to hear a sober statement of the case so far as Rubens is concerned, he will, I believe, find the following to be very near the exact truth.

Rubens did not despise landscape, and he had much more of the landscape-instinct than was usual with great masters of the figure; but since the pursuit was in his case quite secondary he followed it as a recreation. This will probably be admitted even by all who maintain his great excellence as a landscape-painter; but they will say, that, although he played with the art, the play of so great a painter of the figure, when he condescended to touch landscape at all, was superior to the most earnest work of those who devote themselves entirely to that branch of art. In reality, however, it will be found, that, although the landscape of Rubens had the facile handling of a great master, it was superficial in the extreme. Notwithstanding its obvious manual dexterity, its technical quality is not excellent throughout, for although the pigments are cleverly handled they are too transparent to give either solidity of substance to near objects or atmosphere to remote ones. Slight in substance, commonplace in material, the landscape-work of Rubens does not, to my knowledge, ever give evidence of that loving and particular observation of Nature which characterizes the work of those who possess in any eminent degree the genuine landscape-passion. It is easy to see that the landscapes painted by Rubens came from a hand highly practised in the art of painting; easy to see that when he walked or rode out into the flat or undulating Flemish country his eye was not indifferent to its charm, and he often shows much ability in his use of common material, such as an ordinary clump of trees; but his knowledge of the materials of landscape was very limited. The only element of landscape in which he shows any thing like real knowledge is the sylvan element; and even when painting trees he excels much more in general naturalness and easy grace of aspect than in firm and accurate science. He knew hardly any thing of rocks and mountains, though he saw mountains constantly in Italy and at frequent intervals elsewhere during his travels. But there is a knowledge beyond that of substance which is necessary to a landscape-painter: he ought to know phenomena as well; and every modern landscape-painter will agree with me when I say that Rubens had a very slender knowledge of phenomena. He knew very little about the phenomena of the sky, about the different natures and varieties of clouds, and the changeful effects of light. The little he did know

he painted with spirit, but so carelessly that in one of his pictures the solar rays are made to issue from a centre outside of the solar disc. He knew nothing about the phenomena of water except what lies patent to every commonly observant person. Nevertheless, when all this has been said with justice, the truth still remains that there is a certain grandeur, a certain breadth of conception and nobility of style about the landscapes of Rubens which are often grievously wanting in modern works infinitely superior to them in natural knowledge; so that a lover of painting for its own sake will appreciate the fine artistic powers of the great Flemish master when he might exclude from his gallery certain modern landscape-painters who far excel him in science. It is not always knowledge which charms us in poets and painters, but rather a certain felicity. Rubens had this felicity in a pre-eminent degree. He expressed his half-knowledge, his light superficial observation, with a largeness of style which makes his emptiest landscapes hold their place well in a gallery of old masters; and there are many modern works, full of the deepest and most recent science, which would look crude and awkward in such company. I believe this may be attributed in a great measure to the happily uncritical condition of the painter's mind, which enabled him to give utterance to his simple feelings about Nature with just that degree of knowledge which he happened to possess, without striving for what lay beyond his reach. The American painter Hunt, in his suggestive "Talks about Art," makes the distinction between doing and trying. If you are *trying*, the sign of effort will be on your work, and it will be different as a result from the result of simple doing. Rubens did not *try* to paint landscape, but painted it easily and straightforwardly in his own way.

Every reader who is already sufficiently interested in Rubens to study the engravings from his works will be aware that he was translated by a number of able engravers during his life-time, some of whom worked under his personal direction. Vorsterman, one of the best of these, produced fourteen plates under the superintendence of the painter. I have not space to go into detail about the engravers of Rubens, who would require an article to themselves; but there are two points to which the reader may profitably give his attention.

The first is that the engravings were distinctly understood by their authors, and by Rubens himself, to be, not imitations of the pictures, but translations into another art. The difference between

imitation (by means of engraving) and translation is very great. Painting *can* be imitated in engraving, and much recent work has been done on the imitative principle. On this system the engraver observes the qualities of tone, texture, surface, and touch, and he tries to convey corresponding sensations to the spectator, — which may really be done to a degree very surprising when the technical differences between painting and engraving are taken into account. On the other system, that of interpretation, engraving keeps to certain qualities of its own, and neglects the painter's tone, texture, surface, and touch in order to exhibit in their place the special virtues of the burin. We are therefore to understand that the engravers of Rubens — Vorsterman, Pontius, Schelte de Bolswert, and others — had no intention of imitating, and that their plates are not to be relied upon for every thing. They have not strictly the relations of light and dark which Rubens put into his pictures, these relations being modified by the engraver to suit his own purposes, especially by the artifice of leaving all the higher lights white when they are not white in the originals, according to the traditions of old engraving ; and the engravers made little attempt to render the true richness of the darks in Rubens, but contented themselves with sober burin work, which is often gray where he had rich, deep tones. Again, the contours of the engravers are not like the contours of the painter ; his were soft and melting, theirs are sharp and hard. Of course he knew all this as well as any critic of the present day ; but as he considered engraving quite a distinct art, it seemed right to him that it should keep its own place, and he used to help engravers by his advice in the departure from fidelity which he and they alike considered advantageous. In short, the plates were new works, which owed to the painter their fundamental ideas of invention and composition, while their technical aspect was due more particularly to the engraver.¹

The second matter to which I desired to draw the reader's attention is this : those qualities of landscape-engraving which enable it to render the delicate effects of Nature were not understood in the days of Rubens. All the landscape-engraving (with the burin) of that time was heavy and harsh in treatment, though the engravers

¹ I leave the intelligent reader to judge for himself what becomes of truth to Nature in these artistic arrangements and re-arrangements. It is dealt with very freely by both painter and engraver ; but of the two the engraver is always the more remote from Nature, because his art is more conventional than painting.

could of course give a good general idea of the arrangement of a picture, and they could exhibit power and skill in the manual use of their own instrument.

Rubens liked to be engraved, because it extended his fame ; and besides this he seems to have made a good business of print-selling, for in the year 1635 he was accused of "drawing enormous sums out of France" by means of his publications. To this he answered, that if France were closed to him he would rest satisfied with the remainder of Europe.

We have just seen what a firm distinction Rubens established between painting and engraving ; how he admitted qualities in engraving which were quite different from the qualities of his own painted work. He recognized a like distinction between sculpture and painting, and had a horror of painting which resembled stone. The living body differed from marble in certain qualities which he pointed out, and in which the art of painting could come much nearer to Nature than sculpture. "The flesh, the skin, and the cartilage by their diaphanous quality soften the hardness of the contours, and lead the artist to avoid many causes of error existing in statues by reason of their dark shadows, which by their obscurity make the stone, though very opaque, appear harder and more opaque than it is in reality. Again, there are in Nature certain points which change with the different movements, and which by reason of the suppleness of the skin are sometimes stretched and smooth, at other times gathered into folds. Sculptors generally avoid these ; but some of the most skilful have not neglected them, and they are absolutely necessary to painting provided that they are treated with moderation. Not only the shadows of statues, but even their lights are altogether a departure from Nature, and the more so that the brightness of the stone and the crudeness of the lights which strike it bring forward the surface more than they ought to do, or at least make things strike the eye which ought not to exist at all."

This is excellent criticism, and just what the style of Rubens as a painter would lead us to expect. One of the best qualities of his style was its diaphanous evanescence, especially about the outlines, — a quality sought for as persistently by Correggio and Reynolds as it was neglected by Holbein and Mantegna. Nothing could be more remote from sculpture than the supple, light-handed manner of Rubens, tending always to the unsubstantial and often in his sketches attaining it. Indeed, he carried that diaphanous evanescence so far

that few painters have cared to follow him to the utmost. While on this technical subject I may profitably repeat (having written about this before) that Rubens had a theory about white which subsequent practice has proved to be unfounded. He believed that white could not be introduced with safety into the shadows of painting ; that it was "the poison of a picture, except in the lights." In accordance with this principle he always painted his shadows thinly and transparently, and loaded his lights with opaque color. Subsequent practice has proved that white and other opaque pigments may be safely introduced into shadows, if they are either made transparent by subsequent glazing, or else (which is perfectly possible) treated in such a manner as to obtain a certain transparency without glazing. However, it was a good thing for Rubens to have strong and decided technical opinions, amounting even to prejudices, because it led him to work out a certain definite style to its utmost possibilities. It was a set system of painting that he followed, as well as a set system of coloring. Had he been less methodical, Rubens must have fallen far short of his enormous production.

I have not space to enter into the painter's career as a diplomatist, and to do this with any real profit to the reader would require a knowledge of the European politics of those times which only a specialist in history can possess. Sovereigns found Rubens a convenient agent, because a painter could see many important people in an informal way when they amused themselves by watching him at his work ; and Rubens, on his part, was too good a man of business not to perceive that diplomatic missions afforded him excellent opportunities for extending his mercantile connection. His relations with great people were not always fortunate, though he generally knew how to make himself respected. The Duke of Arschot treated him with contemptuous insolence, which the inferior social position of the painter (inferior still, notwithstanding his various dignities) did not permit him to resent. He was well received by the Kings of England and Spain ; but the Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, snubbed him from a fear of the expense which he would incur by giving him hospitality. The Duke had written to invite Rubens, so it was his own fault if the painter went to see him ; but as he approached Villaviciosa where the Duke was then residing, Rubens received a letter from him entreating that he would defer his visit, and offering a sum of fifty pistoles to recompense the painter

for lost time. This was because Rubens had a great train of attendants; and it is a pity that the anecdote does not stop short here. Unluckily there is a trait of what we cannot help calling vulgarity in the answer given by Rubens. He refused the money rightly enough, but added that "he had not come to paint pictures but to amuse himself for eight or ten days at Villaviciosa, and had brought with him a thousand pistoles to spend during his visit." Fancy an ambassador saying, "I have enough to pay my way. I have a thousand pounds in my money-bag"! Rubens has been accused of being an agent of Ultramontaniam in his negotiations, and has been called a fanatic because he believed in his religion and often served the interests of great personages who were strong Roman Catholic partisans. It is only necessary, however, to study the works of Rubens in order to see that he could not possibly be a bigot. He was a man of the Renaissance, inbred with classical scholarship and a strong passion for art, which caused him to be one of the most open-minded men of his century. It is true that he heard mass every morning, partly because he was a believer and thought a religious service the best way of preparing his mind for the discipline of long labor, but partly also, no doubt, because to hear a short morning mass was one of the customs of princely life, and he lived in the princely manner in every thing. It was fortunate for Rubens, as well as very natural, that the Roman Catholic side of different questions appeared to him the right one, as he lived in the very midst of a society strongly imbued with Roman Catholic ideas. But a man may belong to a church without being a fanatic, and Rubens possessed what is generally found to be the best preventive of bigotry, — a mind cultivated by extensive reading and by a residence in different countries.

The sentiment which Rubens leaves in us is much more that of admiration for colossal powers than of any delicate pleasure or warm affection. Many artists of far inferior fame have done more to touch the heart and charm a cultivated taste. It is, however, one of the noblest characteristics of the fine arts to be able to afford the most various kinds of enjoyment; and Rubens has always greatly interested all students of human nature who know what the artistic faculties are, and who are in some measure able to conceive what a prodigious natural force displayed itself in the facile production of this magnificently constituted human being. People of delicate susceptibilities and narrow sympathies are always offended by Rubens, because,

instead of accepting the varieties of art as if variety were a good thing in itself, they resent any deviation from their ideal even when the deviation is accompanied by the most manifest signs of genius. The kind of appreciation which I would beg my readers to cultivate in their own minds is the appreciation which, while fully alive to the shortcomings and imperfections of great artists, is still perfectly capable of throwing itself into sympathy with their merits. For example, in the case which now occupies us, I should say that the vigorous animal nature of Rubens which makes his art so very far from being spiritual ought to be candidly admitted as undeniable, yet ought not to set us against him. It is nothing but the excess of an exuberant vitality, and if Rubens had shown less of it he would not have been the great artist whom we know, but another. Nature always overweights some quality in her great men, by which she marks their individuality. Criticism ought not to blame them for this exuberance ; but the critic, on his part, ought not to incur censure when he simply analyzes the forces of a great artist, and shows where the exuberance is.¹

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

¹ In connection with this subject I ask permission to rectify a misinterpretation by a fellow-contributor to this Review, who criticised my "Life of Turner." In quoting M. Viardot's opinion that Turner's exhibition of his own work by the side of Claude was evidence of insanity I did not intend to express concurrence with this view, but simply to show how it might strike an intelligent foreigner. It is quite permissible to compare the reputations of two artists as separate from their merits. Turner's reputation, when he died, was far inferior to that of Claude, and it is on this ground alone that his invitation to a comparison was presumptuous. It was not presumptuous on the ground of merit, though here it showed a want of critical judgment, because the superiority of Turner to Claude does not lie in the higher perfection of two pictures, but in the greater range and general acquirement of the artist.

THE ISLANDS OF OKINAWA.

THESE islands have recently become a regular province or *ken* of the Japanese Empire, but are still a subject of serious controversy between Japan and China. Their ancient name was Liu Kiu, which has been corrupted by modern navigators into Loo-Choo, Lew-Chew, and Lieou Kieou, and by the present natives into Doo-Choo; but the more musical name of Okinawa was given to them by the inhabitants themselves centuries ago, and the meaning of it is "the cord lying upon the sea." The entire group consists of thirty-seven islands, the largest of which is eighty-five miles long, by from three to twenty-three in width, and has a circumference of one hundred and fourteen *ri*, or about two hundred and seventy-eight miles. Upon this is the seat of Government called Shuri, and the principal port, Napha. It is the largest as well as the most central of the group, and has for centuries been called Okinawa. At one time when this largest island with two others of the group had three rulers, the one who occupied the central portion called himself the "king of the Middle Mountain Region," while the other two had jurisdiction respectively over a northern and a southern portion, independent of each other. The islands which rank as the second group of Okinawa are Miakoshime, and number nine islands; the third group consisting of ten are called the Ishigaki Islands; and the fourth group numbering seven are called the Oshima Islands, but these were subjugated in 1610 and became a portion of the province of the Prince of Satsuma in Japan. Taken as a whole, the islands of Okinawa lie within 24° and $28^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and $122^{\circ} 50'$ and $132^{\circ} 10'$ east longitude, and about midway between Formosa and Japan.

According to the latest census the population of the Okinawa Islands is 167,067,—including 27,164 families, one of which is of the nobility, 5,370 of the Samurai, and 21,793 of the common class; while the numerical equality of the sexes is almost complete. The surface of the largest island is hilly if not mountainous; and while the high

lands are covered with forests of soft-wood trees, the lower hill-sides and level country are highly cultivated and noted for their sylvan attractions. The people are chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits, and many of the women weave a kind of cloth which finds a ready market in the neighboring province of Satsuma. But before fully describing the country and people, it will be better to submit an outline of the history of Okinawa.

The first man and woman associated with the islands, whose names are preserved by tradition, were Shinireque and Amamiko ; their son Tenson, or "offspring of Heaven," was the first ruler of the kingdom, and his dynasty continued for twenty-five generations from the time of his accession,—of which period, however, there are no recorded dates existing. In 607 a Chinese vessel made its appearance at the islands with an embassy ; but although permitted to land, they could not hold any intercourse with the natives, and therefore accomplished nothing. In 610 another Chinese embassy arrived. These envoys brought an interpreter with them, and politely invited the islanders to become tributary to China ; and, upon receiving a positive refusal of their civil request, they burned the king's palace, took a number of men as prisoners, and returned to their country. In 616 a small colony of thirty men arrived in Japan from Yaku, one of the so-called "Southern Islands" of Liu Kiu, for the purpose of living in that country ; and they not only acknowledged the jurisdiction of Japan, but brought a tribute with them, which was the first time such a manifestation of allegiance had been given by them to any nation. In 753, while a Japanese embassy was returning home from China, they were forced by stress of weather to make a harbor among these islands ; and then it was that they became known as Okinawa. In 853 another Chinese vessel visited the islands, but those on board were not permitted to land. In 1168 a Japanese general named Minamoto-no-Tametomo, uncle of Yoritomo, who had been defeated in battle, was exiled to one of the islands south of Yokohama ; from that place he escaped with certain followers to one of the islands of Okinawa, and having reached the main island subdued it, and settled there. He married the sister of a feudal lord, by whom he had a son named Soujin, who in 1187 became the king of Okinawa, bearing the title of Shunten-no. From that period began the regular Japanese dynasty. He was the man who introduced the Japanese alphabet into the country. It was at this period, also, that the Prince of Satsuma became identified with the islands

as a kind of overseer or governor, his family name being Shimadzu, which has been duly transmitted to all his successors. It is stated that in 1168, the time of the first Shiogoon-Yoritomo, three generals of the Taira family, who had been defeated by him in battle near the Straits of Shimonoseki, fled to Oshima with their followers, and having subdued the island divided it among themselves. In 1238 the son of Soujin was proclaimed ruler of Okinawa, and was succeeded also by his son, who however abdicated, and so brought to an end the rule of Japan.

In 1253 Yeiso, said to have been a descendant of Tenson, was proclaimed the ruler; and by him were first built the tombs and Buddhist temples. In 1290 Kublai Khan, Emperor of China, sent a letter to Okinawa inviting its people to become tributary to his empire; but there was again some trouble on account of the diverse languages, and after a little fighting the envoys returned home unsuccessful. In 1297 still another Chinese mission arrived, and was equally unfortunate. In 1314 the dynasty of Yeiso came to an end, and then it was that for a time the country had three rulers. In 1350 one Satsdo, whose pedigree is unknown, became the ruler; and in answer to another appeal from China in 1372 he consented to pay tribute to that empire, and sent his brother in 1373 as an envoy to the Flowery Land; he also sent several students to that country, and was the first one to introduce a Chinese court uniform into Okinawa. The other two rulers followed his example and continued to pay tribute. In 1451 tribute was paid to the Shogün of Japan, and the first Shintü temple was erected; in 1465 a calendar was established; two years afterwards a mission was sent to Corea; in 1471 a decree was issued by Japan against the practice of smuggling between that empire and Okinawa; and in the two following years missions were sent to Satsuma, and trade regulations were established. In 1480 the Shogün ordered the Prince of Satsuma to demand an annual tribute from the King of Okinawa; and this was not only complied with, but the king soon afterwards sent his congratulations to the succeeding prince. In 1503 an expedition was sent to Malacca for commercial purposes; but the vessels were wrecked, while the men found their way to Canton, and were duly returned to their own country by the Chinese authorities. It was also about this period that the men of Okinawa adopted the curious custom of wearing hair-pins, which marked different distinctions, and were made of gold, silver, and copper, — thereby imitating the women of Japan, who alone

wear such ornaments in that empire. In 1516 a considerable number of restless Japanese fitted out twelve junks for the purpose of invading Okinawa, when the Prince of Satsuma became indignant at this interference with the islands which had long been his tributaries, and having obtained the Shogün's permission he encountered the proposed invaders, destroyed them, and took their vessels. In the year 1591 the Shogün Taiko, better known as Taiko Sama, conceived the idea of sending an expedition to Corea; and having called upon the Prince of Satsuma and his tributary of Okinawa for the necessary soldiers, he suggested that Okinawa should be called upon to furnish supplies instead of men. In due time the news of this expedition was sent to China by the islanders, which greatly incensed the Shogün; whereupon he repeated his demand, and the supplies were furnished. After the lapse of some eighteen years the King of Okinawa neglected to send his regular tribute to Japan, whereupon the Prince of Satsuma collected a fleet of one hundred war junks, and putting into them about three thousand soldiers made sail for the rebellious island, subjugated it, and carried its ruler as a prisoner to Japan, — all within the space of forty days. As a result of this expedition Oshima, with four other islands, was ceded directly to the Prince of Satsuma, who was made Governor of Okinawa. An agreement was soon afterwards made, which contained among others the following provisions: That Okinawa should have no intercourse with China, excepting by the permission of Japan; that no men should be enslaved, and no servants should be bought or sold for purposes of gain; that there should not be a surplus of temples; that no trade should be carried on with any foreign nation without the consent of Japan; that the people should not be over-taxed; that a stop should be put to all gambling; and that the weights and measures of the islands should be made to accord with Japanese standards. After the conclusion of this agreement the exiled king was permitted to wait upon the Shogün, and afterwards returned to his own people.

During the prolonged tranquillity which followed, the inhabitants of Okinawa began to turn their attention to new sources of national wealth. From certain prisoners who had been brought to Satsuma from Corea they obtained the art of manufacturing porcelain; they also sent to China for sugar-cane, and a limited trade was opened with that empire. In 1644 an official delegation was sent to Tokio for the purpose of congratulating the new Shogün on his accession to power; and all the rulers of Japan have from that date to the present time

been honored in the same manner, while each successive king of Okinawa has received his investiture from Japan.

The first regular history of Okinawa was prepared in 1650, under the general supervision of a prince named Kimbu, assisted by one Dairi Oya Kata, and was in the Japanese language. About this time the idea was conceived by the Sing dynasty of conferring a kind of investiture upon the King of Okinawa. The compliment was reciprocated by sending a tribute to China, and this romantic diplomacy was continued for many years. In the mean time the doctrines of Confucius were becoming popular, and in 1672 the first temple was erected and dedicated to that philosopher. It was at this period also that a vessel bearing the annual tribute to China was overtaken and seized by the chief of Formosa, who was apparently a kind of corsair, and who had fled to that island after the fall of the Ming dynasty of China. The King of Okinawa was helpless to avenge this wrong, and he appealed to the Prince of Satsuma for his assistance, which was duly promised. Not long afterwards a well-freighted vessel from Formosa arrived at Nagasaki, and an indemnity for the outrage was demanded from the captain, which was turned over to Okinawa by the Shogün's government. In a remonstrance which the Formosan authority sent to Japan, he said he had proven his friendship for the Shogün by sending back certain shipwrecked men; that he had attacked the Okinawa vessel because no one could tell whether a vessel carrying tribute to the "Barbarians of China" (alluding to the Manchu rule which succeeded the Ming dynasty) belonged to Okinawa or not; that Okinawa had no communication with Formosa, and that this trouble had endangered the friendship between Formosa and Japan.

During the whole of the eighteenth century the islands of Okinawa would seem to have remained in a state of perfect tranquillity. They continued to pay a double tribute to Japan and China, and having faithfully done so they felt that they had a right to bring in from abroad any new ideas that they might fancy. Hence they imported the paper mulberry from Japan, and began to manufacture paper; and from China they obtained the secret of making India ink, and also as an article of food when young, and for the beauty of its wood, they imported and cultivated the famous *moso* bamboo. They also adopted a code of criminal laws and of laws for reward, and not only established a national school, but many local schools in the various districts. Nor was this reign of Arcadian simplicity disturbed until

towards the middle of the present century. In 1844 a French vessel made its appearance in the harbor of Napha, but when its captain proposed to do a little trading, he was told that Okinawa was a small country and the people had nothing to sell; wherefore he took his departure, leaving on the island a missionary with a Chinaman who had accompanied him on the voyage. Two years afterwards a second French vessel arrived, but no trade was accomplished; it however also brought another missionary, who was left behind, while the former one was taken away. An English merchantman having arrived, the refusal to commence trade was still insisted upon. Then in 1853 came Commodore Perry, who succeeded in making a compact with them, and the story of whose visit was pleasantly recorded by his *attaché*, Bayard Taylor, while various graphic pictures of the men and things at Okinawa were drawn and published by William Hine, the regular artist of the expedition. The year following Perry's departure the islands were visited by a mission from France, when another compact was made; and three years afterwards the Netherlands made still a third agreement or treaty. At some of the official interviews which occurred at this time there were two men who were uniformly present, and, while they appeared to be natives of Okinawa were in reality secret emissaries from Satsuma, Japan. In 1871, when the Daimio system was abolished in Japan, the islands of Okinawa were attached to the ken of Kagoshuna; and in the following year the late king, Shotai, sent one of his leading officials and a prince to Tokio to congratulate the Emperor of Japan on the restoration of the Imperial Government. Then it was that Okinawa was established as a Han, the king invested with the title of Han-no, — a rank resembling that of viceroy, — created a member of the Kazoku nobility, and placed in the rank of first class officials, and an official residence assigned to the Han authorities in the city of Tokio.

In 1874 the affairs of Okinawa were transferred from the department of Foreign Affairs to that of the Interior Department. About that time also a kind of mission arrived at Tokio from Okinawa, for the purpose of looking after the interests of those islands; and about six months ago they expressed a wish that their ruler might be permitted to continue his old custom of paying tribute to China. For the several reasons that China has never claimed Okinawa as a dependency, that these islands are geographically connected with Japan, and belong to that empire by the right of conquest and of possession,

the appeal of the embassy was rejected ; nor indeed was there any other course for Japan to pursue consistently with her honor, her dignity, and the welfare of the empire as well as of Okinawa. The reply of Japan to this appeal, as it is understood, was followed by the despatch of Matsuda Michiyuki on a special mission to inform the ruler of Okinawa of the Imperial decision. On April 5, 1879, an official notification appeared abolishing the Liu Kiu Han, establishing the Okinawa Ken, and placing the seat of government at Shuri.

The peculiarities of the inhabitants of Okinawa may be summed up as follows : They are noted for their natural intelligence, though the majority have few opportunities for acquiring the knowledge contained in books ; their language is closely allied to that of the Japanese ; their occupations are chiefly agricultural, the leading productions being rice, wheat, sugar, millet, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, tobacco, cotton, indigo, and flax ; their manufactures are limited to cloths made from cotton and grass, to porcelain and lacquered goods, and such other things as are needed for a simple rural population ; the men are generally stout, well-formed, and fond of wearing beards, — the women are small, and kept in a low social position ; all classes are industrious and neat in their persons and habitations ; their style of dressing is oriental, and suited to the climate ; their homes are comfortable and picturesque ; the table and household customs are similar to those of the Japanese ; in religion they are generally Buddhists, although some of their rites are peculiar to these islands ; they pay special attention to the dead, placing their remains in stone tombs, and, when reduced to bones or dust, in vases, which they keep in suitable vaults, or hide away in the clefts of the rocks ; their commerce is limited, and they are dependent chiefly upon Japan for their currency.

They know not what it is to have an army, nor any such offspring of civilization as a political demagogue ; their policy is to carry on their public affairs in a spirit of courtesy and kindness. When they have deemed it necessary to carry guns on their little vessels, they have borrowed them from Satsuma. They use the Japanese alphabet, and write after the manner of their neighbors and protectors ; and in speaking of their language they claim that six tenths of the words are Japanese, three tenths a local dialect, and one tenth Chinese. When any public business is to be transacted, the people are called together in their several districts, and the men in authority accomplish the purposes of the government by kindly admonitions.

The cultivated portions of Okinawa bear but a small proportion to the total area, and the stranger who is permitted to journey through the principal island will find much to interest him in the way of picturesque scenery. While the mountains attain an elevation of only about one thousand feet, they are covered with forests of pine, banyan, box-wood, and bamboo, and fantastic formations of coral rock abound; the sides of the lower hills are often terraced and highly cultivated; the small streams of the main island are spanned by many quaint, ancient, and beautiful bridges; mills for crushing sugar-cane and grinding the various other grains are frequently seen by the roadside, with horses or bulls for motive-power. The villages are numerous, and often present an appearance of great antiquity, the granaries being a leading feature of each village; and there is one ancient castle upon the island, the walls of which are fifty feet high and twenty feet in thickness, giving evidence in its construction of unusual skill.

As the custom of paying tribute to two countries seems peculiar to Okinawa, an additional remark on the subject may be made. The payment has been made to Japan from the seventh century to the present time, with the exception of about one hundred and sixty years. It has generally consisted of various articles of produce, and the amount has been estimated by kokus of rice, the value of one koku ranging from five to seven *yens*, or dollars. The largest tribute or tax paid to Japan was 8,600 kokus, and on one occasion, when the object was to send 3,680 kokus of rice, brown sugar was substituted to the amount of 970,000 pounds. The tribute to China has sometimes been paid with sulphur, copper, and tin; and this intercourse with China has been carried on by two vessels, having each about two hundred men.

With regard to the climate of these islands, it may be stated that the summer heat averages 93° and the winter temperature 57° . If the irrigation were more complete, it would be easy to raise two crops of rice per annum; and five crops of sweet potatoes are easily produced in two years. The foliage of the country is always fresh and green, and there is no such season as autumn. By way of giving an idea of the material wealth of the islands it may be stated that the chief productions in a recent year were of rice, 32,000 kokus; barley and wheat, 5,000; peas, 2,800; goma, 1,300; salt, 15,000; and of sugar, 5,000,000 pounds, and of sweet potatoes, 135,000,000 pounds, one Japanese pound being equal to one and one third English pounds. The leading exports to Japan are sugar, linen goods, mats, porcelain,

spirits, pork, and lacquered ware ; and the imports, all from Japan, are rice, peas, sack, oil, tea, wax, tobacco, seaweed, dried fish, macaroni, raw cotton, stationery, copper, iron, tin, lumber, and cooking utensils.

On March 27, 1879, an official of the Japanese Government arrived at Okinawa with the Imperial order, transforming the islands from what was formerly a *Han* into a *Ken*, or province. The deposed king was at the time quite ill, and his son, Prince Shohitsu, acted for him during the mournful ceremony. The officers of the new *Ken* examined the documents of the *Han*, and placed them under a seal. Policemen were then stationed at all the gates of the castle, and the people, who were assembled for that purpose, were advised of the intentions of the Japanese Government, and received the regulations which were in future to be observed by them. This caused some excitement and a remonstrance, but no open opposition was manifested. On the night of the 29th the ex-king retired from his palace, and it was immediately occupied by a detachment of Japanese troops. By this evacuation was signified the determination of the people to obey the orders of the Japanese Government, and on the 2d of April the ex-king proclaimed the abolishment of the *Han*. According to a subsequent notification from officials of the Imperial Government, the leading officers of the old *Han* were to be superseded, while the local officers of the three departments and of the wards and villages were to be retained. In commenting upon this important change in the condition of Okinawa, the Japanese press has manifested much sympathy for the people of the new province, and has urged the Government to treat the dethroned *Han-no* and his family with the utmost kindness and consideration. Until sometime in the month of May the *Han-no* was still too seriously indisposed to visit Japan, as he had been ordered, but he sent his son, a boy of fourteen, who was kindly received by the Emperor, and was entertained at several banquets ; after which ceremonies the sensible youth asked permission to be received as a student in the Imperial College for the education of noblemen.

On June 9, 1879, the *Han-no* of Okinawa, following in the wake of his son, arrived at Tokio, accompanied by a retinue of one hundred personal attendants. He was comfortably lodged and handsomely provided for, but no special attentions were shown, as it was considered necessary for the Japanese Government to emphasize the fact that the ex-king is now a subject of the Empire, although one of a high rank.

With regard to the controversy between China and Japan, the following particulars are the latest which have been received in this country. During ex-President Grant's late visit to China, a leading official of that empire requested him, on his arrival in Japan, to act as a peace-maker between the two countries in regard to the controversy about the islands of Loo-Choo or Okinawa, and he promised to do what he could with propriety as a private individual. When the General came to Tokio, the Chinese minister resident there waited upon him and informed him that the Chinese Government claimed Okinawa as a vassal, giving various historical reasons for the claim, and speaking in severe terms of the "violent and coercive conduct of Japan." The diplomatic correspondence which had taken place between China and Japan, and which was noted for its Oriental ability and sharpness, was first submitted to the General; and by a special appointment he also had an interview with the Japanese ministers for the Interior and War Departments and the Japanese minister to the United States (at home on leave of absence), when the Japanese side of the controversy was submitted. The historical evidence brought forward was in keeping with what has already appeared in this paper, the principal points of which were that Okinawa had been ruled by Japan for many centuries; that there was a geographical as well as family alliance between them; and that the allegiance of Okinawa was proven by the famous "oath of Shonei," a noted chieftain of Okinawa, which oath in terms recited that the islands had been subject to Satsuma for many centuries. After fully considering all the questions submitted to him, General Grant said in substance that he had mentioned the matter only at the earnest solicitation of the Chinese Government; that it would be safe in the hands of the American minister to Japan, to whom he would refer it; and that he must be excused from giving any opinion as to the merits of the question in dispute. He of course deprecated any thing like serious hostility between the two governments, but added that the army and navy of Japan were stronger than those of China; that the latter country was really defenceless, although possessed of immense resources; and that, because of her position, Japan could afford to consider the whole question from an elevated and magnanimous point of view. In the course of his remarks on this subject it is understood that General Grant alluded in pointed terms to the arbitrary and selfish schemes of certain European powers, in connection with the nations of the Orient, and his words were but an echo of the sentiment existing throughout the United States.

CHARLES LANMAN.

I.

THE INFINITE.

HIGHER than Love! —
Nay, is not Love most high?
For none can soar above
Before he die.

Lower than Death! —
Nay, is not Death most low?
For none, while life is breath,
Can deeper go.

O depth! O height!
To souls in Hell or Heaven,
Earth's grief and earth's delight,
Life, Death, and Love seem even.

II.

DESIRE.

ONLY her lips to kiss!
Only her hand to hold! —
Because I have not this,
All hopes of earth are cold.

Only her slave to be,
And at her feet to lie! —
If this were given to me,
What hopes of Heaven had I?

F. W. BOURDILLON.

YELLOW FEVER.

SINCE the beginning of the eighteenth century seamen have had occasion to notice that sometimes, after a visit to certain ports in the West Indies or in Central or South America, a mysterious something has entered their ships, — a something which may in a few days turn the vessel into a floating pest-house, or which may show no signs of its presence for days or weeks, and yet at the end of the voyage may promptly destroy a stranger entering the hold ; which might attack all the sailors sleeping on one side of the ship and leave the rest unharmed, — in short an invisible, impalpable entity presenting so many peculiarities in its results that it was the most natural thing in the world to imagine it as being endowed with the attributes of purpose and will, and to speak of it as “Bronze John” or “Yellow Jack.”

This tendency to personify yellow fever is strong among all who are familiar with it, and physicians and nurses who have had much experience of its vagaries often speak of them, and of Yellow Jack, in much the same terms as they would speak of a highly disreputable but very interesting acquaintance, — a sort of Bohemian among diseases. Its course in a city has been compared to that of a tax collector passing from house to house along a street, often only one side of a street. It is usually stopped by prison or convent walls, sometimes affecting but a few squares, and again developing in a week into one of the most terrible of epidemics. Those who have seen most of it are as a rule least dogmatic in their assertions with regard to it ; and those who are well satisfied as to the nature of its cause, and are ready to demonstrate precisely how its occurrence or spread may be prevented, will usually be found to have had little personal experience of its eccentricities.

We have no reliable information as to the origin of yellow fever in time or space. The majority of specific, contagious, or infectious diseases — such as plague, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, cholera, etc. — can be traced with more or less precision to Asia as a starting-point ; but Yellow Jack has no such history. His presence is first distinctly

recognized in the West Indies about 1690, prior to which date there is no satisfactory evidence of the existence in these islands of a pestilence presenting its peculiar symptoms, and harmless to the natives while fatal to the unacclimated. The old name of *Mal de Siam* is due to the rumor that the disease was brought from Siam to Martinique by the ship "Oriflamme ;" but this rumor has no foundation, the disease on this ship having arisen after its touching at Brazil, where the fever was then prevailing. It is the intertropical Atlantic pestilence, just as cholera is that of India, or the plague that of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It is a specific disease due to a specific cause, — a cause which can be packed away in a closet or bureau, and be preserved for months ; or which may be carried in a ship, or in a trunk of clothing for hundreds of miles, retaining its specific powers. Many of its phenomena can at present only be explained on the assumption that this cause is either itself capable of growth and reproduction outside the bodies of the sick, or that it is the product of something which has these qualities. In other words, the cause may be a minute organism, somewhat like the yeast-plant ; or it may be the product of such an organism, like alcohol. Either of these may be comprehended under what is known as the germ-theory. If the cause is an organism which itself enters the human body and multiplies there, it must exist in more than one form ; and in the form in which it usually exists in the human body it is not capable of passing directly to another person. It is presumed that it usually enters the body through the respiratory process, and a period of from one to ten days elapses before the characteristic phenomena of the disease appear. This is known as the period of incubation. The cause of the disease has a self-limited period of existence, and this period is comparatively short if it is freely exposed to the external air. In the West India Islands the disease disappears at various ports for many years, and only reappears on a fresh reimportation of the cause.

If this cause is a minute organism, it must be one which requires peculiar nutriment for its continued reproduction. No such organisms have yet been found in the blood or tissues of those affected with the disease under ordinary circumstances. The photomicrographs of the Havana Yellow-Fever Commission sufficiently prove this. In the air of places known to be infected are found various sorts of organisms, the great majority of which are those occurring in all places where decay of organic matter is going on. There are also found certain crystals, the nature of which is not yet well ascertained.

Many of the phenomena of the disease resemble those produced by the venom of the cobra or rattlesnake ; and if such snakes could not live more than four months unless they could bite a human being, the analogy would be still more close. It cannot be cut short by any known method of treatment, but it is a preventable disease, standing in this respect between typhoid fever on the one hand and scarlet fever on the other. The power of fear in predisposing to the disease or in leading to its fatal termination is very great ; and there is much truth in the saying that "yellow fever kills those who are afraid of it, and small-pox those who are not." It rarely attacks the same person more than once, being in this respect like small-pox and other diseases which are not propagated by germs properly so called, but by minute particles of living matter known as bioplasts, and more specifically as contagia. Persons who have had the disease are usually said to be "acclimated ;" but this term is a bad one, since the word is often used in another sense. When Dr. Mitchell, the medical director of the Howards at Memphis in the epidemic of 1878, hastily dictated a telegram calling for "acclimated" physicians and nurses, a number of persons responded to the call who had been living for years in the South, and in that sense were acclimated, but who had never had the fever, and whose presence therefore was a burden rather than an aid. For the purposes of this article we will call persons who have had the fever *protected* persons. The phenomena of an outbreak of yellow fever, and the sanitary measures to be taken to restrict its spread, depend very much upon the relative proportion of protected persons present ; in fact, this element of the problem is so important, that, if it be unknown, all speculations as to the influence of temperature, moisture, filth, etc. upon the spread of the disease have little scientific value. The belief that the disease ever spontaneously originates from combinations of filth, heat, moisture, and the presence of unprotected persons is an exercise of pure faith with which science has nothing to do at present, as there is no evidence in its favor ; and certainly, if this combination could produce it, we should long ago have heard of its appearance in the tropical ports of Asia, or in ships visiting the inter-tropical Pacific, whereas it has never occurred at these points.

Sanitary shriekings about filth have had and still have their utility in calling public attention to the evils of uncleanness of air, food, drink, or persons, but they soon lose their power when used by amateur hygienists as their sole stock in trade ; and this is becoming too much the case in this as in other countries. Wherever human beings

are collected for any length of time, and especially in cities and villages, filth is always and without exception present. Its presence in ordinary amount produces a very small probability of a very great danger ; and it is only when this amount is increased to an extent which rarely occurs, that this probability becomes any thing like a certainty. Many sanitarians suppose that the presence of filth is necessary for the reproduction and growth of the yellow-fever poison, and it is true wisdom on the part of a community to act as if this were correct ; yet it is very doubtful whether any city or village in the United States is so free from filth that the poison might not flourish under certain circumstances of temperature, moisture, and the presence of a large proportion of unprotected persons, — and the sanitarian is not justified in promising absolute immunity from epidemics of the disease as the result of civic cleanliness. There are, however, two forms of decaying organic matter whose presence has been so often connected with outbreaks of yellow fever that they require special notice. The first is in decaying wood, as in old ships, piers, wharves, wooden pavements, etc. The second is the presence of large quantities of rotting and very offensive seaweed mixed with dead fish, animals, etc., which has immediately preceded several epidemics on the Gulf coast.

As a rule we have no means of knowing whether the cause of yellow fever is present in a given room or locality, or in a trunk or box, other than the production of the disease in the human subject ; and it is therefore usually impossible to ascertain with certainty where or how any one affected has contracted his illness. In a few rare cases its presence may be detected by a very characteristic odor, which becomes extremely well marked in rooms suddenly abandoned and closed in the panic of an epidemic, and which contain the soiled clothing, bedding, etc. of persons who have died of the disease. On entering for the first time a house which has been thus abandoned and closed, the sense of the presence of a specific material poison is very vivid. If we could find some certain and easily-applied test for the presence of yellow-fever poison, — as for instance, a liquid which would change color upon being brought in contact with it, — we could then go on to investigate the nature of the poison and the best means of destroying it with good hope of success. At present we have no such test ; and hence we have to do a great deal of what is probably unnecessary work, in order to be sure of eradicating and stamping out the disease in any given locality. Attempts have been made by the Havana Yellow-Fever Commission to discover such a test by the

production in animals of some characteristic phenomena as a result of exposing them to the action of the yellow-fever poison ; but the results have been negative. Many allusions are made in accounts of different epidemics to accompanying sickness and mortality among domestic animals, and such mortality no doubt exists ; but it seems to be rather a consequence of the neglect to care properly for such animals, induced by sickness, panic, etc., than to any direct effect of the epidemic cause.

The means which are at our command for destroying this poison are known as disinfectants. The most important of these are fresh air, long-continued cold, heat moist and dry, aqueous solutions of certain salts of iron and zinc, scrubbing and cleansing, and certain gases or vapors. The fact that the occurrence of frost puts an end to the epidemic prevalence of yellow fever, and that in localities subject to annual frosts the disease does not as a rule appear the next year unless from fresh importation of the cause, long ago led to the suggestion of the employment of artificially-produced cold as a disinfectant. There is no evidence in existence as to the effects of cold applied for a comparatively short period of time ; but with modern improvements in refrigerating machinery it would seem worth while to try the experiment, if it could be performed at a reasonable cost. In the absence, however, of any test of the presence and vitality of the poison other than the production of the disease in man, there are very great difficulties in the way of trying such an experiment without incurring an unjustifiable risk. Supposing an infected vessel to arrive at New Orleans in July, and to be cooled down in every part to zero for eight hours, would it be prudent to allow such vessel to proceed at once to the city without further precautions ? Certainly not, since this would be to experiment on the health of the whole Mississippi Valley ; and the health authorities of the port, in view of the experience of the "Susquehannah" and the "Plymouth," would probably require the thorough cleansing and disinfection of the vessel, — and it would then be impossible to say how much refrigeration might have had to do with rendering the ship harmless. The experience of the "Plymouth" just referred to is far from demonstrating the inutility of cold as a disinfectant for yellow fever, since from the published accounts it does not appear that the bedding and clothing of the seamen were disinfected while on shore, and the whole matter of the application of artificial refrigeration as a means of disinfecting ships or cargoes is still *sub judice*.

The application of heat, either by means of a hot blast or by superheated steam, for the purpose of disinfecting a ship would present

greater certainty as regards the destruction of the poison, but has special inconveniences of its own which will prevent its use except in ships known to be infected. If the researches inaugurated by the National Board of Health during the past summer be continued, there is good prospect that we shall soon have at comparatively small cost some data that will enable us to speak positively and understandingly upon the merits of various disinfecting agents as regards the yellow-fever poison; and this is most desirable so far as regards shipping, for nearly every port has a different method of procedure at present, some of which are either inefficient or unnecessarily expensive.

As regards clothing, bedding, etc., it is often urged that their destruction by fire is the best method of dealing with them. As a matter of fact the attempt to carry out such destruction has often resulted in a spread of the disease,—as in Memphis in 1878, where the clouds of smoke from the burning of infected bedding in the streets seemed to be almost literally the wings of the pestilence, so certainly did fresh outbreaks of the disease appear in the direction in which the cloud drifted. This is due, not to the smoke itself, but to the currents of air caused by the heat, and to the disturbance of the infected material. The “golden rule” in dealing with such material during warm weather is not to disturb it while it is dry, but to saturate it with scalding water before moving it. In cold weather thorough ventilation and exposure of stuffs to the cold of three or four nights will render them harmless, and the more they are disturbed and shaken while thus exposed the better. The demand that at the end of the epidemic of this year the National Board of Health should expend forty or fifty thousand dollars in buying up and destroying infected clothing and bedding is made in forgetfulness of these facts; for such expenditure would be in the main a useless waste of money, even if it were expedient that the United States should undertake to provide clean clothes for people who need them. Heretofore there has sometimes been gross carelessness in leaving infected houses closed throughout the winter, and the epidemic this year at Morgan City may have been due to this cause. It is reported that a Jewish rabbi and his wife died in a house in that place in 1878. This house was then hurriedly deserted, leaving the bedding soiled with excreta as it was thrown off the dead, the remains of the last meal on the table, and the whole house reeking with infection. It remained thus until May, 1879, when it was opened and the contents sold at auction. Such negligence may almost be termed criminal, and the result was certain.

It is no part of the purpose of this article to comment on the pathology or the therapeutics of the disease, and we will pass at once to those practical questions with regard to yellow fever which are, or should be, just now of special interest to the people of the United States and to their legislators. These questions may be stated as follows:—

1. Can the occurrence of yellow fever in any locality in the United States be prevented, or its spread limited after it has occurred?—and if so, how?

2. What is the cost of such prevention, and how does it compare with the cost of an epidemic or with the value of the locality?

3. If the cost of such prevention is a wise expenditure, what proportion should be borne by the municipality, the State, and the United States respectively?

4. In case of neglect or refusal of any municipality to take the precautions generally considered necessary to prevent the occurrence of this or any similar disease, or in case such municipality takes unnecessary precautions which cause injury to individuals or the public without benefit, how far and in what manner is it expedient that the State should interfere to protect the surrounding country either before or after the occurrence of the disease in epidemic form?

5. In case of the neglect or refusal of both the municipality and the State to take action, how far, under what circumstances, and in what manner is it expedient that the United States Government shall interfere in order to secure protection to neighboring States?

These are very grave and difficult questions, — questions which will require the best scientific, medical, legal, and political information and resources which can be obtained, if they are to be properly answered. Dogmatic assertion is entirely out of place in such a discussion, since if we are to deal with the matter at all it must be tentatively, knowing that we must experiment and be ready to admit and repair the mistakes which will almost surely be made in attempting to secure the best results.

In reply to the first question, it may be said that physicians and sanitarians are almost unanimous in the opinion that the occurrence of yellow fever in the United States can be prevented, but that they differ widely as to the methods. Some believe that it can be effected by quarantine only; some that local cleanliness alone is sufficient; some, and these the majority, that both quarantine and cleanliness are essential. Before discussing these opinions it is necessary to define the sense in which this word "quarantine" is used.

The great majority of our readers probably have a vague idea that quarantine means a place where travellers are kept for a certain time, varying from one to forty days, for the purpose of seeing whether they will become sick. But we mean by quarantine that system of investigation used to determine the presence or absence of causes of disease in vehicles, persons, baggage, and goods passing from one place to another ; and the removing or destroying such causes if suspected to be present. In this sense quarantine does not necessarily include detention, or obstruction to traffic or travel ; it may sometimes be enforced on a train or steamer at full speed and without causing an hour's delay. Usually, however, a certain amount of delay is necessary, especially when yellow fever is in question ; but it is the object of sanitarians to make this delay as brief as possible. The necessity for such delay depends in part upon the period of incubation of the disease, in part upon the want of a test for the presence of the poison. When a person has been exposed to the influence of the cause of yellow fever, a certain time must elapse before it is possible to decide whether he will have the disease or not. Under certain circumstances, which as yet are not at all understood, a person having yellow fever may himself become a source of infection. This is not usually the case, and perhaps it never occurs in the temperate zone, — the usual source of infection being bedding, clothing, and other similar articles known as fomites ; but it is possible that it does sometimes happen, and that some such instances occurred in the epidemic of 1878, although the difficulty in distinguishing between the influence of the person and that of the clothing is usually insuperable. It follows that while at Northern ports there is little or no need of any detention of persons to guard against yellow fever, such detention may be advisable at our Gulf and South Atlantic ports. This period of detention, if it is to be enforced at all, should be such as to make up not less than the full time of five days from the date of the last possible exposure ; and from ten to twenty days are needed to obtain complete security. An exception should be made to this rule in favor of persons presenting satisfactory evidence that they have had the fever.

The principal danger however is in the ship, car, or other conveyance, and in bedding and personal luggage ; and, as we have no means of deciding that these are free from infection, we must treat them as if they were infected in all cases in which the possibility of such infection exists. This requires detention for sufficient time to unload the ship and thoroughly cleanse and disinfect it, and for disinfecting such

baggage and freight as may be considered dangerous. It should be distinctly understood, however, that detention of a ship is by itself not merely a useless obstruction to commerce, but that it may increase the danger of infection. The yellow-fever poison, or that which produces this poison, grows and multiplies outside the human body, thus differing from the poisons of small-pox or scarlet fever; and a ship but very slightly infected may, after lying for two or three weeks in the warm water and air of one of our tropical ports in summer, without having her cargo or ballast removed, and without being properly cleansed, become so saturated with the poison as to be extremely unsafe to approach. Yet this is the usual mode in which quarantine has been administered, and it is to this mode that the greater part of the objections to quarantine alone apply. These objections have been best summed up by Mr. Simon, whose remarks in advising the Privy Council of England upon this subject may be paraphrased and condensed as follows :—

Quarantine conducted with extreme rigor, and with the precision of a chemical experiment, will probably keep yellow fever out of any port of the United States not already infected, and in which the extremely difficult conditions can be fulfilled. A quarantine which is ineffective is a mere irrational derangement of commerce, and a quarantine of the kind which insures success is more easily imagined than realized. Only in proportion as a community lives apart from the great highways and emporia of commerce, or is ready and able to treat its commerce as a subordinate political interest, only in such proportion can quarantine be made effectual for protecting it. Against the efficiency of quarantine when enacted there operate some of the strongest of all law-breaking influences: on the one hand, instincts of contempt for the narrow self-protectiveness which it represents, and, on the other, those eager commercial interests which now mainly govern the world. Contraband of quarantine, like ordinary smuggling, is developed as soon as the inducements for it are considerable. Where great commercial countries are concerned, it can scarcely be dreamed that quarantine restrictions will be any thing better than elaborate illustrations of leakiness.

There is no system of quarantine compatible with the preservation of commercial intercourse with the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and South America which will absolutely and certainly prevent the introduction of yellow fever into the United States; or, at all events, which will do this at any reasonable cost. But it is perfectly possible, by a uniform system of quarantine which shall interfere with traffic and travel very slightly, much less in fact than the Mediterranean quarantines, to prevent such introduction in at least ninety per cent of the cases in which it would occur in the absence of such a system. This means that a certain number of epidemics can be thus

prevented, and a number delayed in their appearance for from one to six weeks, which is certainly a result well worth the comparatively small cost and trouble needed to secure it. But if ports within the fever zone are to rely solely on such a quarantine, or on any form of quarantine, even if one of entire non-intercourse, and in consequence neglect civic cleanliness, then such quarantine will prove a curse rather than a blessing. From the point of view of the sanitarian and the legislator, discussions about the germ-theory of yellow fever, and whether or not it can arise spontaneously, are of secondary interest. Everybody admits that municipal uncleanness is a bad thing, and a very expensive thing, — so expensive that it is absolutely necessary to the business stability of a place that it shall be kept within certain limits, and this irrespective of any considerations of yellow fever. Every one also admits that the cause of yellow fever is portable. Now it should be distinctly understood that so far as quarantine is concerned the question is not as between quarantine and no quarantine, but between a rational system of quarantine and one that is not. Quarantine of some sort must be enforced against yellow fever by our southern ports: they are forced to this by their interest in keeping up their connections by boat and rail with the interior, no matter whether they wish to do it or not. It follows, therefore, that the object should be to secure both municipal cleanliness and a reasonable quarantine to prevent the occurrence of yellow fever at points liable to that disease. Into the details of the methods to be pursued to insure municipal cleanliness, as the sanitarian understands that phrase, — that is, the absence of filth from air, water, soil, and buildings, and not merely clean streets and alleys, — and also to secure such a quarantine as we have indicated as desirable, this paper cannot enter. They will be found in recent treatises on hygiene, and in the publications of the National Board of Health.

But what is to be done when the fever has passed the cordon and is found in a community? It is probably possible under such circumstances to limit its spread and to stamp out the disease, as the experience of the past year in the Southwest would seem to show; but the obstacles to so doing are great, and ought to be distinctly understood, and as yet the best methods of dealing with them have not been agreed upon.

The first is the difficulty of obtaining information as to the existence of the earlier cases in time to prevent communication with or from them. It is to the interest of many wealthy business men to

prevent the announcement of the existence of such cases, as matters now stand ; for the announcement of the existence of a case of fever in New Orleans or Mobile results in the establishment of local quarantines at once against those cities. Were such quarantines established only when really necessary, and on a uniform and reasonable plan, such concealment would be far less necessary and the motives to it would be much less powerful. On the other hand, if the inland towns in more immediate commercial intercourse with New Orleans could feel that they had reliable information as to the disease in the latter city, they would be much less fearful and much more judicious in their efforts to protect themselves than they now are. The concealment of the first cases of the fever which occurred in Morgan City last August, and the resulting epidemic, which could have been easily prevented had timely warning been given, illustrate one side of the question ; while on the other may be placed the local quarantine against New Orleans during the greater part of the summer, although there was no necessity for such quarantine for more than three weeks of the time, had it been possible to obtain reliable information as to the actual condition of the city. This is by no means generally understood, and New Orleans in particular has, prior to last summer, pursued what we consider to be a mistaken policy in this respect. Just as our ports establish quarantine during the summer against all vessels coming from West Indian ports regardless of the bills of health they may have, on the ground that no reliable information can be obtained as to the freedom of these ports from yellow fever, so a tendency to a similar action against New Orleans is being developed on the part of interior towns, and for the same reason. The mere fact of the existence of three or four cases of yellow fever in the city of New Orleans does not necessarily prove it an infected city, nor that commercial intercourse with it is dangerous ; although such existence would prove both as regards Memphis.

In New Orleans the great majority of persons are protected by previous attacks. It is therefore not uncommon to find that the disease does not spread in that city beyond the limits of one or two blocks. If these blocks are not in or near the commercial centres, and if a reasonable amount of isolation of the cases can be secured, they do not cause any danger, nor any good reason for the interruption of travel and traffic. But no amount of assurances to this effect given by citizens, physicians, or sanitarians of New Orleans will at present, nor for some time to come, give complete confidence to

the interior towns. The policy of concealment has been pursued so long and so uniformly, and its results have several times in the past proved so disastrous, that we can scarcely blame Pensacola or Galveston, Vicksburg or Memphis, for quarantining against New Orleans during the summer months. There is but one remedy for this, and that is to secure the fullest publicity ; and to do this through persons whose competence and disinterestedness will not be doubted. All doubtful cases must be published at once, not concealed till doubt is no longer possible. It is far better to announce every case about which any one expresses any suspicion, with the results of the investigation, than to announce only those cases which are finally decided to be yellow fever. When this has been done for a sufficient length of time to teach people that the daily bulletin truly represents the situation, it will be very seldom that any inland quarantine will be enforced against New Orleans.

We have spoken of doubtful cases. Of these there are always many. The first cases in the season, especially, are very apt to be mistaken for simple remittent fever ; and it is not till the physician finds that quinine does not have the anticipated effect, or his attention is called to the fact that though the temperature is high the pulse is relatively slow, or fatal symptoms appear, that he suspects that "Yellow Jack" is mocking him. A second obstacle which experience has shown to be a very grave one in the larger cities of the South and Southwest is the difficulty of securing isolation of the infected room, house, block, or district. The people are not educated as to its value and necessity. The persons to be isolated resist the measures as much as possible, and politicians and the press generally oppose it as involving unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the people. There is a certain class to whom the advent of a yellow-fever epidemic brings holiday and harvest, free rations and blankets ; and they are vigorous in their assertion of the rights of all citizens to come and go wherever they please.

While it is probably possible, by skill and energy, to stamp out yellow fever within two or three weeks in any locality in which the people can be induced to do what is necessary for the purpose, it will nevertheless usually be found to be practically impossible to induce the ignorant, the idle, and the vicious, ranged as they are under the leadership of a few men whose immediate pecuniary interests are pre-eminent, to take the steps necessary to put an end to the epidemic, or to allow others to take such steps. It is necessary that this shall

be distinctly recognized by those connected with the management of an epidemic; for it is their business to give such advice and directions as can be practically carried out, not merely such as may be theoretically the best. It is worse than useless to prescribe a remedy that will not be taken, or to become angry or disgusted at opposition to sanitary police measures. It is in part because this opposition is to be expected, and because of the impossibility of controlling to any great extent the movements of the people in our cities, that we must advise the inhabitants of an inland town, in which the majority of persons are unprotected, to leave the place until the occurrence of frost. This depopulation of a place is a very costly process, but the only safe one for the majority under such circumstances. With reasonable care it can be effected without danger to the surrounding country, as was shown by the experience of Memphis in 1879. During the first week after the establishment of the fever over thirty thousand persons removed or were removed from the city, and no spread of the disease resulted. Of those who went into camps in the immediate vicinity, and remained there during the summer, not more than a dozen took the disease; and in every one of these cases it was traced to a visit to the city in defiance of the advice and orders of the sanitary authorities.

There are two cities in the United States in which it would not be worth while to attempt any such process of depopulation, because of the large proportion of protected persons in each; namely, New Orleans and Key West. Key West is really a sort of suburb of Havana; a large proportion of its inhabitants are native Cubans, and the disease has no terrors for them. The occurrence of epidemics of yellow fever in New Orleans depends so much upon the number of unprotected persons present in the vicinity where the disease first appears in any given season, that other factors are of very secondary importance as regards the city. The habits and ideas of the people are such that it is almost impossible to secure complete isolation of a patient, house, or block; nor are efforts to prevent the occurrence of the disease likely to meet with much sympathy among a large portion of the population. They have had the fever themselves and have no fear of it, and decidedly object to having their freedom to go and come, or to import or export goods, restricted for the sake of protecting comparatively few people who they think ought to make up their minds to have the fever and be done with it. If it were the interests of New Orleans and of her people only that were in question there would be

much force in this view ; but this is not the case. The inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, at least as far north as Cairo, think that they have an interest in the health of New Orleans, and will not permit unrestricted intercourse with that city while yellow fever is known to exist there. It is not the question as to whether intercourse shall be restricted under such circumstances, but as to how it shall be restricted. Until very recently New Orleans has not learned this lesson, and has not been convinced that her best policy from a business point of view is to prevent the occurrence of the disease, and to seek to inspire confidence in the interior of the valley as to her sanitary condition.

If it be true, as is claimed by some persons, that yellow fever either spontaneously originates in New Orleans or is endemic there, and that its occurrence cannot be prevented by any system of quarantine, not even if pushed to absolute non-intercourse, it will then become a question for the interior towns of the Mississippi Valley as to whether their wisest course is not to insist upon supervision of their railroad and steamboat connections with New Orleans, commencing about June 1 and ending about Nov. 1, regardless as to the actual existence of the fever during the interval. If this be done regularly and methodically, little interference need be caused with commerce, and the principal objection is the expense. As there is no evidence worthy of consideration as to the spontaneous origin of the disease, and there is certainly very good evidence as to its transportability, and that its cause can remain for months shut up in a closet or trunk, it seems on the whole wisest to act as though the disease might be driven out and kept out of New Orleans ; and this is to be done by local sanitation, drainage, cleansing, and disinfection, and by a proper system of quarantine. The question as to the cost of quarantine and of local sanitation as compared with the cost of epidemics which might be prevented by them is one of great practical interest, but which admits of only an approximate answer. As we are considering yellow fever only, we will select the cities of New Orleans and Memphis to illustrate the problem.

The city of New Orleans contains in round numbers two hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. To put its maritime quarantine in proper condition as to buildings, boats, and other material would require about fifty thousand dollars, and to operate it thereafter an annual expenditure of about forty thousand dollars. A proper maritime quarantine establishment cannot be extemporized in an emer-

gency; it requires time and no small amount of money to organize and maintain it. This quarantine establishment of New Orleans should also protect the Gulf counties of Mississippi. There should be at once expended in the city of New Orleans, for sanitary engineering works, about one million dollars; while for local sanitation at least two hundred thousand dollars should be expended annually. Add to these sums about twenty-five thousand dollars annually for emergencies, — that is for stamping out the disease if it should make its appearance in the city, — and we may say in round numbers that the interest on six millions of dollars will keep the city substantially free from yellow fever (and let it not be forgotten that it will also keep it free from a number of other diseases which collectively are quite as important as the fever). This is about one dollar and a half annually per head for the entire population. The epidemic of 1878 cost the city of New Orleans about ten millions of dollars, without reckoning indirect damages due to interruption of business, which have been estimated as amounting to from five to ten millions more. The cost of this epidemic, therefore, would certainly have been sufficient to put the city into good sanitary condition, both as regards quarantine and civic cleanliness, and to keep it so. This subject of public hygiene is by no means a mere matter of gushing philanthropy and sentimental oratory; it is a plain, straightforward matter of business, and must be governed by financial considerations mainly.

Let us turn now to the city of Memphis, whose population we may estimate at forty-five thousand. In this city, also, at least one million dollars should be at once expended to put it in thoroughly good sanitary condition. There is much rotten wood-pavement to be removed, sewerage to be provided for, water supply to be improved, etc. After this has been done, an annual expenditure of about fifty thousand dollars will be required for sanitary purposes, and an annual emergency-fund of ten thousand dollars should be available. Memphis, then, requires the interest on about two millions of dollars to keep her free from yellow fever, to say nothing of the malarias, typhoid fevers, infant mortality, etc. which will be got rid of at the same time. This is about two dollars and a half per head annually of the whole population. The last epidemic cost Memphis ten times what was necessary to have secured its freedom from such a calamity; for we believe that Memphis might have been kept free from the epidemic, and that it may now be freed from a return of the disease. We may take it for granted that any good business man who owned the cities of New

Orleans and Memphis would find the annual expenditure for sanitary purposes of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the former city and one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the latter a good investment, and pass on to the questions, Under actually existing circumstances, how can this money be raised? and, should the State or the United States, or both, contribute aid for the purpose? The city of Memphis is bankrupt and in the hands of receivers, and it cannot impose or collect a tax for sanitary purposes without a special act of the State legislature. This legislature will not meet in the ordinary course of events until the fall of 1880, whereas the money should be collected and used at once. Owing to the course taken by the legislature in financial matters, and for other reasons, there is much hesitation in calling an extra session; and the State itself would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to borrow money at present. The necessary funds must therefore be raised by direct taxation, — municipal, or State, or both; and this taxation must be upon real estate, which alone should bear the burden of sanitary improvements.

New Orleans is not in much better financial condition than Memphis, since there also the necessary funds can hardly be raised except by direct and immediate taxation. Such taxation is never a popular measure except during the almost immediate presence or threat of some great calamity; and usually the majority of voters who would be affected by such taxation are disposed to argue, that, as the measures of local sanitation and quarantine necessary to protect New Orleans or Memphis from yellow fever do not benefit these cities exclusively, nor so much as they do the surrounding country or other cities having commercial intercourse with them, therefore the State and the United States should contribute a portion of the funds required. Evidently this is a politico-economical question as to direct *versus* indirect taxation. Undoubtedly in a certain sense the country supplied by and supplying a city must support that city; but to require it to do this directly is to subsidize the city and give it an undue advantage over other cities, — of which they may justly complain, especially as they are to contribute the funds for such subsidy.

So far as the securing cleanliness, pure water, good drainage, and prompt and thorough removal of excreta and garbage are concerned, all will probably agree that these are duties of the city itself, and that it will pay the city to perform them. If it does not, the city is not worth preservation, and good business men would do well to abandon

it. The fact that very few cities in the United States do take all proper measures in this respect is beside the question. But it may be worth while to consider the plan adopted in Great Britain, by which the Government loans to a city, under certain conditions, the amount necessary to carry into effect plans for sewerage, drainage, or water supply, after such plans have been approved by the Local Government Board. In the present emergency, and in view of the fact that prompt action is necessary, might it not be justifiable for the United States to try the experiment of aiding Memphis and New Orleans in some such mode, provided it be legally possible for it to do so.

As regards the expense of quarantine, the question is somewhat different. Quarantine is like a chain, no stronger than its weakest link. When yellow fever is established at one of our ports, it greatly impairs the utility of quarantine against it at other ports, owing to the great difficulties in enforcing inland quarantine; and hence arises the demand for a national and uniform system. In discussing this question, it should be remembered, as above remarked, that it is not one of national quarantine *versus* no quarantine, but of national quarantine *versus* local quarantines.

Whatever may be individual opinions as to the inutility or inexpediency of quarantines, the great mass of the people agree with the old farmer, that "Yellow fever can't go anywhere unless yer tote it," and insist upon the prevention of such transportation so far as regards their own communities, at all events. If this is not done legally, it will be done illegally, spasmodically, and with utter disregard of the rights of travellers or of business men; and the shot-gun quarantines of the Southwest are the inevitable result of leaving the people to the influence of fear of the epidemic acting on ignorance and the instinct of self-preservation. As an educational measure, if for no other reason, it seems upon the whole desirable that the nation should undertake—at least, tentatively—the supervision of quarantine; and should attempt, by such supervision, to secure at least the minimum amount of precaution considered necessary, and at the same time the minimum amount of interference with commerce and travel. Theoretically, the United States should be able to make it certain that at each port or place reasonable precautions shall be taken to prevent the occurrence or spread of preventable diseases, and also to prevent unnecessary and unreasonable interference with communication between different ports of the country,—interference which, while nominally exercised for the preservation of health, may in reality

be dictated by the desire of injuring the commerce of a neighboring locality, or of disposing of an overstock of goods, or of inflicting annoyance upon some special person or corporation. If the United States cannot do this, it lacks one of the special characteristics of a civilized nation ; namely, the power of protecting its citizens as to their lives and liberties. Under existing laws, it is theoretically possible for the United States, acting through its National Board of Health, to compel State or municipal organizations to exercise a minimum amount of precaution against the spread of preventable diseases ; but it is not possible for it to prevent such organizations from taking excessive precautions, even to absolute non-intercourse.

The best practical remedy for this state of things is education of the people, until they shall know what amount of restriction is really necessary to insure safety ; and it seems on the whole expedient that the cost of this education should be borne by the General Government. It follows, therefore, that the United States should for a time bear a much larger proportion of the expenses of a quarantine system than it will need to do when the States and municipalities are equally well informed as to their duties, and as to their true interests. It does not, however, follow that the United States should carry out quarantine regulations directly through its own officers or agents. If it does so, it will effect little in the educational way. The question as to the proper methods to be pursued is practically a very difficult one, and the answer to it depends much upon that to be given to our fourth query ; namely, In case of neglect or refusal of a municipality to take the precautions necessary to prevent the occurrence of yellow fever or any similar disease, or in case the precautions taken are excessive or injurious, how far, and in what way, is it expedient that the State should interfere ?

It would certainly seem that the State should have the power to compel a municipality to do its duty, in a sanitary point of view, in the same way that the municipality should have the means of compelling the individual householder to abate nuisances on his premises ; but that, while the municipality should have actual powers of administration, the State should confine its work to supervision of the manner in which the several municipalities exercise these powers. As Mr. Jenkins remarks, " There is a difference between central supervision and central administration. The first is compelling others to do their duty ; the second is doing duty by means of others." The great difficulty in the matter is to decide in each case as to what are proper

and reasonable precautions in a sanitary point of view, or to provide a proper authority to make such decisions. The only practical test in the matter is that of expediency ; and this test must vary according to location, climate, race, education of the people, etc. At the present time it would be impossible to carry into effect in Memphis the sanitary regulations which work well in Providence ; nor can the work now being done by the State Boards of Health of Michigan or New Jersey be carried out in Arkansas or Georgia. These principles must apply in any decision as to the duties and powers of the General Government in relation to the public health in the several States. This decision depends on public opinion, which varies from year to year, but which on the whole has for the last twenty-five years been steadily tending to the point of view, that the United States should exercise whatever power may be needed to secure protection to all her citizens against diseases recognized as preventable. In saying that opinion has been taking this direction, it is not meant to assert that it has yet become so strong as to compel action on the part of legislators ; nor is such action to be urged in advance of the growth of public opinion, except tentatively, and as an educational measure. The passing of sanitary laws, and the creation of Boards of Health, — local, State, or national, — will not insure action nor good results until the public is prepared to support such laws, and to consider the expense of their administration as a good and paying investment.

The practical questions before Congress and the country in this connection relate to two subjects, which, although often spoken of as one, are really very distinct ; namely, (1) The propriety of having a national health-organization in the United States ; and, (2) The advisability of having a national superintendence of quarantine, maritime or inland, or both. A provisional National Board of Health was created in April last ; a so-called National Quarantine Act was passed in June, and five hundred thousand dollars appropriated to carry it into effect ; and yellow fever appeared at Memphis and at New Orleans before the work of organization under this new legislation had been completed ; so that the merits of this legislation were subjected to a severe test. The result from a business point of view may be summed up in the statement that the National Board of Health has spent about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars during the summer and fall ; that the fever did not spread in New Orleans, although two separate outbreaks occurred there ; that for two months it was confined to Memphis ; that at least five millions of dollars have thus been saved ;

and that as soon as the people saw the effect of its operations the non-intercourse quarantines were abandoned. From the point of view of the sanitarian the results have been much more important than this financial statement would show, since their value as a means of education, and of showing what can be done, is great for the future.

To the operations of the National Board the public has, on the whole, been indifferent. It has been objected to by a few newspaper correspondents, on the ground of useless extravagance; but none of the leading journals have thought it worth while seriously to investigate the complaints. The particulars of a walking match have been of much greater interest to the reading public. Such an interest in the vagaries of Yellow Jack as existed in this country in the fall of 1878 will probably not again exist until the disease again appears on our Atlantic seaboard. That in the absence of precautions it will so appear may be considered as almost certain; and it is an even chance that it will exist in epidemic form in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore before the end of the present century. When it does so appear in those cities, their personal help must come from the South, for it is worse than useless for unprotected persons to attempt to combat the disease. The physicians and nurses, the sanitary officials, police, laborers, etc. must all be persons who have had the fever, if they are to be of practical use. They must in the main come from New Orleans and Memphis, and other points of like character; and hence the cost of educating these people, if it is to come at all from the Commonwealth, should not be defrayed too grudgingly. And by educating is not meant alone the teaching of that which is already known.

Whatever may be thought as to the duty of the General Government in regard to quarantine, there can be little doubt as to its duty in regard to obtaining information on yellow fever. It does not stand upon the same ground as those surveys or scientific investigations for which Government patronage and aid is urged, but which will be carried on by individual effort, sooner or later, if Government does not assist. Such an investigation as is necessary to discover the causes of yellow fever and the best modes of preventing it will require much time, skilled labor, and money, and can never be supported by individual enterprise, and is unlikely to be carried into effect by any other Government than that of the United States. Yet it is only by means of such an investigation that we can hope to succeed in freeing the country from this pest.

Finally, it is to be remembered that to prevent the introduction of yellow fever either absolute, rigorous, almost total non-intercourse

quarantine is necessary at Southern ports ; or else some system of co-operation between different ports, different States, and different countries must be devised and cordially supported by the respective Governments. If the United States is to keep up comparatively free commercial intercourse with the intertropical Atlantic ports, and at the same time to prevent the introduction of yellow fever through such intercourse, it must become a party to some international agreement with the several powers to whom such ports belong. Under existing circumstances it is impossible for the United States to become a party to any comprehensive international sanitary code, because it cannot guarantee that the ships of another nation shall not be interfered with by State or local quarantines, provided such ships have complied with the regulations of the code. But it has full power to enter into an agreement for an international system of notification as to the actual sanitary condition of ports, and of vessels sailing from said ports. Such a system would be a long step towards an international sanitary code, and would be of great aid to commerce. At present, owing to the impossibility of obtaining reliable information as to the freedom of West Indian and Central American ports from yellow fever, the majority of our ports assume that they are all so infected from May 1 to November 1, and treat all ships coming from them as if they were infected, although in reality there is no yellow fever in the majority of such foreign ports.

In sanitary matters no single man, city, State, or nation can protect itself except by non-intercourse, and not always even by that. To get the best results with the least cost and interference with freedom, we must help one another ; but this help must be given, received, and regulated on business principles, "because it will pay," and not be considered as sentimental charity, which will sooner or later be grudgingly bestowed and unthankfully received. We want our citizens and cities, counties and States, to take care of themselves in sanitary as in other matters as far as possible ; but there should be some power competent to interfere in the exceptional cases in which ignorance, selfishness, or terror lead either to danger of pestilence or to obstruction of commerce. This power, however, cannot be established arbitrarily, or in advance of sufficient education of the business portion of the community, to create a powerful public opinion to support it. Whether it is possible to give this education otherwise than through the lessons which epidemics themselves give, is the problem which the sanitarians of this country are at present practically trying to solve.

JOHN S. BILLINGS.

THE SERVICE OF FRANCIS LIEBER TO POLITICAL SCIENCE AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.

FRANCIS LIEBER first attained his scientific maturity in America, the land of his adoption. His most important works — "Political Ethics," "Civil Liberty," and "Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field" — had their origin in America, and were first written in English. This was likewise the case with his numerous and able minor treatises. In so far, then, Lieber belongs to the United States of America, and has claim to a high rank among American scholars and authors.

But he was born in Berlin, and obtained his scientific training and a large part of his intellectual wealth at German schools and universities, and in the closest intercourse with representatives of German science. In so far, then, the German nation has also a share in the merits and fame of the son whom she bore and educated.

The stormy time of Lieber's youth was passed in a period when, in Germany, two opposing schools of law and political science stood over against one another; on the one side the older and so-called Philosophical School, advocating a law of Nature, and on the other the so-called Historical School. The latter charged the former with disregarding the safe and solid ground of historical facts and relations, with soaring aloft to the clouds in flights of abstract thought, and with pursuing dreamy ideas without ever being able to realize them. The philosophical school, on the other hand, blamed the historical school for turning its thoughts entirely towards the past, for yielding slavish obedience to the power of tradition, for not tolerating progress or improvement, and for being destitute of ideas and genius. If the philosophical method was suspected of revolutionary tendencies, the historical method, on the contrary, had the reputation of being reactionary.

It is characteristic of Lieber, that, in himself, he early triumphed over these opposing tendencies. He was of a decidedly ideal nature. His mind delighted in philosophic contemplation from the heights of human consciousness. In his youth, enthusiasm for national inde-

pendence and the liberties of the people had brought him into dangerous conflict with a meddling and stupid police, and allured him into that philhellenic wild-goose chase to Greece. Actual experience in life toned him down somewhat, but by no means extinguished his love of ideal things. He never lost sight of the highest goal of human destiny. The harmonious development of all moral and intellectual powers, which is the highest kind of liberty, appeared to him the appointed task of individual man and of humanity. All of Lieber's writings are warm and glowing with noble ideas concerning the improvement and development of our race. By a kind of predilection he draws his arguments from the loftiest principles of divinely-created human nature and divinely-appointed human destiny. The philosophic, ideal tendencies of his thoughts and aspirations stand everywhere boldly forth. He is a *Liberal* both as a man and a scholar.

But he was in no wise a follower of Rousseau, and by no means captivated with those airy systems of the philosophical school in which unwary and unpractical men had allowed themselves to be caught, like flies in cobwebs, by meshes spun out according to mathematical rules. He had brought along from home and school too good a satchel filled with positive knowledge. He had made too many and too thorough studies in the actual history of nations, and not in vain had been his years of daily intercourse with Niebuhr, — a leader in the historical school, who could hardly be charged with a lack of ideas or of genius. Lieber had also suffered various painful experiences, which made him keenly sensible of the power which dwells in historic institutions and in the established order. But, above all, in America there dawned upon him a full consciousness of the hard realities of life and the inexpugnable power of facts. Here, better than in Europe, he learned to apply the standard of feasibility and of cautious, calculating experience. On this account all his writings teem with historical proofs and precedents and with useful observations. He knew well the value of hard common-sense, and he could harmonize with it his own practical understanding, thus rendering the latter approved. In all these respects he employed the historical method with great advantage.

The settlement of that oldtime conflict of schools and the union of the philosophical and historical methods, in contrast to the dangerous one-sidedness of either of the two, was a mark of great progress effected gradually and for the most part since 1840 in the jurisprudence and political science of Germany, — somewhat later, however, in Italy.

Lieber belongs to the first representatives of this peaceful alliance, although, indeed, it had been tried by the best politicians long before, — by Aristotle and by Cicero, and recommended by Bacon.

Lieber especially emphasizes in his writings the *moral* side of civil society. He is always inclined to associate *right* and *duty*; not in the sense that a man who has simply a duty stands over against the man who has simply a right, but in the sense that *whoever possesses a right has also a duty to exercise*. It is one of the merits of Rudolf Gneist to have been the first in Germany to advocate and decidedly to promote this idea of the obligatory character of civil right, — “civil rights and civil duties.” But even before Gneist, Lieber, although in a somewhat different sense, had stoutly maintained that duty is a necessary factor in civil society. To Gneist duty appears to be a necessary quality, a characteristic of civil right, and, in so far, duty is *legal obligation* (*rechtspflicht*). But according to Lieber duty is different from right; the former is *moral* obligation, not legal obligation. For this reason duty transcends the limits of the legal order, although it is efficacious even within those limits. Duty has a broader basis in the nature of man, which is not governed entirely by man or legally regulated in all lines of its activity. Conscience still urges to the exercise of duty when the laws are silent, and even in political conduct we continue to distinguish between good and evil after the law has ceased to discriminate. For example, an executive officer or a leader in party politics may make a bad use of a legal right which is allowed him by the Constitution, and, again, a patriotic citizen may render his country a greater service than the law requires of him. Lieber, in his manual of “Political Ethics,” has laid especial stress upon the immeasurable importance of this moral element in civil life, and he has written a code of civil ethics which is of service at once to science and to morals: to science, because he has filled a gap in the branch of politics; to morals, because he has encouraged every noble aspiration and every political virtue while manfully combating baseness, even though it vaunt itself in the high places and be marked as holy authority.

Lieber knew that the civil order rests upon the broader and deeper foundation of the moral order, and that the former must sink in ruins if this foundation be destroyed. While showing the connection between the two he follows the natural inclination of the German to consider, from an ethical stand-point, the world and its progress, and to point out their moral worth. The German is fond of moralizing,

but it is difficult for him to view things from a political stand-point. Lieber brought to America this German fondness for moralizing, but he also acquired a political cast of thought which he developed in America. For these reasons his writings possess a great value for Germans as well as for Americans. Our author represents both nationalities, supplies for both their peculiar wants and defects of education, and enriches each with the peculiar wealth of the other.

Lieber does not always distinguish sharply between law and morals in the narrow sense. Sometimes a moral right or an ethical demand appears to him like a law. For example, when he is discussing the great and essentially moral force, which expresses itself in political life as public opinion, he represents the latter as an expression of sovereignty, — that is, as public law ; which is certainly not the case. True it is that no one, not even a legitimate king, can permanently withstand the might of public opinion ; and true it is that the latter, if it holds constantly and firmly to a certain course, will finally bring about changes in the Constitution itself. And just as the overwhelming power of victory, in a war between States, decides the fate of nations, so the peaceful but ever-growing moral power of public opinion works on until at last it becomes irresistible.¹ When the mind and the heart of the people are fully changed, then becomes inevitable a transformation of the State itself, — which is simply a body for the soul of the people to dwell in. But these cases are no operations of sovereignty, no expressions of the supremacy of State ; but rather are they radical changes in the conditions and relations upon which the State is founded, or in the situation of its people. We can appreciate the moral worth of public opinion, and we should not fail to regard it politically ; but we ought never to stamp it as law.

Lieber's work on "Civil Liberty" is quite in accordance with English and American ideas. And it was on this account, perhaps, that the work was translated into German by Franz Mittermaier, and has become better known in Germany than the "Political Ethics." Representative government and self-government are the great works of the English and American peoples. The English have produced representative monarchy with parliamentary legislation and parliamentary government ; the Americans have produced the representative republic. We Europeans upon the Continent recognized, in our turn, that

¹ The latest and best discussion of the subject of public opinion is to be found in the article by Holtzendorff (also a friend of Lieber), which was published by the Faculty of Law at Munich on the occasion of my doctor's Jubilee, August, 1879.

in representative government alone lies the hoped-for union between civil order and popular liberty. We found ourselves obliged, therefore, to become students of English and American institutions, although we gradually came to the conviction that mere imitation would be unsuitable and unworthy, while an exact reproduction would be utterly impossible. All the more welcome, therefore, were the results which Lieber gave us of his own experience and personal observation with regard to the workings of representative government. In his studies concerning the nature of liberty Lieber again, by a sort of preference, discusses the safeguards which Anglo-American common law and statute law have set up and established for the defence of individual freedom against abuse of power.

The "Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field" were drawn up by Lieber at the instance of President Lincoln, and formed the first codification of International Articles of War (*kriegsvölkerrecht*). This was a work of great moment in the history of international law and of civilization. Throughout this also we see the stamp of Lieber's peculiar genius. His legal injunctions rest upon the foundation of moral precepts. The former are not always sharply distinguished from moral injunctions, but nevertheless through a union with the same are ennobled and exalted. Everywhere reigns in this body of law the spirit of humanity, which spirit recognizes as fellow-beings with lawful rights our very enemies, and which forbids our visiting upon them unnecessary injury, cruelty, or destruction. But at the same time our legislator remains fully aware that in time of war it is absolutely necessary to provide for the safety of armies and for the successful conduct of a campaign; that to those engaged in it the harshest measures and most reckless exactions cannot be denied; and that tender-hearted sentimentality is here all the more out of place, because the greater the energy employed in carrying on the war, the sooner will it be brought to an end and the normal condition of peace restored.

These "Instructions" prepared by Lieber prompted me to draw up, after his model, first, the laws of war, and then in general the law of nations, in the form of a code or law-book, which should express the present state of the legal consciousness of civilized people. Lieber in his correspondence with me had strongly urged that I should do this, and he lent me continual encouragement.

The intimate personal connection in which I stood with Lieber in his declining years, although indeed through interchange of letters

and not through meetings face to face, was for me a constant stimulus and source of satisfaction. This relation with Lieber was animated and strengthened by great events of world-wide interest: first of all, the war for the American Union from 1861 to 1865; then the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866; and finally the Franco-Prussian war. From 1860 to 1870, Francis Lieber in New York, Edward Laboulaye in Paris, and I in Heidelberg, formed what Lieber used to call "a scientific clover-leaf,"—in which three men, devoting themselves especially to political science, and at the same time uniting the historical and philosophical methods, combining theory with practical politics, and belonging to three different nationalities, to three States and to three peoples, found themselves growing together by ties of common sympathy, and thus, figuratively speaking, representing also the community of Anglo-American, French, and German culture and science. The personal tie, indeed, is now, alas! broken. Lieber is dead, Laboulaye had already virtually separated from us, for he could not overcome the bitterness caused by his feelings and experience during the Franco-Prussian war. But that community of thought, science, and endeavor which we represented for three peoples and for three civilizations is not broken up, but will broaden and deepen and become more fruitful, as surely as the peculiar spirit and individual forms of nationality, existing of their own right, find their true harmony and highest end in the development of humanity.

Lieber had great influence, I may add, in founding the *Institut de Droit International*, which was started in Ghent in 1873, and forms a permanent alliance of leading international jurists from all civilized nations, for the purpose of working harmoniously together, and thus serving as an organ for the legal consciousness of the civilized world. Lieber was the first to propose and to encourage the idea of professional jurists of all nations thus coming together for consultation and seeking to establish a common understanding. From this impulse proceeded Rolin-Jacquemyns's circular letter, drawn up in Ghent, calling together a number of men eminent for their learning. This latter proposal to found a permanent Academy for *International Law* met with general acceptance; but it was merely a further development of the original idea of Lieber, which was at the bottom of the whole scheme. His notion was now only approved, and the efficiency of the association was thus assured for the future.

J. C. BLUNTSCHLI.

CURRENT LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE great struggle inaugurated in France between the Republic and Ultramontanism is still the principal topic of the day. Without considering its political side, I will content myself with mentioning the importance of its influence on the French mind. Our Chambers have been this summer the arena where have met the two hostile tendencies which contend for power in France. More than once, that true liberty which respects the rights of conscience even in an adversary has been almost crushed between the two extremes which so often in history have ended in the same arbitrary conduct. Let us hope that when the dust of the battle has settled, the rights of conscience will triumph, and will be sanctioned by legislation which shall know at once how to defend the State against Ultramontane aggression, and how to respect the religious liberty of all its citizens. Naturally, the fiery polemics roused by these serious debates have already created an entire literature of their own. I will mention some of the more important writings which we owe to them.

"L'Œuvre de Jésus ouvrier," which has just been published by Fischbacher, shows us the origin, organization, and action of those famous Catholic circles which strive to envelop our working classes in a net of cunningly woven meshes. Nothing could be more curious than this marvellously skilful organization, which, thanks to a powerful concentration, causes the same mind to rule over a very extended circle. It is like an immense piece of mechanism, moved by a central wheel-work subtly concealed. This truly formidable association is useful to Ultramontanism not simply from a religious point of view; it is inspired with very definite political ideas. In fact, it frankly confesses as much, by unfurling the banner of what is called the "Anti-revolution" (*Contre-révolution*), by which is meant the destruction of modern society. This little book, made up of facts drawn from authentic sources, is of the deepest interest to those who would be initiated in the tactics of the worst enemies of our liberties. "Jésus ouvrier" shows us Ultramontane action in the secular world.

The curious book entitled "*Francisque*"¹ introduces us into the real clerical world, into the seminaries and convents where the Ultramontane priest is formed. We have here no exaggerated romance; we know on certain authority that the author is in fact telling his own story. That which makes its principal interest is that it is in no wise an exception; it is the story of thousands and thousands of young priests. Abbé Jean teaches us how the Catholic Church is organized on the one side to break all strength of will, and on the other to kindle blind fanaticism in its future priests, without always succeeding in freeing them from those terrible conflicts between the flesh and the spirit, which are increased by a rule contrary to nature. When we have read this book, so touching in its simplicity, we understand better how it is that the Roman Church finds such a docile and almost passive instrument in the contemporary clergy.

We now perceive more clearly every day the formidable consequences of the last Council. Thus, all that serves to make it better understood has a considerable interest. It is on this account that we notice the book recently published on this subject by M. Émile Ollivier.² Minister of Public Worship at the time of the Council, he possessed the confidence of the French bishops who occupied a conspicuous place in the Opposition. Thence the reliability and the extent of his information. It is this which constitutes the only merit of his book, for the part which concerns himself cannot be read without impatience. The trick of ascending in triumph to the capitol when utterly defeated belongs only to him. His lofty feats in the political line are only too well known. It pleases him to-day to tell us that he compromised his country no less in the matter of religion. He is free to add this laurel to his crown! We do not speak simply of the culpable insanity which prompted him to maintain the occupation of the French troops at Rome in 1870, thus depriving France of the only alliance which could help her to keep up the terrible struggle against Prussia, after he himself had plunged her into that most foolish of wars. It is a real phenomenon to see this free-thinker risking the integrity of the national territory rather than the loss of the Holy Father's temporal power, and making it his boast that he had covered it with his useless protection at the price which we all know. But he teaches us many other things. According to his own testimony, he paved the way for

¹ *Francisque*: histoire contemporaine de l'enseignement et de l'éducation cléricale et monastique. Par l'Abbé Jean, docteur en théologie. Paris, 1879. Sandoz et Fischbacher.

² *L'Eglise et l'Etat au Concile du Vatican*. Paris, 1879. Garnier frères.

that great act of devotion which cost us so dear, by posing, so long as the Council lasted, as protector of the Ultramontanes ; he constantly refused to lend any efficacious support to the Gallican bishops, who plainly represented the French interest. It is curious to see by what childish, and at the same time subtle, arguments he proves that the Syllabus was not what a vain people thought it ; that all this Church-Latin has a deep meaning which does not justify the fears of the civil power ; that the dogma of infallibility has caused puerile alarm to liberal Catholicism. Now that it is too late, he very gratuitously constitutes himself the scribe of the Ultramontanes, the mouth-piece of Cardinal Manning and of Dom Guéranger, to whom he lightly sacrifices Father Gratry. He cannot sufficiently express the contempt he feels for the arguments of non-infallibility, and treats Döllinger and his friends, who complained of the absurd regulations which annihilated the liberty of the Council, very much as the President of the former Corps Législatif treated M. Ollivier himself, when he and his friends clashed with difficulties of the Empire much less serious than those conceived at Rome. After all the fine revelations redounding to the greater glory of the Ultramontanes, the author concludes as if he had not written them, by setting forth the full importance of the conflict between actual Catholicism and our public rights. He forgets that this conflict owes all its importance to the fatal tendency which triumphed at Rome, July 18, 1870. It is true that this would not have happened but for the French minister. His book, in fact, proves that if he had simply supported his colleague in foreign affairs (M. Daru) in his plan of doing all that was possible to strengthen the Opposition, he would at least have obtained the adjournment of the Council, and all might have been saved ; for they would then have reached the pontificate of Leo XIII., which is restricted to-day to preserving and approving that which it did not originate. It is absurd to pretend that it was necessary, from the liberal point of view, to encourage the Pope in his efforts to avoid the influence of the Governments,—as if he could have realized an approaching separation of the Church and State, at a time when it was simply a question of restoring the system most contrary to such a separation ; namely, the theocracy of the Syllabus. M. Ollivier realized that, in order to thwart this design, it was not necessary to take such an extreme measure as the recall of the French army ; although it was strange to see the tri-colored flag protecting the most audacious attempt of the political and religious anti-revolution. At the critical moment, the

adverse bishops contented themselves with demanding the recall of the French ambassador. This measure would have sufficed to give a decisive weight to the demands of the Government, and to delay a premature discussion of the dogma of infallibility. M. Émile Ollivier invoked the great principles of modern society, simply that he might refuse to protect them. Thus, thanks to him, the curia took advantage once more of modern law in order to suppress it with éclat. She defended the neutral and secular character of the State just long enough to strike it a mortal blow and to destroy it quite at leisure, at least in theory. It is impossible to fall more openly into the snare of an adversary. Cardinal Antonelli laughed at M. Émile Ollivier no less than M. de Bismarck; nevertheless, he remains quite triumphant and infallible! And yet, what a fine hand he might have played in the struggle against Ultramontanes in the Council! He could have relied upon the support of the principal body of the French clergy, who showed at Rome a spirit of wise independence which we had not dared to expect. M. Ollivier's book contains admirable letters written by bishops eminent alike for their knowledge, their eloquence, and the position they had acquired, and all imploring him to do his duty as head of the French Government. If he is capable of perceiving that he has made a mistake, or if he can admire any thing but his own glory, it must grieve him to read over the letter of Monseigneur Darboy. The speech of the Archbishop of Paris, in the decisive deliberation on infallibility is no less remarkable. It sums up with extraordinary power all that liberal and patriotic Catholicism, full of wisdom and discrimination, which seems now to have quite disappeared. Nothing could be more effectual than the perusal of these pages to enable us to measure the distance which separates the Catholicism of the present day from the man who, several years ago, held this noble language. And he not only showed himself liberal before the Papacy while endeavoring to prevent the most dangerous innovations, but he knew how to respect Christian convictions wherever they were manifested, even outside the pale of his own Church. How many proofs of this we could furnish! There is one which has a special value in my eyes, for it comes to me from this distinguished Archbishop, destined to perish so heroically beneath the blows of infamous assassins disguised as judges. The letter which I copy here was addressed to me by Mgr. Darboy, at the time when I published my book on the "Life of Jesus." I have little scruple in quoting the general part of it; it passes above my individuality, and raises us to

that sacred height where reigns a unity between Christian souls far higher than that resulting from exterior institutions. Mgr. Darboy wrote : —

I shall not surprise you, Monsieur, if I add that some passages in your book reminded me that your belief is not, in all respects, mine. I do not allude to this in order to discuss, but rather to express with all my heart a regret which you yourself would express under like circumstances. And I am sure I shall not astonish you, when I say that it is more agreeable to me to seek and to find what draws us together than what would tend to separate us. Our differences in creed have an importance which we must not underrate ; but to-day there is something more needful than describing them. We must all march forward together to the defence of those great principles which ought to inspire the lives of individuals, and which form the glory and strength of society.

These sentiments are indeed far removed from the dogma *De fide*, with its resounding anathemas against all which does not belong to the body of the Church. But this fatal tendency has triumphed. To-day, Mgr. Darboy's venerable successor in the see of Paris dedicates the Chapel of the Sacré-Cœur to the anti-revolution, and identifies the cause of the Church with that of the Jesuits, — those eternal seducers of evangelical piety and morality, those implacable contempters of conscience, forgetful alike of its duties and its rights ; for, in spite of the detailed corrections of such and such a text in their writings, the great context of their history will never be destroyed.

Under the title of "Études Contemporaines," the author of this literary notice is about publishing a collection of biographical and literary studies, bearing upon some of the eminent persons of our time, Catholic as well as Protestant. This volume is published at the same time in French, by Sandoz & Fischbacher, and in English at London, by Hodder & Stoughton. Here are the names of the principal articles which compose the book : Thiers ; Dupanloup ; Adolphe Monod ; Robertson ; Vinet.

Imaginative literature has not been very abundant this summer. The only book which I need mention as at all remarkable is a new romance by M. Ernest Daudet, called "Les rois en Exil." It is a very curious picture of the strange position of those dethroned monarchs who meet at Paris, sometimes to confirm themselves in their superstitions of divine rights, sometimes to console themselves in each other's company by plunging into the disordered life of high-toned debauch. The contrast between these two manners of bearing exile is vividly described by M. Ernest Daudet, with his well-known talent

as a painter of modern life. We might reproach him with sacrificing the unity of the composition to the infinite variety of detailed descriptions, always graphically brought out. The frame rather overpowers the picture. We cannot deny that he has yielded to the influence of the realistic school; without falling into all its ignominy, he has colored much too highly certain scenes which offend moral delicacy. It is sad to see such a distinguished artist force his style in order to adapt himself to the vulgar taste. One could almost think that those rules of good taste which forbid the exhibition of revolting spectacles in their full light are giving way more and more. It is a sad moral symptom.

History is still much honored among us. That immense information about the past which the 19th century pursues with so much zeal and with new methods continues untiringly, and sheds an ever-increasing light on recent periods as well as on ancient times. Under the title, "*Les Amis de Dieu*,"¹ M. Yundt, doctor of theology in the Protestant faculty of Paris, has published a volume of the deepest interest upon the mystical school which was grouped about the famous Tauler at Strasburg. The latter was a great preacher, and moreover a forerunner of the Reformation. This book, founded upon precious documents until now unknown, calls up before us all that was deepest and most tender in the mysticism of the Middle Ages. It is like one of those Gothic chapels, which, amidst all their often fantastic symbolism, shoot up their slender spires into the pure azure of the sky, and bear our souls and eyes with them.

M. le Comte Jules Delaborde has just published the first volume of a comprehensive history of Gaspard de Coligny.² We can already foresee that we shall have in this work, when completed, a real historical monument, built of the most solid materials. The distinguished author has shrunk from no research, and he never advances a fact without mentioning its source. This volume carries us from the birth of Coligny up to the famous conference of Poissy. In the midst of this full and simple recital stands out this noble figure of the Protestant gentleman, austere, courageous, indomitable in his convictions, and yet full of piety and generosity. We see him not only on the great stage of public life, but beside his own hearth, where he appears as a type of a Christian father of a family. Coligny shows us what depth and earnestness the brilliant French nature might acquire

¹ *Les Amis de Dieu*. Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1879.

² *Gaspard de Coligny, Amiral de France*. Tome 1er. Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1879.

after receiving the strong stamp of Protestant faith. He is an ideal Frenchman.

M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire has just finished the great historical labor to which he has devoted his literary life.¹ The volume which he has just published is the last of his "History of Spain." Begun in the brave days of youth, continued with indefatigable perseverance amidst all the labors and vicissitudes of a peculiarly active career, which was divided for many years between the fiery improvisations of the political journalist and the pressing exigencies of higher instruction, this important work has received its crown in the distinguished author's vigorous old age. We feel that he belongs to that strong generation of 1830, which has accomplished such glorious tasks, and which seems to have never known decline, or even repose. It is as if it had drawn from the great political and literary struggles of the Restoration an inexhaustible provision of moral youth. M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire is one of its worthiest representatives among us. Chief editor of an important organ of the liberal press under the July monarchy, he supported at this epoch the politics of M. Thiers; and he remained invariably faithful to him in his beliefs and sympathies at the time when the great citizen renounced the form of government which he had so long preferred, in order to preserve the groundwork of affairs; that is to say, free government as it was in France on the day after her disasters.

After having begun his career by a modest course of teaching in Corsica, he for many years held a numerous audience at the foot of his chair in the Sorbonne, enchanted by the charm and sincerity of his speech. A colleague and friend of Saint-Marc Girardin, he displayed in his lectures, as well as in his books, those qualities of clear and often brilliant explanation which should never be despised in the country whose characteristic they are. Doubtless our young generation is right in attaching a growing importance to public instruction by erudition, properly so-called, and to strictly scientific methods; but, if it be narrow to refuse to modify the former type, it is no less so to wish to destroy it completely, and to deny its merits. We can see by the example of M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire how the University of France is slandered by its Ultramontane adversaries, when they represent it as the school of all negations. It is a well-known fact that M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire, in the latter part of his public career, pro-

¹ Histoire d'Espagne depuis les premiers temps historiques jusqu'à la mort de Ferdinand VII. Tome XII. Par M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, Furne, 1878.

fessed very decided religious convictions ; and that, born a Catholic, he became converted, like several of his predecessors in the 16th century, to the doctrines of the Reformation, though he remained true to the great current of liberalism in his time. He is absolutely sincere, and has expressed his new opinions in several noticeable writings ; they even reached, or rather inspired, his teachings, though he never allowed these to deviate from their secular character. And has he been on this account less listened to, or less respected in that University which people have striven to make the citadel of scepticism ? They forget too easily that the University is not bound to any exclusive opinion. It is this which constitutes its real superiority ; it belongs to the entire country, which it represents liberally in all its different tendencies ; it is the refuge of French freedom of thought, and it respects this in its strong religious convictions, as well as in its philosophical independence,—on condition that this liberty shall never become license, or be wanting in that great respect which is due to youth as well as to childhood. M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire was able to remain true to himself without sacrificing any of his dearest convictions at the Institute as well as at the Sorbonne. It is true that the first consequences of these convictions is the strongest and most enlightened love of liberty of conscience. We find it in each page of these last volumes of his “History of Spain ;” it is its ruling inspiration. If contradiction is the strongest means of fortifying our principles, we can readily understand what a love M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire must feel for religious liberty while writing the history of that country where it has been most odiously trodden under foot.

In the preceding volumes, the eloquent historian had depicted with great vigor the formidable struggles of the 16th century. He had drawn in strong relief the dark face of him who is called the Demon of the South,—of that Philip II., a king after the heart of an implacable priesthood. The history of Spain at this period is blent with universal history ; not only because the sun never set in the possessions of Charles V.’s successor, but still more because Philip was the great champion of the past in that terrible conflict between the Reformation and the old society bequeathed by the Middle Ages. It is no longer thus, after the division between the two churches was made at the treaty of Westphalia. Spain, diminished and impoverished by the wars of the succession, falls back upon herself, and begins her long decline under the childish and at the same time senile rule of a race of weak princes, who only rest from their inter-

minable hunts at the feet of their confessors. Nevertheless, the breath of the 18th century was so powerful that it reached even the mummery of the Spanish monarchy in the depths of its Escorial, — a gorgeous sepulchre, where it was buried alive after the example of Charles V., but, unlike him, before it had filled the world with a devouring activity. Nothing could be stranger than this attempt at reform *in extremis* in a country weighed down by the rule of the priesthood. It is useless to strive to reanimate it; like Gulliver, there are too many little men upon its body: the monks deprive it of breathing-room. It might indeed be galvanized, but never resuscitated, unless the conditions of its existence were entirely modified. There is only one means of arousing it, and that is to appeal to its deep, inextinguishable hatred of the foreigner, — a hatred which accords perfectly with its religious fanaticism. The last volumes of M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire are in every respect worthy of their predecessors, and are devoted to describing this double crisis of modern Spain. Nothing could be more pathetic than the animated, dramatic tale which the author relates to us of the struggle maintained by Spain against Napoleon I., after the latter had stolen its throne by a real act of piracy. The powerful emperor utterly despised this people which had become miserable beneath the rule of an imbecile line of monarchs. He only saw the rags, and he forgot the heart which beat beneath those tattered garments. He did not count upon the moral force of patriotism. Therein lay his mistake; and he paid dearly for it, in spite of the magnificent armies which he drew up in line against the bands of Spanish insurgents. This war, to which at first he attached no importance, exhausted a part of his forces in his decisive struggles against Europe, and ended in the most lamentable overthrow. All this is described to us with a rare gift of exposition in the interesting book of M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire.

Napoleon I. has finally found in France an historian unblinded by his glory. The first volumes which M. Lanfrey devoted to him broke the charm of legendary history. The great and magnificent work of M. Thiers, so valuable on account of the fulness of his information and the charm of his style, did not destroy the idol; he rather raised it higher in his first volumes. Lanfrey's work revenged human conscience, offended by the worship of genius without morality. The "History of Napoleon," which has unfortunately remained unfinished, was not the only work of the eminent author, taken away from his country in the full maturity of his powers. Charpentier is about to

publish a complete edition of his works. The first volume, a study on the 18th century, has just appeared, preceded by a biography, which the friends of the author begged me to write. Lanfrey is one of the noblest figures of our time. He was certainly neither misunderstood, nor deprived of the glory due to him during his life. He died after occupying a high position in the State, surrounded by universal esteem as an author and as a public man. Nevertheless, he was of such a proud and reserved nature that he could only reveal himself entirely in the closest intimacy, or by that conversation of the author with the reader which is so touching when the former has put his soul into his writings. Very jealous of his dignity and independence, Lanfrey was rather idealistic than ambitious ; thus he never sought to make use of any of the ordinary helps to reputation, and he showed himself more than severe towards all that did not come up to his high ideal of liberty and justice. He possessed a character and a conscience,—rare things in this period of self-effacement. We who knew him long before we met him in public life can think only with respect of this sad and noble soul, inspired with the purest disinterestedness, disdaining many things, but with a disdain which seemed only another kind of enthusiasm, free from any tinge of withering irony. We should not speak in a manner worthy of him if we had recourse to panegyric ; let us rather acknowledge that he was harsh, and sometimes narrow. He was too passionate to be always just in his judgments ; but the hearth where his indignation was kindled burned only with a pure and generous flame. Beneath his cold and rather timid exterior beat a heart which was earnest in all sacred causes ; full of the purest patriotism, he was only implacable towards that which seemed to him to degrade and dishonor France. The energy of his convictions by no means detracted from the height and extent of his thoughts, which were full of originality and boldness in the political line ; more so, indeed, than we should suppose from his style, which at first sight appears more impassioned and oratorical than vivid. “*Les Lettres d’Everard*,” of which a new edition has just been published, read like sad and bitter memoirs of his own youth. In order to understand their dark despondency, we must remember the epoch at which they were written. He had just lived through a number of hard, laborious years ; his studies had been carried on and completed in the midst of many material difficulties, aggravated by his already failing health. Lanfrey, who showed early that he would have friends but not protectors, began his literary life at the

period of the Empire which was best calculated to distress such a soul as his. It was at the time when the new system of government no longer met its first resistance, and did not yet foresee the movement of opposition which was soon to undermine it. It seemed, during the silence of the independent press, as if Napoleon III. was master of the country, and as if he had succeeded in diverting French energy into the channel of doubtful financial enterprises. Europe, which feared or flattered him, acknowledged his prestige. It really looked like a permanent institution. If the dazzling glories of the Consulate could not console the real survivors of '89, the very uncertain successes of the second Empire, which only favored the systematic corruption of public manners, simply exasperated its adversaries in a higher degree ; above all, those among them who, having no political past, had nothing to revenge except their country dishonored before their very eyes. The more disinterested they were, the more they felt this. The period of great crimes by which a *coup d'état* government is founded, is also the period of sharp conflicts. We feel the throbs of patriotic anger, and outlaws save the honor of the cause. But that which is most painful to bear is the time when peace is re-established ; when society is reinstalled in a crime which, if not accepted, is at least established, with its official world, its innumerable servants from every rank, and its majestic public bodies. Lassitude gains upon us more and more, resistance subsides, until the follies inseparable from arbitrary rule prepare for it the end which it deserves. If a young man who has grown up in solitude, far from the numbness of worldly life, in the worship of all liberties, cherishing at the same time an almost idolatrous love for his country, — if such a man is condemned to live in a sort of forced inaction, beneath this morbid and oppressive atmosphere, he will fall back upon himself, and will begin to hate and despise his time and all that it admires and flatters. There will always remain in his writings some trace of this first contact between his liberal faith and that odious system which has checked all his noble instincts.

E. DE PRESSENSÉ.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

IT is rather surprising that the recent biography of William Cobbett¹ should have attracted apparently so little attention in this country. Cobbett had not only a very remarkable and interesting life, but he played an important though well-nigh forgotten part in early American politics. He was one of the founders of our party press, and by far the ablest; and his stormy career in Philadelphia casts a strong side-light upon the politics of the day and the history of the time. But a much broader and deeper interest is attached to Cobbett in another way. He was the "abstract and brief chronicle" of the violent controversies engendered by the French Revolution, of the forces which that mighty convulsion let loose, and of the consequent struggles and changes produced in England. Cobbett was essentially and in every way a typical and representative man. He was the type of the mass of Englishmen, the exponent of a great social and political conflict, and the representative of the passions, hopes, and aspirations which agitated the English people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There have been many great men at all stages of the world's history, but very few thoroughly representative men on the largest scale. As a rule, indeed, no one very great man is representative. The fact of his genius, of his ability to do great deeds and forecast the future, raises him so far above his fellow-men, that, however much he may understand his time and the people about him, he fails to represent or more exactly to reproduce them. Napoleon was a man of almost unbounded genius, but he was not representative except in a very limited way. William Cobbett had strong natural abilities, but he was no genius; and yet he was thoroughly and completely representative. His fame rests upon the extent of his constituency and his faithful reproduction of their ideas and wishes; and it is in this capacity that he acquires historical importance.

There has never been a man for whose biography more abundant materials existed. His success, acting upon an impulsive and vigorous

¹ William Cobbett. A Biography. By Edward Smith. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 2 vols. 1878.

nature and a half-educated mind, produced a most intense egotism. He was so struck by his own career, and by the obstacles he had overcome through sheer force of character and persistence, that he firmly believed nothing to be more generally interesting or more deeply instructive than his own life. His favorite subject, therefore, was his own biography, which he was continually writing and publishing, either entire or in detached fragments. He has left a portrait of himself as he seemed to himself, which is unequalled in vividness and fulness of detail. We know just what he thought, said, and did at every moment of his eventful life, and are thus enabled to draw a picture of the man very different from his own it is true, but which is probably more accurate.

In origin, Cobbett comes very near the description which Lord St. Leonards gave of himself when he told his constituents that he had, "like themselves, sprung from the dregs of the people." Cobbett's grandfather was a day-laborer, and his father a small farmer; but, although his immediate ancestry was humble, he could boast that he was the pure-blooded descendant of a mighty line. He belonged to the great family of the common people of England, and was a thorough Saxon in every nerve and fibre. Those men were his ancestors whose bodies were piled in a rampart round the dragon of Wessex when night fell upon the battlefield of Hastings. He could claim descent from the bowmen whose arrow-flights had shattered the ranks of the French at Cressy, and resisted the charge of the French knight-hood at Agincourt. A few generations later, and they were following Hampden to the field, and scattering the cavaliers at Marston Moor. They were the men who, as Macaulay says, "drove before them in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain." They built up Virginia in the wilderness, and followed Bradford and Winthrop to the rocks of New England.

It was the strong sense of the worth and glory of the race and class to which he belonged which was the underlying principle of Cobbett's life, and no man had a better right to it. In every way he was typical, physically and mentally. The round, rosy, rather heavy face, the flaxen hair, the powerful and thickset frame, the general air of hearty animal vigor, — all bespeak his nationality; and mind and character corresponded to the body which enclosed them. In every incident of Cobbett's life the sturdy, stubborn persistence, the love of home and independence, the delight in fighting for fighting's sake, and the utter incapacity to recognize defeat, — all of which mark the Anglo-Saxon, —

come out with wonderful clearness, and form a combination of qualities for which one may look in vain among other nations. Such a character has, of course, grave defects. Its possessors are apt to be narrow, slow of perception, brutal at times, and neither adaptable nor adroit. But it is pre-eminently a character of force, fitted for conquest, government, and freedom; and its results can be estimated by the place which the English speech and the English race hold to-day in the world, and by the magnitude of the States they have erected, and the wealth and power they control.

William Cobbett was born in Surrey in the year 1762, and there his early years were passed. He followed the plough, worked in the fields, became a gardener's lad, and led a wholesome rustic life. A large part of his education was in the training of eye and ear, of hand and body, which an active country life alone affords. It was an education to which he always looked back with pride and gratitude, and he tells its story in a blunt, denunciatory, egotistic fashion so characteristic of himself that it merits quotation. He is speaking, late in life, of a sand-hill in the neighborhood of his home, down the steep sides of which he and his brothers were wont to roll: "This was the spot where I was receiving my education; and this was the sort of education. And I am perfectly satisfied that, if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it,—that if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery maid everlastingly at my heels,—I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called colleges and universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I want to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country."

But, underneath this physical and moral training, a mental education was also in progress. In rude and broken fashion Cobbett acquired the rudiments of learning, and the ability to read brought an intense craving for information to an unusually active intellect. The power of the inborn love of books and knowledge has rarely had a more striking example than when Cobbett, a tired ploughboy, expended his last pennies in purchasing the "Tale of a Tub," and went hungry to bed under a haystack after reading his dearly-bought treasure as long as daylight lasted. But when the gates of knowledge were once thrown

open, Cobbett's restless energy broke forth, and he chafed sorely at the narrowness of rural existence. He sought his fortune in London, and, moved by his strong love of country, tried in vain to enter the navy, and later, but with better success, the army. For eight years he served as a soldier, rising by steadiness, sobriety, and application to the highest grade of non-commissioned officers. Neither hardship, incessant drill, low company, nor miserable pay could daunt his untiring industry. He perfected himself in grammar, made himself a master of his own language, and read many books. In the army, too, he obtained his first and most painful insight into the corruption, inefficiency, and favoritism which then degraded and disgraced every branch of the English service, civil and military. He gave in his own person the best proof of the low condition of affairs, for he gradually drew to himself all the various duties of administration pertaining to his superiors, who were too grossly ignorant and incompetent to perform them. The sense of his own capacity thus acquired, mingled with contempt and indignation at the system which put his inferiors above him, turned him from a soldier into a reformer of vested abuses. At the end of eight years he resigned, returned to England, married, and prepared to put in execution a long-deferred plan for the exposure and punishment of certain officers of high rank. His case was without a flaw; but he knew little of the world, and still less of the power of the evil which he aimed to redress. He was put off, deluded, and ill-treated, until his efforts for reform seeming to promise only his own ruin he fled to France, and abandoned his first assault in despair.

From France, after a short sojourn, he emigrated to the United States, and in the year 1792 established himself at Wilmington, and soon after at Philadelphia, as a teacher of English. The demand for such instruction and the character of his pupils show the condition of the time. They were French emigrés, and Cobbett found himself in the midst of the agitation which the events in Paris had started in the United States. For some time he quietly attended to his work of teaching and translating, and wrote an English grammar for the use of Frenchmen, which, for practical purposes, has seldom been surpassed. But, as the combat thickened, the innate love of fighting, and the strong, conservative, English hatred of the atrocities in Paris asserted themselves, and Cobbett rushed into the fray. His first theme was the reception given to Dr. Priestley on his arrival in New York, and was entitled "Observations on Dr. Priestley's Emigration." It was simply a powerful invective against the French Revolution.

"System-mongers," says Cobbett, "are an unreasonable species of mortals ; time, place, climate, Nature itself, must give way. They must have the same governments in every quarter of the globe, when, perhaps, there are not two countries which can possibly admit of the same form of government at the same time. . . . Even supposing his [Dr. Priestley's] intended plan of improvement had been the best in the world, the people of England had certainly a right to reject it. He claims, as an indubitable right, the right of thinking for *others*; and yet he will not permit the people of England to think for *themselves*. . . . If the English choose to remain slaves, bigots, and idolaters, as the Doctor calls them, that was no business of his ; he had nothing to do with them. He should have let them alone, and perhaps in due time the abuses of their government would have come to that 'natural termination' which he trusts 'will guard against future abuses.' But no, said the Doctor, 'I will reform you ; I will enlighten you ; I will make you free !' 'You shall not !' say the people. 'But I will !' says the Doctor. 'By ——,' say the people, 'you shall not !' '*And when Ahitophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and got him home to his house and his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died ; and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.*'"

The argument might be illogical, but the pamphlet had an unmistakable power, and there could be no doubt at all as to the plain nervous style, the simple English, and the robust sense of the writer. The sale of the pamphlet was immediate and large, and Cobbett's future course was open before him. His peculiar fitness for rough conflict was obvious, and his career as a popular political controversialist began. Pamphlet followed pamphlet ; then came his reports of the doings of Congress, and, finally, "Porcupine's Gazette." Thus Cobbett was fairly embarked upon the stormy sea of newspaper controversy. The field had been occupied first by the "Aurora," which under the guidance of Bache and Duane had for some time a monopoly of partisan attacks, and much the advantage of the defenders of the Government, so far as the power of the press was concerned. All this was changed by the appearance of Cobbett. The question of revolution and anti-revolution principles had gradually resolved itself into the more concrete form of England and France. The strict neutrality of the Government had led to violent abuse of all the members of the administration, including Washington, as partisans of the hated mother country. A bold man was needed to combat the popular prejudices,

but Cobbett was fully equal to the emergency. He not only supported the administration measures, the neutrality, and the Jay treaty, but he even dared to defend England as against France. The rage of the opposition, thus confronted, knew no bounds. Mobs and libel suits were among the rewards of the hardy Englishman; but he also gained the support and countenance of a powerful and energetic party among the ultra-Federalists, to whom he not only rendered efficient aid, but whose cause, it must be admitted, he ultimately injured by his extreme opinions. In Cobbett the gazettes of the Democracy and of the French sympathizers found a foeman who overcame them with their own weapons, and in this wild turmoil the party press of the United States came into being. There is a common and generally wholesome inclination in man to be *laudator temporis acti*, and this is especially strong in regard to a period which by the talents of the actors and the magnitude of their achievements is confessedly great,—as was in a marked degree the case with the United States in the years subsequent to the adoption of the Federal constitution. But in respect to our newspaper press there has been a great and marked improvement. This applies, not merely to news and to the quality of writing, but still more to the general tone of discussion. The gazettes of Cobbett's time were wholly given over to political controversy of the most personal and savage kind. Abuse and scurrility are, unfortunately, not wanting to-day in our journals, and in certain semi-civilized regions of the South and West they probably do not fall far behind their predecessors of 1795. But Cobbett and his adversaries wrote for and edited the metropolitan press of the time; and it may be safely said that in no respectable newspaper in any large city now can such virulent and unmeasured vituperation be often found as was daily spread before the readers of the journals which attempted to guide public opinion in this country at the close of the last century and the beginning of this. Here is a remark made upon one of Cobbett's early pamphlets: "Nature must have had the hysterics when you were born; mastiffs howled, and owls sang anthems to congratulate you into existence, and your jaws must have been furnished with indissoluble tusks, expressive of the disposition that was inspired within you." He was habitually denounced as a rogue, a deserter from the army, a thief, a forger, and a garret scribbler. Tar and feathers were frequently threatened in order to send him howling back to England, while a very favorite method of assault was to describe elaborately the whippings he had received. Even his wife was not spared in the

general abuse, but was mentioned in the plainest terms as one of the vilest of her sex. A constant charge was to the effect that he was a hireling of Pitt, and a receiver of British gold,—an accusation which stung Cobbett to the quick, and led him to publish a careful and conclusive reply. He generally, however, satisfied himself by counter-assaults. At the time of Randolph's trouble, and his so-called "vindication," Cobbett says of the Democrats: "They have had address sufficient to stir the mob to burn the greatest part of the Federal senators in effigy; they have dared publicly and vilely to traduce the President of the United States; their own president has been elected a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania; the legislature of Virginia has declared in their favor; and a fresh importation of thieves and traitors from Ireland is daily expected to arrive. These are great and solid advantages." Here is another retort: "The enemies of the President of the United States, and of the Federal government, pretend to be affronted that a man born in England should presume to say a civil thing of the character of George Washington. The consistency of this will appear when the public are assured that very few of the abusive scribblers who slander his reputation have one drop of American blood in their veins." He concluded in the following manner a prolonged controversy with his first publisher and other antagonists: "I now take leave of the Bradfords, and of all those who have written against me. People's opinions must now be made up concerning them and me. Those who still believe the lies that they have vomited forth against me are either too stupid or too perverse to merit further attention. I will, therefore, never write another word in reply to any thing that is published about myself. Bark away, hell-hounds, until you are suffocated in your own foam! Your labors are preserved, bound up together in a piece of bear-skin with the hair on, and nailed up to a post in my shop, where whoever pleases may read them gratis."

Cobbett was more than a match for his opponents individually and collectively. He was fully as coarse as they and much more original and racy, with a far better command of language and no mean capacity for very telling satire. He was, too, perfectly fearless and wholly unrestrained, either by the terrors of the mob or the law. It was a mere question of time, of course, how soon he got into the courts. The first attempt, stimulated by Chief-Justice McKean, was made to indict him for a libel on Yrujo, the Spanish minister; but the grand jury threw out the bill. Not long after, another attack was more suc-

cessful. Dr. Rush advocated, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, the practice of unlimited bleeding, and Cobbett not only assailed him in his usual unmeasured fashion, but succeeded in making the worthy Doctor, who was then at the head of his profession in Philadelphia, extremely ridiculous. Justly incensed, Dr. Rush brought an action of libel, and the jury awarded him damages to the amount of five thousand dollars. This, and the expenses of the trial nearly ruined Cobbett, who took his departure for New York, reopened his shop, and attempted once more to start his gazette. He published also a newspaper entitled the "Rushlight," devoted to his controversy with the Doctor, which shows rather strikingly the interest he and his affairs excited in the popular mind. But the pecuniary blow and the defeat in the courts were too much for him, and in June, 1800, he returned to England.

Mr. Smith, Cobbett's biographer, represents his hero as the champion of the liberty of the press in the United States, and takes great exception also to the popular prejudice against him on account of his being an Englishman. Both the opinion and the criticism are unfounded and wrong. As to the first point, it should be remembered that mobs and libel suits were then the recognized method of meeting political attacks in the press, and on the only occasion when Cobbett was actually brought before the courts on a political charge the jury threw out the bill. In the case of Dr. Rush the libel suit was perfectly proper, and would be so to-day; and the fact that Cobbett was right on a point of medical practice, and the Doctor wrong, does not touch the question in the least. Broken windows and public prosecutions are rude methods of conducting political discussions, but they were everywhere fashionable in the eighteenth century. They certainly did not restrain Cobbett's freedom of speech materially, and he was but one of many who defied them, and paved the way for their disuse. Cobbett suffered far less than his opponents; and the scurrilous Callender who went to prison for his famous and abusive "Prospect before us" really endured much more than Cobbett in behalf of what Mr. Smith styles the "liberty of the Press."

That Cobbett should have been disliked because he was an Englishman was under the circumstances not only natural but proper. No people with an ounce of self-respect care to be lectured daily by a foreigner about their own affairs; and Cobbett not only did this, but he refused to be naturalized, and dinned into the public ear the fact that he was an Englishman, and proposed to remain so. This con-

duct rightly diminished his influence, which was a misfortune to all, and especially to the party he supported and to which he proved at times a very dangerous ally. It is as a founder of our party press, and as an exponent of our party politics at a momentous period, that Cobbett acquires interest and importance as a figure in American history. The manner, matter, and method of his controversies are very striking and suggestive, and exhibit in a strong light the deep political enmities of the day and the crude forms of popular discussion then in vogue. That Cobbett rendered yeoman's service to a sound policy and a great administration in trying times entitles him to a special debt of gratitude, and must always be unquestioned; but it is much to be regretted that he acted throughout as an Englishman, and that the ablest newspaper support received by the Federalists was not above the reproach justly levelled at the Democratic journals, that they were managed and edited by foreign adventurers.

Cobbett turned his back on America with a heart full of bitterness, and with deep curses upon all Republics, ancient and modern. But his reception in England, while it confirmed all these prejudices, did much to allay the smart of the losses to which he had been subjected in the United States. He found himself welcomed by Mr. Pitt and by all the leaders of the Tory aristocracy. His services in alienating the United States from France, and in sustaining the English cause, received prompt and hearty recognition. He enlisted at once under the Tory standard and among the followers of the "heaven-born" statesman. It was an ill-assorted alliance. Cobbett had nothing in common with the Tory aristocracy except a hatred of Bonaparte and the French Revolution. The arrangement could not and did not last long. The peace of Amiens parted the slender ties, and Cobbett drifted over to the Whigs, and finally settled down to what was his real work, — domestic reform. "The Political Register" became a power in the land, and in season and out of season Cobbett poured forth in nervous English one attack after the other upon the unreformed Parliament, the corrupt civil service, the waste and extravagance, the sinecures, the place-men, the game laws, and the income of the Church. Through that long and arduous struggle it would be impossible to follow him without tracing the history of England for the first thirty years of this century. The ultra-Federalist and conservative of America became the radical, whose name was a by-word, in England. He was fined and imprisoned by one Tory government, he was driven into exile in the United States by another, and he was finally brought into

court on a charge of libel by the Whigs. His life was one incessant conflict ; but the wonderful pluck of the man, and his utter inability to recognize defeat came out after each struggle more vital than before. He was with each successive year reaching out farther and down deeper among the people, and opening their eyes more and more to the oppression and misgovernment under which they labored. Leaders in his newspaper, pamphlets, books, letters, and addresses flowed from his pen, possessed apparently of an absolutely inexhaustible fertility. He spoke at last to the whole body of the English common people, not as a master, but as one in full sympathy, who had himself their thoughts and aspirations, who saw with their eyes and felt their burdens on his own shoulders. At last the triumph came. The reform for which Cobbett gave the prime of his life and powers was brought to pass in 1832 ; and its great champion, the man who had cried for it during the lifetime of a generation, was returned to the new Parliament. His career as a legislator was not distinguished. He was a patient and useful member, but he was too old to adapt himself to the new sphere. The late sittings and the confined life told upon his health, and three years after the "famous victory" he died. The seat in Parliament was a fit reward and an appropriate close to his labors, for his presence at Westminster with his opinions unaltered showed the change that had been wrought and the work that had been done in England, and in large measure by the steady assaults of the Surrey ploughboy.

The most interesting lesson of this remarkable career, crowned as it was with such complete triumph, lies in the methods used by Cobbett, and the objects at which he aimed. Bitterly as Cobbett hated the French Revolution, he was himself an exponent of the social and political forces which gave it birth, and which agitated the whole Western world. He was a leader in the great democratic movement which then began its rapid march, and which has been sweeping resistlessly onward ever since. The England of Cobbett's time was the Eldonian England, the paradise of the few as opposed to the well-being of the many ; and the few very naturally and very wisely clung to their privileges, and offered a firm resistance to every change. They were formidable and determined adversaries, and they held their own against the current of the times for forty years. Cobbett was the champion of the masses against the aristocracy. He was moreover sprung from the people, and he is one of the very few really great popular leaders of whom this can be said. The

agitator and the fomentor of popular discontent is as a rule a man from the upper ranks, who has been rejected by his natural allies, — vengeful, deceitful, and self-seeking. Cobbett was not only one of the class that he led, but what is far more extraordinary he was not a demagogue, but was from the beginning to the end wholly independent and perfectly disinterested. He never pandered to the people, he never stirred up their passions to serve his own ambition; and he had also in ample measure the inborn conservatism of his race. He never advocated a change for its own sake, but was always able and ready to prove its practical advantages. But his thoroughly English nature showed itself still more strongly in another way. He always declared that he not only admired and loved the British constitution, but that his one object was not to innovate but to reform. He aimed to bring back the Government to the original model and purpose from which it had gradually drifted. In other words, his theory was to restore the political fabric to its ancient form, and not to destroy what was old in order to replace it with something new. This theory is unquestionably a fiction historically. Reform was innovation. But the doctrine represents one of the soundest principles that any people can possess. When the Long Parliament at open war with the king still continued to use the phrase of “King and Parliament,” and assailed “his majesty’s evil counsellors” and not Charles Stuart himself, they were indulging in what was pure fiction so far as facts went. But this clinging to usages and phrases and theories, this very contradiction between words and deeds, typifies the slow temperament, the law-abiding and law-loving character, and the almost blind attachment to precedent which prove the political wisdom of the race. These are the qualities which have made the English a great political and governing people, and which divide them from the nations of Europe; and it was with this spirit that Cobbett was wholly filled. There never was a time when he would have admitted for an instant that he sought for something new. That the Constitution had been distorted and abused, and that his aim was simply to restore it to its primitive excellence and purity, was not only his constant declaration but his rooted conviction; and it was this belief which made his career honorable and his efforts successful.

Cobbett’s courage, patriotism, independence, and singleness of heart and purpose are obvious at a glance; and so are his faults, for there is nothing intricate or subtle about the man. His low beginnings, his half-education, his wonderful success, and the intoxication

of unbounded popular influence developed an egotism that was simply colossal. It is not offensive, for it was so gigantic and so simple and apparent that no one can be angered by it. But united as it was with a hot head and an impetuous disposition it made Cobbett not only impracticable in the active management of affairs, but utterly unable to work with others. He quarrelled with every one with whom he came in contact, whenever there was any question of leadership or difference of views. He would never sacrifice an opinion or alter a plan.

“Like Alexander he would rule, and he would rule alone.”

This inability to deal with his fellow-men warped his character and diminished his usefulness, or rather confined it to the one field where it was much better that he should act alone and upon his own unaided judgment.

Lord Dalling, in his very clever sketch of Cobbett as the “contentious man,” censures with great severity his inconsistency, and his biographer deems it necessary to defend him from this charge. The accusation is a misconception, the defence superfluous. When the Abbé Sieyès was asked what he did during the reign of terror, he replied, “J’ai vécu,” — and the exploit was one of which any man might well be proud. To have been politically consistent in England during the era of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars would be as great a boast; and we have never wondered at Lord Eldon’s delight when the mob cried out, “There’s old Eldon! He never ratted.” Consistency at that period besides being a doubtful virtue was a great rarity; and to a man like Cobbett it was a simple impossibility, — a fetter which would have hindered his movements and lessened his usefulness, and the want of it is no ground whatever for reproach. He was always in the thickest of the fight, always tossing on the stormy seas of public opinion; and he could not do otherwise than alter his course from time to time in order to attain his objects. But he never lost sight of the beacon-light for which he steered; he never trimmed his sail to secure personal benefits; and in his devotion to what he believed to be the welfare of England and of the English people there was consistency of the best sort.

The fate of his writings is in some ways peculiar. No author was ever more prolific or more widely read during his lifetime, and yet every thing that Cobbett published has passed into complete oblivion. His newspaper articles, his pamphlets, and his books are

all alike unread and forgotten. The reason for this hardly needs explanation. Cobbett was not a literary man; he was a political agitator, and he wrote exclusively upon the topics of the day. His pen was simply a weapon. His productions therefore have no present or permanent interest; and if they had not been ephemeral, but had been composed for posterity, they would not have answered their purpose. In two respects, however, Cobbett's writings have and always will have a lasting value. They are indispensable historical documents. They throw a vivid light upon every passing event and upon every change of public opinion, and the history of the time cannot be written or understood without their aid. They have besides genuine literary merit. As a writer Cobbett belongs to the school of Swift, for whose "Tale of a Tub" he sacrificed his supper; but he is far from being Swift's equal, for the Dean was a great genius and Cobbett was not. The pupil has neither the refinements of style nor the keenness of satire for which the master is still pre-eminent. But Cobbett did have Swift's simplicity of diction and strength of phrase, and he used pure Saxon to an extent and with a power which is well worth study at the present day. The great superiority of a plain nervous English style in argument of any sort, and above all in political controversy, although sufficiently demonstrated by the "Drapier's Letters," receives ample confirmation in the writings of Cobbett. Both Swift and Cobbett far surpass Junius, despite the pointed and poisoned sentences and the attractive mystery which has done so much for the anonymous writer.

But it is not as an author that Cobbett will take his place in history. It is as the typical Anglo-Saxon of the Revolutionary epoch, as the founder of the Reform movement, as the friend of liberty and good government, and above all as the thorough representative of the English common people in a time of great stress and trial, that he will be held in deserved remembrance.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD.

THE author of these two remarkable volumes¹ died last March in the island of Madeira, at the early age of thirty-three, the victim, apparently, of what is called "overwork,"—that is, of work long pursued in utter disregard of the necessary limitations and imperative requirements of the human system. Never, perhaps, has the demon of overwork carried off a more illustrious victim. Never, perhaps, has it been more strikingly shown of how little avail is the mere knowledge of hygiene in ensuring obedience to its precepts. No one understood better than Clifford what are popularly known as the laws of health; no one had fathomed more deeply or discussed more lucidly the dependence of the mind upon the body; no one in our time has been better able to apply in the physiological domain the most accurate and definite conceptions of the relations of energy to work. Yet from all I have been able to learn regarding Clifford's intellectual life, it would seem to have been at all times carried on with an intensely passionate, irrepressible zeal, as regardless of all physical laws as if the mind were not merely a distinct but an independent entity, unhampered even during the present life by physical conditions.

I cite this singular discrepancy between knowledge and practice on account of its intrinsic interest, not in reproof of the course of one whose loss I mourn as that of a friend. Admitting, with Mr. Spencer, that one is morally bound so to treat the body as not "in any way to diminish the fulness or vigor of its vitality," one sees at the same time that, as the world is now constituted, emergencies often arise which subordinate to higher duties the duty of keeping oneself well. To save human life I may jump into a freezing river, though an ice-water bath be not recommended by hygienic advisers. So one sympathizes with the heroic sense of duty which often leads the scholar to toil early and late, and long after weariness has set in, in the performance of work which is expected of him,—though in many cases

¹ Lectures and Essays. By the late William Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

the work itself may be obscure in fame and the taskmaster thankless and treacherous. For my own part I sympathize keenly, too, with a very different feeling, — with that glorious exuberance of vital energy which in youthful days leads one far on into the night, working with a kind of sacred fury to seize and secure the sudden glimpses of the fairyland of scientific truth or literary beauty ere drowsy memory shall let them slip and fade away. I think it very likely that in many such cases a systematic self-repression, in deference to hygienic considerations, might be just enough to clip down the brilliant discoverer or original thinker into a mere scientific or literary prig. The secrets of Nature and of Art are not to be won without struggles ; and in the serene regions of philosophic meditation, no less than in the turmoil of practical life, the highest results are often accomplished by those who work with desperate energy quite regardless of self. Generous feelings of this sort have no doubt frequently urged great thinkers, like Clifford, fatally to overtask their physical resources ; and such mistakes are peculiarly facilitated by the accommodating disposition of that faithful servant the brain, which in men of highly-strung nervous temperament is but too ready to keep at its work without protest, as a thoroughbred horse will run till it drops.

In Clifford's case this prodigious enthusiasm for work, joined with an inherited weakness of constitution, has robbed the world of one of its most valuable lives. But though his life was brief, it was wonderfully rich in achievement no less than in promise. He had discerned more, and discerned it more clearly, in his score and a half of years than most men discern in fourscore. In pure mathematics he was admitted, at the age of twenty-five, to be one of the first five or six original thinkers of Europe. I say this from hearsay, for my own knowledge of the subject is not sufficient to enable me to comprehend his mathematical achievements or to appreciate their bearing. But the power and acuteness with which he treated questions in physics and in general philosophy were very marvellous, and his suggestiveness was so great as already to have entitled him to a high rank among contemporary philosophers. It was impossible for him to touch upon any subject without throwing some new light upon it, for the mere restatement of an old truth in his powerful and luminous language was sure to invest it with fresh and beautiful significance. His skill in scientific exposition was, accordingly, very remarkable. For taking the most hopelessly complicated and abstruse subjects and making them seem perfectly simple and almost self-evident to

ordinary minds, I do not know who could be found to compare with him. This rare power he owed largely to the extreme vividness of his imagination. What he saw "with his mind's eye," he saw as accurately and distinctly as only keen observers see things when they look with the physical eye. This is well illustrated in his lecture on "Atoms," and in various passages where he has occasion to allude to the intimate constitution of matter, to solidity, liquidity, quantivalence, and so on. People generally, when they talk about atoms, think only of very little particles, without having in mind any thing about their various shapes and modes of behavior. Even scientific men, who get on well enough by the aid of established formulas, now and then betray a similar barrenness of conception when some novel point comes up for discussion. But Clifford would describe a cluster of atoms with as much minuteness and as much animation as a fashionable lady would display in describing the gorgeous costumes of last night's ball. Take the air of this room, for example, which does not fill up all the space in the room, but is composed of a prodigious number of discrete particles of two sorts, — one sort called molecules of oxygen, the other sort called molecules of nitrogen. "These small molecules," says Clifford, "are not at rest in the room, but are flying about in all directions with a mean velocity of seventeen miles a minute. They do not fly far in one direction; but any particular molecule, after going over an incredibly short distance — the measure of which has been made — meets another, not exactly plump, but a little on one side; so that they behave to one another somewhat in the same way as two people do who are dancing Sir Roger de Coverley, — they join hands, swing around, and then fly away in different directions. All these molecules are constantly changing the direction of each other's motion; they are flying about with very different velocities, although, as I have said, their mean velocity is about seventeen miles a minute. If the velocities were all marked off on a scale, they would be found distributed about the mean velocity just as shots are distributed about a mark. If a great many shots are fired at a target, the hits will be found thickest at the bull's-eye, and they will gradually diminish as we go away from that, according to a certain law which is called the law of error. It was first stated clearly by Laplace; and it is one of the most remarkable consequences of theory that the molecules of a gas have their velocities distributed among them precisely according to this law of error. In the case of a liquid, it is believed that the state of things is quite different. We said that

in the gas the molecules are moved in straight lines, and that it is only during a small portion of their motion that they are deflected by other molecules ; but in a liquid we may say that the molecules go about as if they were dancing the grand chain in the Lancers. Every molecule after parting company with one finds another, and so is constantly going about in a curved path, and never sent quite clear away from the sphere of action of the surrounding molecules. But, notwithstanding that, all molecules in a liquid are constantly changing their places, and it is for that reason that diffusion takes place in the liquid. . . . In the case of a solid, quite a different thing takes place. In a solid every molecule has a place which it keeps ; that is to say, it is not at rest any more than a molecule of a liquid or a gas, but it has a certain mean position which it is always vibrating about and keeping fairly near to, and it is kept from losing that position by the action of the surrounding molecules.”¹

Such scientific exposition as this is as beautiful as poetry. In reading it one feels how the glory and beauty of Nature is immeasurably enhanced for the philosopher who can thus with inward vision distinctly grasp objects and relations too subtle for the eye of sense in any wise to discern.

This same remarkable lucidity is exhibited by Clifford in the treatment of metaphysical problems. In some respects the most striking discussion in the present volumes is contained in the essay on “The Nature of Things-in-themselves,” where some of the latest suggestions of anti-materialistic philosophy are very forcibly presented. Starting from the impregnable Berkeleian position that the material world of which I am conscious exists only as an organized series of changes in my consciousness, Clifford introduces a very interesting and suggestive distinction between the *objective* and the *ejective* elements in cognition. Our inferences concerning the material world are all inferences concerning either some actual or some potential states of consciousness. When I describe the moon at which I am looking, I am describing merely a plexus of optical sensations with sundry revived states of mind linked by various laws of association with the optical sensations. When I say that the moon existed before I was born, I only mean that if I had been alive a century ago and stood here and looked up as I am now doing, I should have had a similar plexus of optical sensations and revived states of mind to describe. Obviously there is nothing else which I can mean ; in any statement

¹ Vol. I. p. 194.

which I may make concerning the world of matter, I can refer only to things which either are, or may be, or might have been, objects in my consciousness. But it is quite otherwise when I make statements regarding the existence of minds other than my own. "When I come to the conclusion," says Clifford, "that *you* are conscious, and that there are objects in your consciousness similar to those in mine, I am not inferring any actual or possible feelings of my own, but *your* feelings, which are not, and cannot by any possibility become, objects in my consciousness." In the very act of inferring that *you* have feelings like mine, some of which you class as objective, and call the outer world, while others you class as subjective, — in the very act of inferring this I recognize these inferred feelings of yours as something outside of myself, as something which is not a part of myself and never could be. These inferred existences Clifford calls *ejects*, "things *thrown out* of my consciousness, to distinguish them from *objects*, things presented in my consciousness, — phenomena." My conception of *you* is "a rough picture of the whole aggregate of my consciousness, under imagined circumstances like yours;" and this conception — unlike my conception of the moon, or of your face — implies the existence of something that can never in any way become a part of my consciousness. Your face, while I am looking at you, is an object in my consciousness; but your consciousness can never be an object in mine, — it is an *eject*, something entirely outside of my consciousness. And so, too, your thoughts and feelings, the objects in your mind, are to me *ejects*.

Now my belief in the existence of *ejects* affects essentially my conception of objects. As a simple object, the table is but a group of my states of consciousness; but when I speak to you of the table, I infer the existence in you of a similar group of states of consciousness, — and this group is an *eject*. When I think or speak of the table, I bind up together the *individual object* as it exists in my mind with an indefinite number of *ejects* assumed to resemble it; and thus is formed the complex conception which Clifford calls the *social object*, — that is, the conception of the table as an object in human consciousness in general. There now ensues an ingenious and interesting series of inferences. Before our ancestors had become men, or were endowed with any thing like a human consciousness, there is every reason for supposing them to have been gregarious in their habits. They were gregarious primates of high sagacity. But gregarious action, among animals endowed with any sort of consciousness, is

plainly impossible unless the individual animal recognizes his fellow's consciousness as similar to or kindred with his own. Above all, the first beginnings of speech necessarily involved a belief in the *eject*. But now, says Clifford, "if not only this conception of the particular social object, but all those that have been built up out of it, have been formed at the same time with, and under the influence of, language, it seems to follow that the belief in the existence of other men's minds like our own, but not part of us, must be inseparably associated with every process whereby discrete impressions are built together into an object." To vary the quaint expression of Ferrier, the *minimum scibile per se* is not exactly *ego plus object*, but it is *ego plus eject*. Along with what we call the objective element in every piece of our knowledge there is not only a reference to self, but there is also a sub-conscious reference to other selves outside of us. "And this sub-conscious reference to supposed ejects," continues Clifford, "is what constitutes the impression of *externality* in the object, whereby it is described as *not-me*. At any rate, the formation of the social object supplies an account of this impression of outness, without requiring me to assume any ejects or things outside my consciousness except the minds of other men. Consequently it cannot be argued from the impression of outness that there is any thing outside of my consciousness except the minds of other men."

By this beautiful method of presentation, so much fresh light is thrown upon some philosophical truths as to make them appear self-evident. See what havoc it makes, at the outset, with the crude notion of the materialists—a notion supported by loose popular language and loose popular thinking—that changes of consciousness are *caused* by physical actions on or within the organism. Materialists talk about "ideas" as "originating" in the brain; and people generally have become so far impressed with the notion that mental states are caused by physical actions on the nervous system, that when you begin to explain to them the wonderfully minute correlations between psychical action and brain-action which modern psychology is disclosing, they immediately take fright and think you are "explaining away" the mind altogether. They think that in order to refute materialism it is necessary to deny that associations of ideas occur simultaneously with the passage of waves of molecular motion from one cell to another in the gray surface of the brain. I wonder it never occurs to them that they might more summarily effect their purpose by denying, once for all, that the brain has any

thing whatever to do with mind, or has any further function than that of a balance wheel or "governor" for regulating the motions of the viscera! But in point of fact their alarm is altogether groundless. Those who have mastered the doctrine of the conservation of energy in its bearings upon the facts of psychology will see, as I demonstrated some years ago in "Cosmic Philosophy," that it is utterly impossible that actions in the nervous system should ever, under any circumstances, stand in the relation of cause to psychical actions going on in the mind. A wave of molecular motion in the brain cannot produce a feeling or a state of consciousness. It can do nothing whatever but set up other waves of molecular motion, either in the gray matter of ganglia or in the white matter of nerve-fibres. Whatever goes in any way into the organism as physical force must come out again as physical force, and every phase of every transformation that it may undergo in the meantime must be rigorously accounted for in terms of physical force, or else the law of the conservation of energy will not be satisfied. To introduce consciousness or feeling anywhere in the series, as either caused by or causing actions in the brain or nerves, is "not to state what is untrue, but is to talk nonsense," as Clifford would say. These considerations—which must for ever shut out sciolists like Büchner from intruding with their self-satisfied explanations into the great primordial mystery of Nature, the relationship of body and soul—would seem to have been clearly appreciated by Clifford; and he states the point in his psychological language with elegant succinctness. "The word *Cause*, πολλαχῶς λεγόμενον and misleading as it is, having no legitimate place in science or philosophy [Chauncey Wright would have said a hearty *Amen* to that!], may yet be of some use in conversation or literature, if it is kept to denote a relation between objective facts, to describe certain parts of the phenomenal order. But only confusion can arise, if it is used to express the relation between certain objective facts in my consciousness and the ejective facts which are inferred as corresponding in some way to them and running parallel with them. . . . The distinction between eject and object, properly grasped, forbids us to regard the eject, another man's mind, as coming into the world of objects in any way, or as standing in the relation of cause or effect to any changes in that world. I need hardly add that the facts do very strongly lead us to regard our bodies as merely complicated examples of practically universal physical rules, and their motions as determined in the same way as those of the sun and the

sea. There is no evidence which amounts to a *prima facie* case against the dynamical uniformity of Nature; and I make no exception in favor of that *slykick* force which fills existing lunatic asylums and makes private houses into new ones."

The doctrine of Evolution, as applied by Mr. Spencer to the study of psychical phenomena, nowhere undertakes to interpret Mind as evolved from Matter, but it shows a wonderfully minute and instructive parallelism between the modes of evolution of the total series of objective facts and the total series of ejective facts. Pushing the analysis, both of physical and of psychical phenomena, to its farthest possible limits with the data now at command, Mr. Spencer has shown how all the phenomena constituting a consciousness are compounded of elementary sub-conscious feelings or "psychical shocks." Physical phenomena, likewise, in an ultimate analysis, are resolved into simple pulsations or rhythmical movements of ether-atoms; and the question arises as to the relation between the elementary physical pulsation and the elementary psychical shock. Reasoning most ingeniously from the essential continuity in Nature which the doctrine of Evolution supposes, and recognizing the impossibility of deriving the psychical element from the physical, Clifford reaches the conclusion that "every motion of matter is simultaneous with some ejective fact or event which might be part of a consciousness." This simple ejective fact or event may be regarded as a molecule, so to speak, of *mind-stuff*; and we reach the startling conclusion that "the universe consists entirely of mind-stuff. Some of this is woven into the complex form of human minds containing imperfect representations of the mind-stuff outside them, and of themselves also, as a mirror reflects its own image in another mirror *ad infinitum*. Such an imperfect representation is called a material universe. It is a picture in a man's mind of the real universe of mind-stuff."

Clifford recognizes that this doctrine seems to have been independently arrived at by many persons, and he instances the statements of Wundt in his "Physiologische Psychologie." The theory harmonizes well with that which I have endeavored to elucidate in the chapter on Matter and Spirit in my "Cosmic Philosophy," though the result was reached by different processes of inference in the two cases. With Clifford's further conclusion, that the complex web of human consciousness cannot survive the disintegration of the organic structure with which we invariably find it associated, I do not agree.

It is a conclusion not involved in the premises, and is one which no scientific philosopher *qua* scientific philosopher has a right to draw. It necessitates as complete a transgression of the bounds of experience as even the theologian is ever called upon to make. Least of all would one expect to see Clifford drawing such a conclusion and announcing it with a tinge of dogmatic emphasis withal, after reading his admirable remarks on Lobatchevski, where he shows how strictly the modern thinker must limit his generalizations to the region covered by experience. Were it not for a trifle too much of what Mr. Spencer would call the "anti-theological bias," Clifford's way of reasoning about the universe would have been quite perfect.

JOHN FISKE.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

RECENT POETRY.—It is now thirty years since Edgar Poe died ; yet some of his verses are still popular, and here we have a new edition of them.¹ Poetry which survives its author even so long a time as this has made a fair start for immortality, and the poet's admirers may well claim that his reputation has proved not to be wholly ephemeral. By the verdict of a public which knew not the writer, and yet buys his books, criticism is in a measure silenced.

*"Sunt quidem qui me dicant non esse poetam ;
Sed qui me vendit bibliopola, putat."*

But if no one will now deny that Poe was a poet at all, there is, we imagine, only one man in the world who conceives him to be "America's greatest genius ;" and the existence of even that one might be doubted by the sceptical, if he had not written a memoir prefixed to this edition. A biographer who takes this view of his subject is not likely to do him impartial justice ; and accordingly we find that Mr. Didier passes very lightly over all that part of Poe's life which does him no credit,—for he is too candid wholly to deny that his hero had faults of character. The Life of Poe has been written from different points of view, and the exact truth about him may never be known to the public. It is probable that he was far from being the disreputable wretch whom his enemies have described ; it is quite clear that he was not the decorous and exemplary person his friends have tried to make him out. This new Life adds little of importance to the facts already known. It is full enough of opinions, of the author and others, which may be taken for what they are worth. We can hardly think that Mr. Didier will convince anybody who is not convinced already ; but then such people are not apparently, in his view, worth convincing, nor does it matter much to him what they think. He has not furnished impartial observers with any sufficient evidence on which to form a conclusion for themselves as to the merits and faults of Poe's character.

As to his works, it is different. The evidence is all here, in some hundred and fifty prettily printed pages of this volume, plain to be read of all men, and compared with the biographer's estimate of it. Does it show

¹ The Life and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. A New Memoir by Eugene L. Didier. New York : Widdleton. 1879.

that the poet was America's greatest genius ; that his intellect was supreme, his taste faultless, his genius grand ; that he was the most original poet of the century, and that his best known work resembles "Hamlet"? Yes, says his biographer, it shows all this ; and if stronger expressions had occurred to Mr. Didier, doubtless he would have used them. It is to be hoped he will never have to write the Life of another poet, for he has used up all the superlatives on this one.

The best answer to this extravagant estimate of Poe's verses is his own account of the process of their composition. First, consider how many verses you will write ; then invent a refrain which will sound well ; then see on what pretext it can be brought in at proper intervals ; and finally, catch your subject : by the combination of these materials you may build up your poem. Such, in brief, is Poe's story of how he wrote "The Raven ;" and an interesting story it is, as he tells it at length. But it is not thus that "supreme intellects" work. We may be sure that it was in no such fashion as this that "Hamlet" was written. The excellence of the result, when we see how it was brought about, is indeed amazing ; it is clear proof of a talent certainly wonderful, possibly unique. Perhaps no other man ever lived who could produce so fine a poem by so strange a method. The feat is worthy of all admiration, as a feat ; but the author is to be admired as what the old critics called an "ingenious gentleman," and not as a mighty poet. It is to be inferred from Poe's language that he habitually worked in this way ; but he himself could not do the trick twice. None of his other poems are half so good or a quarter so popular as "The Raven." Hardly any are very familiar at the present day, except "The Bells." Surely such are not the workings, nor such the productions, of a "grand genius."

Few readers of poetry will agree in all the enthusiasm of a fond biographer ; yet they find, and for many generations may continue to find, in some of Poe's verses the charms of almost perfect harmony, of consummate power over sounds and rhythms, and of a sensitive and romantic, though not a powerful or deep-searching, imagination. But of the poetry which stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet, or of that which lights up the dark recesses of the human mind ; of the poetry that brings courage, or wisdom, or consolation, — there is in all his writings not a line.

"Blamid"¹ is a spirited story of knights, ladies, and minstrels, feasting, fighting, and making love, in smooth and musical verse. The scene is laid in that fabulous period of the history of Ireland, when magnificent kings and heroic warriors were plenty, and potatoes and pigs were as yet unheard of. When the reader has become used to the strange names of people and places, the story runs along very pleasantly, interspersed with songs and lyrics, some of which are really pretty. These are indeed the best things in the book, and show the poetic instinct and the artistic skill of the writer

¹ Blamid, by Robert D. Joyce, author of *Deirdré*. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1879.

to more advantage than the main story does on which they are threaded. It is impossible to excite much sympathy for a hero who is beaten by his rival in fair fight, and then lays a plot to assassinate him, and successfully executes it by the aid of an overpowering force. This is no doubt a faithful picture of the practice in the days of chivalry; but it is inconsistent with the ideal view of that glorious time which is usually taken, and which we expect to find in poetic romances. We are sure that not one of the immortal Seven Champions of Christendom ever did or suffered such things; and one of them was an Irishman, too. Aside from this fatal defect in the plot, the tale is a pretty one.

Mr. Strong¹ appears to have passed a large part of his summer in sleep, doubtless the result of reading his own poetry, by the publication of which in a convenient form he has kindly enabled others to attain the like peaceful oblivion. May the dreams of his readers be as harmonious and unexciting as his own! Toward the end of the season he seems to have been haunted by pale visions of Præd and Austin Dobson, — the faint reflection of which in his pages is perhaps their brightest spot.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac" is a collection of newspaper verses;² a monument of bubbles. It was a happy thought to select these parts of the newspapers to preserve in a permanent shape; for the serial stories, or the money articles, or the jokes, would have been harder reading, though probably of the same value to posterity. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the authorship of some of the pieces, which appeared anonymously, should have been claimed by several people. "Many men, many women, and many children," as Dr. Johnson said, might have written them; and might then have so far forgotten them, until reminded by seeing them in type, as to fail to distinguish their verse productions accurately amid the crowd of equal merit which adorns our periodical literature.

THESE three tales of pre-historic adventure have been translated into English from the French of M. Berthet.³ In each case a simple story serves as a narrative thread, on which are strung descriptions of primitive customs. The stories are entitled, "The Parisians of the Stone Age," "The Lacustrian City," and "The Foundation of Paris (Age of Metals)." The plan is novel, its execution very clever. The style is simple and interesting. The temptation to bombastic descriptions of the primeval monsters, the mammoth and the cave-bear, has been resisted. The translation can only be praised, for it bears no trace of hack-work, but is smooth and idio-

¹ *Midsummer Dreams*. By Latham C. Strong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

² *All Quiet Along the Potomac; and other Poems*. By Ethel Lynn Beers. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

³ *The Pre-Historic World*, by Elie Berthet. Translated from the French, by Mary J. Safford. 12mo. pp. 310. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1879.

matic English. The accounts of the characteristics of the different ages are spirited and vivid, and in general correct, though there are inaccuracies of detail which will distress the archæologist, but not disturb those readers who are willing to get their instruction from works of this class. The book is certainly very readable, and may be recommended as fairly trustworthy and instructive. The paper and print are unusually good, and the illustrations not more sensational than one finds in many of the best works of travel.

THE appearance of an ambitious historical work in America is an event of more than ordinary literary interest, and we may fairly apply that name to the "History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France," by Professor Henry M. Baird, of the University of the city of New York.¹ It is long since a work of equal pretensions in the field of European history has been produced by American scholarship. The choice of a subject was a most fortunate one. A period full of dramatic interest alike to the theologian, the politician, and the philosopher offered itself for study; no rival was in the field, and the materials for a careful investigation of its events were to be had in great abundance. Memoirs of private individuals including some of the very highest among the prominent actors, detailed histories written by persons at the very centre of political activity, and above all the confidential reports of foreign ambassadors to their several courts form the foundation upon which any narrative of European history in the sixteenth century must rest. And all these materials have been made accessible even to the foreign student by the labors of men and of associations representing the most opposite tendencies in religion and politics. Upon scarce any period of the world's history has such a burning light of inquiry and criticism been thrown as upon this immediately succeeding the great upheaval of the Reformation. Each great party has felt itself in honor bound to justify its men and measures by elaborate argument, and so it has resulted that the light of science has been too often a cross-light, obscuring what it sought to illumine. Thus the character of the principal persons engaged have come down to us in a haze of obscurity, from which it is the problem of the modern historian to extricate them.

This is the attempt of the work before us. It aims to combine with a narrative of political events, from the outbreak of the Reformation to the death of Charles IX., a critical examination into the more important points of controversy developed in the works of previous writers. In the first of these efforts it seems to us eminently successful. Its plan is limited, in the first place, and that is a virtue to start with. It embraces only the formative period of French Protestantism, and leaves its later working as a

¹ Rise of the Huguenots. By Professor Henry M. Baird. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. Vols. I. and II. 1879.

party organization to future historians. This gives to the whole book its character as a story of development, and we are led by gradual steps up to the grand dramatic culmination in the massacre of Saint Bartholemew's day, and to its effect in cementing still more closely the bonds which held the persecuted Huguenots together. The first volume brings us to the year 1562, leaving but twelve years to be treated in the second, and containing almost wholly the story of endless negotiations, of hopes doomed to disappointment, of promises made only to be broken, of half-way measures on both sides.

We are shown here with great clearness how entirely each party failed to comprehend the possibility of two religions existing side by side, and how this was after all the real cause of the later catastrophe. The Catholics would not tolerate the presence of a foul heresy, nor would the Huguenots, so soon as they gained power in a city, tolerate an infamous idolatry. We should have been glad if this observation had led the author on to a more philosophical view of the question of guilt or innocence in the persecutions. That principle of mutual intolerance in God's service shut out absolutely the greater principle of human charity; toleration was apostasy, and compromise was crime. This logical conclusion from his premise our author is too apt to overlook, and to indulge therefore a degree of moral abhorrence at wickedness in the abstract which detracts from his merit as a philosophical historian. In spite of his declaration that he will spare us the details of persecution, we have a continued series of blood-curdling recitals, all illustrating the same point, and each accompanied by the regular expressions of horror. All the space thus occupied might well have been spared for a more critical definition of many points in the Constitution of the State and of the churches, upon which the ordinary reader, to whom this book is most certainly addressed, cannot be expected to be informed. For example, although the words "Lutheran," "Sacramentarian," "Calvinist," are used constantly, we find no exact statement of the points of difference in their several creeds; yet this difference is an item of great importance in the development of a national Protestant Church. Even of the Huguenots themselves we have only a few words as to the etymology of the name, giving no intelligible conclusion; and if one should search for an exact statement of the Huguenot form of belief or worship, he would nowhere find it. We follow the growth of a Protestant party with but slight indications of the exact means by which the spread of the new religion was effected.

The same uncertainty prevails with regard to political matters. The relation of the Parliament of Paris to the provincial parliament in administrative affairs is not clear; the extent to which feudal rights of jurisdiction and administration still existed is only to be guessed from a stray notice here and there. We read of cities being given in pledge by the Govern-

ment to rebellious leaders without a suggestion of the right of possession which the Government had in such cities. Further, we hear of Huguenot congregations taking possession of church property, and would like to know what sort of property in these estates vested in the congregation. Either the reader must be thoroughly versed in public and canon law, or such matters should be made clear, if some of the most vital and interesting moments in any social movement are to be understood. We are not suggesting that in a narrative history long dissertations on fundamental principles of government should be inserted, but only that some of the space devoted to external adornment should be spared for that which is really significant, and which bears on the deeper relations of society.

Yet we are bound to say that Professor Baird has in the main resisted with great success the temptation to extravagant language which the nature of his subject offers. His style is for the most part simple and direct, avoiding useless ornament, yet pointed and often eloquent. These qualities are especially marked in his recital of the scenes connected with the great massacre. The chapter describing the events of the days between the wedding of Henry of Navarre and St. Bartholemew's day shows dramatic power of a high order. The various elements which contributed to the final disaster, — the uncertainty of the king, the malignant hatred of Anjou, the dark policy of the queen mother, — all are drawn with a master-hand and combine to lead us on with impatience to the dénouement.

The judgment passed upon the leading characters seems to be, in the light of recent evidence, eminently fair and unprejudiced. One or two exceptions we cannot fail to notice. The policy of Catherine de Medici is repeatedly characterized as Macchiavellian, and as the result of a study of "*Il Principe*;" yet if there is any thing which marks that work more than another, it is the constant insistence that all measures of State should be dictated by a careful consideration of the conditions; that a policy should be chosen, and carried through to the bitter end, — while Mr. Baird's own description of Catherine represents her as devoid of a settled policy, acting from motives of timidity or impulse, shifting from one measure to another, and exercising needless duplicity to accomplish simple ends. Macchiavelli's work was the deliberate conviction of an accomplished statesman; Catherine's policy was the inconstant wavering of a fickle and unscrupulous woman.

Again we notice an inability on the author's part to do justice to the Roman point of view. No historical picture can be correct in which there is no allowance made for perspective. He is the great historian who rises above time and race and religion, and sees the motives of men as they felt them. This is especially true whenever the Roman Church comes into the question. The sublime audacity of its pretensions must not blind us to the fact that ages of recognition have given to its claims a show of legality. Yet our author touches as gently as possible on the intolerance

and the riotous proceedings of Huguenots, while the blood-thirstiness of the Church is dwelt upon with ever renewed energy. We believe him to be absolutely in the right ; but we must not forget that the hierarchy, too, had its grounds of right, which to that age and nation were of far more binding force.

These blemishes upon so excellent a piece of work are the faults not so much of a man as of a school, which sacrifices almost every thing to the production of a powerful and telling narrative. Viewed as the result of that school the book is a brilliant success, and we predict for it a place among the "standard works" of our language. It rests, at least, upon a comprehensive and careful study of the original sources, and a comparison of the later writers in view of these original documents. Greater praise cannot be given to the purpose of any book, and the faults of execution we have pointed out would recommend it to a large class of readers. We repeat, however, that a more careful attention to exact statement of fundamental relations in politics and religion would have given it a far sounder title to lasting fame.

THIS rather ghastly little volume¹ is sure to be read by nearly every one beneath whose eye it happens to fall. The strange attraction exercised by a tale of a horrible railway disaster is simply irresistible ; and here are narratives, each seeming to surpass all the rest in its aspect of terror, sufficient to satiate a coterie of Neros. One begins philosophically enough, but as he turns over page after page he comes to feel that his nerves are getting over-taxed ; and yet he can no more escape from the hideous procession than could the wedding guest from the curdling recital of the Ancient Mariner. Such a collection would be simply brutal were it not made for a useful purpose, and that it was written for such a purpose is the reason for the existence of the volume. The moral follows the stories ; and the last third of the book, it is to be sincerely hoped, will be carefully read by railway managers. Seldom does a disaster occur which does not teach its lesson, and Mr. Adams makes it his task to see that these lessons are duly comprehended. Many parts of the book, which are not horrible, are very interesting. The descriptions of the handling of trains in the crowded railway stations of London is extremely impressive ; while in contrast with this the exhibitions of British stupidity are amusing, and rather agreeable. Not, indeed, that all the dull-wittedness which the book lays bare belongs in Great Britain ; it must be acknowledged that there is a fair proportion of the quality to be found even in the United States. But on the whole the comparison between the two countries results not unfavorably for us. We are less stupid, not much more careless of human life, at least equally

¹ Notes on Railroad Accidents. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

willing to adopt improvements and more capable of devising them. Some statistics in the closing chapters appear intended to reassure those readers who might well, at about the hundredth page, have sworn never again to set foot in a railway car. But statistics are hardly equal to the encounter with vivid tales of actual occurrences; and though Mr. Adams proves that each individual ought to be able to travel the impossible distance of fifteen or eighteen millions of miles before being killed by an accident, nevertheless we do not advise any one to purchase or read the book if he is contemplating a journey.

The book is carelessly printed, so far as the proof-reading goes, and much more carelessly written. Mr. Adams's style is naturally clear and forcible; but it is hardly possible to believe that he has ever read over many of the sentences in this volume, so badly are they put together. The trick of separating the infinitive mood of his verbs by inserting words between the word *to* and the verb proper is very clumsy, and yet seems to be a favorite habit with him.

BALZAC's life and the work which he has left us¹ are intensely interesting to those who know him at all; and those who know him best also know best how imperfect any one view of him and of his gigantic labors must be. Hence the enormous number of memoirs, essays, and sketches brought forth after his death, and hence again the fresh interest with which even the oldest student of his books turns to any new writing on this unexhausted theme. The man himself was so complex, and his works so multitudinous, that you are sure there is yet a chance that the next study of Balzac may enclose the unsaid thing. Certainly one may get a new view from any sketch however slight, and it may help to complete our knowledge. In commending Mr. Walker's book of excellent translations we classify it at once as Balzac for beginners. It contains a slight sketch of the plan of the "*Comédie Humaine*," a few apologies, not very well put, to the class of English people who may read it and whom we hope will read it, and very good and spirited translations of three of Balzac's works, — "*La Bourse*" (p. 77), "*Gaudissart II.*" (p. 131), and "*Albert Savarus*" (p. 151).

Although at page 22 Mr. Walker expresses his belief that the natural and proper function of the critic is to condemn, still it will be unnecessary to do more than say that the English of the prefatory essay is often very flimsy, and sometimes even funny, — p. 18, p. 25, etc.; that the *résumé* given of one or two of the books is inadequate, to say the least, and that occasional small slips in the French translations appear. These are of but slight importance. The real point is, that, so far as it goes, the book will help to introduce Balzac to even a wider audience. This is something to be glad

¹ The *Comédie Humaine*, and its Author; with translations from the French of Balzac. By H. H. Walker. London: Chatto and Windus. 1879. 8vo. pp. 336.

of, and gives Mr. Walker's work its value. It is something to have made "Albert Savarus" known to a few thousand more people.

It only remains to say one word in regard to the apology Mr. Walker feels called upon to make for the immorality of Balzac's writings. He himself feels it a little; he knows that a vast majority of those who will read his book will begin it at least with a kind of protest, and he knows that Balzac himself defended his own works against this charge, which somehow seems to have been transferred from the books to the man. Therefore his selections have been good for his purpose, which was to show Balzac at his best. The "History of Albert Savarus" was in some measure Balzac's own: he spent his life, which was as rigidly pure and chaste as a monk's, in the service of one woman. He wrote in "Savarus," in 1842, that the thing to be dreaded after years of struggle was "to see fortune and death arrive together at the threshold." In 1850 he expired in the arms of his beloved Countess, a few months after his marriage with her.

Why have we as yet no memoir of Balzac which shall collect the scattered pieces like this, and make them into one consistent life? The key exists in the letters published by his sister; the dates are well fixed; the characters entirely comprehensible and noble. What in all literature could be finer than the true story of his own life of work, of genius, of untiring devotion, ending as it did and should have done in perfect happiness? Why has another opportunity gone to have shown not only his fineness of work but his fineness as a man? — to have put at the head of his life these words from his letters: "Without this fulness of heart for you I should not have accomplished the tenth part of my work, — I should not have had this ferocious courage"? Our only quarrel with Mr. Walker is that he, too, has lost an opportunity.

WE find it hard to discover the excuse for being in such a book¹ as "Franz von Holtzendorff's Wesen und Werth der öffentlichen Meinung." It seems to us one of the worst examples of that straining after hidden meanings which has brought deserved reproach upon so much of German investigation and criticism. Public opinion is a thing so impalpable that to define it only renders it more obscure. Yet here we have a number of pages devoted to quotations from various authors to prove that such a thing exists, and that it is an element in politics worth considering. As nearly as we can understand him, the author regards public opinion as the force of a general, undefined, and perhaps illogical conviction in the mass of the people on given subjects of morality, politics, or social law. This power exists independently of the regular modes of expressing the will of the people, and this independence is to our author an essential element of its

¹ Wesen und Werth der öffentlichen Meinung. Von Franz v. Holtzendorff. Munich. 1879. M. Rieger'sche Universitäts-Buchhandlung.

existence. He makes, therefore, the somewhat startling statement that in the ancient Greek republics there was no public opinion, since the will of the majority passed immediately from the condition of an opinion to that of a law. Following out this same theory, he finds in the eighteenth century, under the rule of "enlightened despotism," the greatest activity of public opinion. Repression, he says, developed its intensity, and it brought about the greatest changes, especially in the humanizing of legal process, precisely because it had no regular and legitimate form of expression. There is a point here, but is it worth the making? We confess it seems to us very like playing with words.

The examination of various instances of the working of public opinion is more interesting, yet here too the argument seldom rises above the commonplace, and falls often into a tone which to an American reader must be amusing. The point of view is continually that of the Government, and the main question always is, to what degree public opinion ought to be allowed to influence the making and administration of the laws. The same timid dread of that monster, the people, the same failure to comprehend the possibility of political education which we had occasion to notice in a former work by the same author,¹ mark the present volume in a still higher degree. While Herr von Holtzendorff is philosophizing about the merits and the dangers of public opinion, it is bearing him and all of us onward in ways that defy our boldest speculation to discover them; and Germany, if it will maintain the lead it now holds in the politics of Europe, must put its energy rather into creating a public opinion worth having, than in speculating about its abstract nature and value.

¹ See *International Review* for November, p. 581.

RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

IT is essaying a difficult task, to endeavor to present the reader with either the salient facts of a great statesman's career, or an estimate of his legislative labors, within the compass of a few pages. This task, however, has been attempted by Mr. A. C. Ewald, F.S.A., in his "Representative Statesmen" (Chapman & Hall). Beginning with Strafford, the arrogant minister of Charles I., Mr. Ewald brings his series down to Lord Palmerston; and if he does not exhibit either the brilliancy of Macaulay or the solidity of Hallam, he at any rate writes so agreeably as to make his sketches very entertaining reading. It is a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Ewald has ventured to indicate the chief characteristic of each English statesman with whom he deals by one distinguishing adjective. Though partially happy in some cases, this method is somewhat invidious. For example, the author describes Canning as the "brilliant" minister, and Pitt as the "disinterested" minister. Now with regard to these two particular statesmen—whatever may be the case with respect to others—the terms used are legitimately interchangeable. Pitt was as brilliant as Canning, and Canning as disinterested as Pitt. Mr. Ewald is evidently a great admirer of Macaulay, whose style he obviously imitates. This is somewhat unfortunate; for if Macaulay had exhibited a less striking power of picturesque language, he would probably never have risen to his great height of popularity on other grounds. If the pupil equals his master in eloquence, we may accept him and be thankful; but we are not prepared to say that in this respect Mr. Ewald rises to the level of the Whig historian. Yet he resembles him in one point,—he has his favorites; and he justifies in Pitt high-handed measures which he would have condemned in Strafford. The sketch of Palmerston is written according to the general view of that genial minister's character. His thoroughly English feeling is insisted upon, and his fearlessness in diplomacy. Like Prince Bismarck, Lord Palmerston frequently carried his point by sheer outspokenness and frankness; yet he sometimes pushed his views of the duties of a foreign secretary to the verge of meddlesomeness and indiscretion. We cannot follow Mr. Ewald through each of his essays, which may be described as history made easy. As studies they are valuable and suggestive; but they do not pretend to supplant the more solid and comprehensive estimates to be found in our leading historians of the political leaders with whom they are concerned. As books go, nevertheless, this work is better worth reading than much of our contemporary literature.

"Mr. Spencer's Formula of Evolution, as an Exhaustive Statement of the Changes of the Universe," is the title of a work by Mr. Malcolm Guthrie (Trübner & Co.), which is calculated to be most helpful to the reader who is not deeply versed in Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophic method. The book is written very clearly, and with none of that egotism which too frequently disfigures works of this kind. We find here a most readable and lucid inquiry into, and statement of, Mr. Spencer's "Formula of Philosophy." The author states broadly his ground for regarding this formula as insufficient, pointing out that its two factors, Matter and Motion, do not afford an explanation of the facts of life and mind. Amending the formula by the introduction of Force, Mr. Guthrie finds that though sufficient it is unintelligible. He therefore endeavors, from a study of Mr. Spencer's exposition, to frame a formula which shall be a true representation of it, but which he confesses he is only able to make a sufficient formula by making it vague, and to that extent unintelligible. "From this it follows," says Mr. Guthrie, "that however much I may admire, and however much our thinkers may value, some of Mr. Spencer's great generalizations, we must come to the conclusion that he has not succeeded in solving the main problem which he submits and sets down as the aim of his work." We certainly agree with the author—and the great majority of men will do so likewise—that there is in the universe a factor which is more than mere Matter and Motion, and more than Force considered as the sum total of them. Those who find Mr. Spencer's statements of the problems affecting life and mind very difficult and recondite—and this must undoubtedly be the case with the unpractised, unphilosophic reader—will discover that much light is thrown upon the Spencerian philosophy by the present work.

The author who writes under the *nom de plume* of Mr. Ross Neil has just published a fourth volume of plays, embracing "Arabella Stuart," "The Heir of Linne," and "Tasso." The work is issued by Messrs. Ellis & White. These plays will undoubtedly sustain Mr. Neil's reputation as a dramatic writer of truly original power. We welcome the new volume as an evidence that the dramatic spirit is not dead among us, as so frequently asserted. In choice of subjects our author has been very happy. There are few more tragic and pathetic stories in English history than that of Arabella Stuart, and Mr. Ross Neil has presented us with her character drawn with great distinctness and individuality. The mutual love and devotion of Seymour and Arabella are beautifully depicted, and the last scene, where the young husband and his wife are for a moment reunited before being parted for ever, is one not likely to be forgotten by the reader. "The Heir of Linne" is a drama well adapted to the stage. The well-known story of the rich lord of Linne running through his treasure, and testing the feelings of his so-called friends in moments of deep adversity, has been manipulated in such a manner as to become most entertaining. The scene in which

the reaction comes, and the bankrupt lord is shown to be really the possessor of untold wealth, is very graphically handled, and with considerable humor. Several of the characters are dashed in with quite a Turneresque breadth. The best play of the three, however, is "Tasso." In the earlier scenes the great and sombre poet appears somewhat too querulous and weakly egotistical; but the last act of the tragedy more than atones for all minor defects. The loves of Tasso are traced with a skilful hand, and there is real flesh and blood about Laura and Leonora; but it is in the closing pages of this striking play that Mr. Ross Neil most strongly asserts his capacity as a dramatic writer. We have here all the requisites for fine writing, — strength, vividness, simplicity, poetry, and a truly Greek severity of outline and treatment.

"The Amateur Poacher," by the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home" (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is another happily-conceived volume of sketches by a writer whose previous works on subjects connected with country life have gone through many editions. He now takes us, in interesting guise, through the experiences of the individual he professes to depict, and through a whole season, beginning with "the first gun." There will doubtless be many persons anxious to make the acquaintance of "the amateur poacher."

The issue of a new edition of Jamieson's "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," on a greatly enlarged and elaborated scale, has been commenced by Mr. Alexander Gardner. The work is edited by John Longmuir, M.A., LL.D., and David Donaldson, F.E.I.S. It illustrates the whole of the words in the Scottish language in their different significations by examples from ancient and modern writers; shows their affinity to those of other languages, and especially the northern; explains many terms, which, though now obsolete in England, were formerly common to both countries; and elucidates national rites, customs, and institutions, in their analogy to those of other nations. There is also prefixed Jamieson's admirable dissertation on the origin of the language, while the entire supplement has now been incorporated in the body of the work. The task before the editors is one of great importance and magnitude; but if the whole work is equally well executed with the volume now presented to the public, they may congratulate themselves on having rendered an almost unparalleled service to their countrymen, and to the students of languages and literature generally. Nothing is allowed to escape which can in the slightest degree throw light upon the origin and meaning of Scottish words and phrases, while each word is illustrated from the best ancient and modern writers, the changes of signification being noted with great minuteness. The work is in large quarto size, with double columns; and some idea of the exhaustive nature of the editor's researches may be gathered from the fact that the first volume, which embraces five hundred and sixty-seven pages, does not quite bring the dictionary down to the end of the letter C. We know of no work of

the kind executed on so noble a scale. The second volume is to appear in March 1880, and it is to be hoped that editors and publisher will be warmly encouraged in their undertaking by the public. Alike in matter, type, paper, and binding, this dictionary is all that the most fastidious bibliographer could desire.

Mr. George Meredith has written another of his clever and brilliant novels in "The Egoist" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.). It flashes with wit, and coruscates with epigram; and yet we doubt whether it will be more popular than its predecessors. Mr. Meredith is a man of unquestionable genius, but whether it be that he does not care for the applause of the multitude or that he is unable to hit the general taste, we know not; certainly he is not popular in the ordinary sense of that word. But he has remarkable gifts, and uses the dissecting knife upon humanity with the keenness and skill of a Balzac. In this new work he draws to the life the character of Sir Willoughby Patterne, the egoist. The satire and the wit of the book are equal to those developed in "The Ordeal of Richard Peverel,"—in many respects Mr. Meredith's masterpiece. Carlyle himself is not a greater hater of shams than our author. It requires that the mind should constantly be on the stretch to follow his profound allusions; but for those who do not object to this preliminary a rich treat is in store in the latest novel of one of the most original of living authors.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has not chosen quite so popular a subject in his new story, "Sebastian Strome" (Bentley & Son), as he had in "Garth." The latter was a work of rare power, and there are gleams of this power in its successor. As a mere study of character, indeed, young Strome is perhaps superior to any one individual in "Garth," but altogether the effect of the book is not so pleasing or so satisfactory. There is a heavy burden of sadness over it, which is rarely broken by relieving touches. In the pathetic portions of the book the author is strongest, and there are one or two situations which are strikingly dramatic. Mr. Hawthorne is undoubtedly developing, though his new work does not mark such a stage of progress as did "Garth" over his previous fictions. Yet we may fairly admit that some of the father's genius has descended upon the son.

"Sister" is the title of an anonymous story just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. The author writes excellent English, but perhaps with more grace than power. The plot is of a simple and domestic character, being concerned with nothing more exciting than the loves of several sisters, and of the care taken of them by an elder sister who furnishes the title to the novel. On the whole, the work is so well done as to justify us in giving by anticipation a welcome to future stories by this writer.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

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THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1880.

THE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

IN all ages of the world, the most monstrous abuses have found their defenders among good and noble-minded people ; and this is especially true of those acts which a subsequent period regards as outrages against the individual, but which at the time were defended by many on the ground of expediency, the advantage of the country, the glory of God, the progress of humanity, or the ultimate good of the person injured. Thus, the gladiatorial exhibitions of ancient Rome were looked upon as politic amusements, which tended to excite harmless emotions to the exclusion of more dangerous sentiments. The Duke of Alva, and others of his type, professed to be actuated by a laudable desire to put down rebellion ; and it is entirely within the range of possibility that they were kind and loving fathers and friends. Witches and heretics were burned at the stake or drowned in the flood at the instigation of tender-hearted women, and by judges of gentle bearing, who honestly thought they were serving God and society ; and the insane were loaded with chains, beaten and subjected to many other corporeal sufferings by the orders of learned and humane men, who sincerely believed that they were acting in accordance with the most benevolent instincts, — as in fact they probably were. But as time passes on the acts of those who have preceded us are seen in their true light, and judged by a higher standard. The human nature of to-day is more advanced than the human nature of yesterday, and what were deemed to be great truths then are seen to be vile errors now. It denounces the dungeon, the lash, and the fetters for lunatics, but it clings tenaciously to the strap, the *camisole*,

and the Utica crib. It looks back with horror to the time when the insane were flogged as a therapeutical measure "to beat the devil out of them," but regards with complacency and even favor the forcible feeding of the poor creatures by ignorant and brutal attendants, and the consequent life-long injury or death of the victims. That those who come after us will regard our conduct in these matters very much as we do that of the mad-house keepers of less than a century ago is not a matter for doubt. Already the revolution has begun.

Few, even among those who have given some attention to the subject, know the depth of wretchedness to which within a comparatively short period the lunatic was consigned, and which, even at the present day, is in some places scarcely lessened. Dr. Conolly,¹ whose advanced ideas of science and humanity led to the uniform adoption in England of the "non-restraint" system of treatment, speaking only thirty years ago on this subject, says: "Very few physicians of education were to be found, until a recent period, devoting themselves to mental disorders. Those occupied in asylums were chiefly distinguished by an eccentricity and a roughness which, unfitting them for other professional vocations, made them willing to undertake to treat mad people. By such persons, ill-educated, prejudiced, and without any resources but methods of violence, and who had never studied the forms and treatment of mental disorders, all attempts to ameliorate the condition of the insane were bitterly and unscrupulously opposed with every effort and every contrivance of vulgar minds. Meantime, the outside walls of an asylum were regarded with awe; the shrieks issuing from it made night hideous; the frantic creatures enclosed in their dens furnished appalling subjects for the artist or the novelist; squalor and dirt, and famine and ferocity were everywhere to be met with." And now in the latter half of the nineteenth century we find that the methods which Conolly so vigorously denounced, and to the abolition of which he gave his life, are in full use in almost every asylum in the United States; that the attempts to improve the condition of the insane are opposed, as in his day, by those who have the charge of them; that dens are still in existence, chains still employed, blows still inflicted, systematic flogging still practised, the strait-jacket still used as a means of restraint; and that these agencies of subjection are supplemented by the Utica crib,—an apparatus not only inhuman, but one which no person possessing a

¹ Croonian Lectures, 1849, London, p. 18.

competent knowledge of the physiology of the brain and the pathology of insanity would venture to introduce into the wards of a lunatic asylum.

I do not mean to be understood as saying that all these various measures for punishing and subduing a maniac are sanctioned by those in authority. No superintendent, so far as I know, approves of his patients being knocked down, beaten, or put in irons; but, nevertheless, these things and even worse are perpetrated in American institutions for the insane, either through the ignorance, the negligence, or the indifference of their superintendents; and others equally bad are done with their full knowledge and approval. Doubtless many of the outrages against humanity which are committed in our asylums are the direct result of the system by which their officers are appointed. But this only makes the matter worse. If it were individuals only with which those who have undertaken the task of ameliorating the condition of the insane had to contend, the contest would be neither long nor doubtful; but there are trustees and commissioners, and legislatures and political parties to meet, who have an interest — one which appeals with great force to the average American mind: the love of patronage — in keeping things as they are.

Now let us see what kind of atrocities are permitted by the system which prevails throughout this country. In this survey, it will not be necessary to go back farther than two or three years, or to refer to more than a few examples of the number which have been unearthed by legislative committees, casual visitors, and newspaper reporters, or which have been revealed by mere accident.

Within about a year four homicides occurred in the New York City lunatic asylum on Ward's Island. In one of these a patient was beaten to death by an attendant; in another, an attendant was killed by a patient; in the third, a patient was thrown off the wharf and drowned by another patient; and in the fourth, one lunatic was ordered to give a hot bath to another, not only insane, but paralyzed. After getting him into the bath-tub he turned on the hot water and walked away leaving the poor wretch actually to be boiled to death. In the asylum at St. Peter, Minnesota, a patient who refused to eat had his mouth filled with food by a nurse, and the mess pushed down into his stomach with the handle of a knife, while another nurse held him down. On one occasion he ran away, yelling that they wanted to kill him. He was caught and laid on a bench; one attendant held

his hands, and sat across his body ; another attendant and a patient helped to hold him ; his mouth was plugged to prevent his closing it. The food (soup) was poured in from a pitcher ; his breath was heard to "gurgle" as the soup went into his windpipe, and in five minutes he was dead.

Owing to an erroneous idea that the food is poisoned, to some other delusion, or to a determined intention to commit suicide, it frequently happens that lunatics refuse to eat. The operation of forcible feeding is a delicate one, requiring anatomical skill ; and yet it is one which in American asylums is often left to be performed by ignorant and brutal attendants, a physician not even being present. Thus, at the Bloomingdale Asylum in New York, a lady while being fed by a nurse had the soft parts of the roof of her mouth torn away by the spoon being rammed violently down her throat. From the testimony taken in this case, preliminary to a suit for damages, and which has not yet been published, I make the following citations :

Mrs. Cochran says she saw both Jane Eaton and Jane Gordon, nurses in Bloomingdale, forcibly feeding a patient. They had a wooden wedge which they put into her mouth, and then they fed her with a spoon (folio 93). Dr. Choate says it is done by attendants in asylums (folio 119). Jane Eaton, a nurse, puts on the *camisole* without instructions from the physician (folio 125). Was told to use force in feeding (folio 127). Used a spoon or a wedge to force open the mouth. "The most difficult person I ever had to feed" (folio 132),—and yet the duty was left to a nurse ; the doctor was never present when she was fed (folio 133). The nurse does not always report to the physician when she uses the *camisole*. Has seen blood come from Mrs. N's mouth when she was feeding her (folio 138). Was taken naked from her room to the bath-room (folio 146). The doctor says forcible feeding is delegated to an attendant (folio 150).

Last winter, rumors in regard to the bad management of the Longview Asylum, in Ohio, became so prevalent that the legislature appointed a committee to investigate them. From the report made on the subject I make the following extracts :—

According to the testimony of several eye-witnesses, a punishment frequently and sometimes gleefully resorted to by attendants in this asylum is one known as "taking down." "Taking down," in the words of the testimony, consists in tripping or throwing the patient to the floor, holding her down (for "taking down" is a female punishment ; the men being usually knocked down) with the knee on the chest, while another employé gags the patient, and still another holds the patient's

hands. The patient is held down till she is quite weak and exhausted, becomes purple in the face, and the breath is almost gone.

Another punishment is to make a "spread eagle" of a patient. This consists in stripping a patient to nakedness, and making attendants whip him with wet towels. This is a punishment inflicted for a refusal to work. It is described as very painful, and is practised because it leaves no marks.

There is testimony as to ducking, kicking, beating, black eyes, and other marks of cruelty. It is in evidence that weak patients are overworked, and all inmates have not been properly fed and cared for. Hard work has been needlessly compelled in a room in which the mercury stood at one hundred and twenty degrees. The use of "cribs" and the "strong room" is shown. Loathsome vermin in loathsome numbers have been allowed to accumulate upon the bedding, the apparel, and the person of patients. All of these things and others told with a painful plainness is the testimony that is made part of this report.

The report then goes on to speak of the profanity of the attendants; that "the superintendent has been guilty of inattention to his duties and gross neglect;" and that the evidence "seems to the committee to destroy entirely the suggestion that the various hideous things were done without his knowledge and consent." The Ohio legislative committee appears to have performed its work thoroughly; and it is the more to be commended for this, inasmuch as the superintendent was appointed on political grounds, and the majority of the committee was of the same political faith as this official.

Similar horrors have recently been brought to light in the asylum at Kalamazoo, Michigan, by a committee of the legislature; and the New York State Board of Charities, only a few months ago, and shortly after the State Commissioner in Lunacy had rendered a favorable report, found the Onondaga County Asylum in a condition which could scarcely be equalled by any mad-house of the last century. Dark and damp dungeons with only the earth for a floor existed; into these the wretched lunatics were thrust, and, in addition, for a time deprived of food. It was also shown that the opinion existed in this institution that it was proper to inflict punishment on the insane by striking them with straps, showering them, and dashing water in their faces while they were held fast on the floor.

Of the Blackwell's Island Asylum in New York City, a committee of the same Board reported last summer that, —

This asylum continues to be a source of the greatest anxiety to us. We see that there is not proper provision for the patients, and we know that their surroundings must of necessity increase and prolong the disease under which they are suffering; and yet we are quite powerless to effect any permanent improvement. The Lodge and Retreat, where violent cases are confined, are buildings quite unfit for

any human beings ; and yet two hundred insane women are shut up in them. The cells in which the patients sleep are, in both of the institutions, lighted only by transoms over the doors. At night, when the patients spend nearly twelve hours closely shut up in these cells, they must be pitch dark ; and the air, which is not fresh even in the middle of the day, must be poisonous. In the Retreat many of the cells (measuring seven feet six inches by twelve feet nine inches by twelve feet) contain two beds ; and on one occasion lately, when the nurse opened one of these cells in the morning, she found one of the patients badly beaten about the head by her companion. The patients as a rule have nothing to do all day, and seldom go out except in the airing courts, — bare spaces surrounded by high board fences. Such circumstances cannot tend to the calming of an excited brain, but must rather serve to increase the disease and fix it upon the patient for life. The beneficial influence of a change to pleasanter surroundings and even partial employment has been shown within a few weeks, when a number of patients from the Retreat were transferred to two new halls in the new building and were supplied with work. Of the six physicians now in the asylum, only one had had any experience in the treatment of the insane before entering this institution. The younger men of course only enter the asylum for the purpose of gaining experience ; and this they do at the expense of the patients. As a rule they receive no salaries, and after serving a few months they usually resign, giving place to other inexperienced youths. During the past two years eighteen physicians have practised in the asylum.

Things went on unaltered in this institution, in which the great city of New York keeps its indigent insane women to the number of about twelve hundred, till a few weeks ago they culminated in a series of disasters, — consisting of one woman being starved to death from neglect, another killed by eating rat poison left within her reach, and another delivered of a child while she was shut up in one of the cells mentioned, and moreover restrained at the same time by the *camisole*. In this case the pregnancy of the woman was not suspected ; that it was not is the worst feature of the affair. These “accidents,” it must be borne in mind, were not brought to light by any regular inquiries instituted by the authorities, but by a newspaper reporter in search of information for the journal with which he was connected. The publication of them and the comments thereon proved too much for the political Board which has the charge of these matters in the city of New York, and the superintendent was removed to make room for another, who, in addition to his new acquisition of twelve hundred insane women, retains the superintendency of eight hundred or more insane men on Ward’s Island !

These instances, and many others which might be adduced, show bad management. They are due in great part to the system which prevails in too many of our insane asylums of making appointments,

from the superintendent down to the lowest grade of attendants, in accordance with the political tenets of the appointing power, and without regard to education, experience, or other elements of fitness.¹ But there are many other points of mal-administration which are intentional with the asylum authorities, and which are really insisted upon by them as of pre-eminent excellence. These are mainly embraced within what is known as "mechanical restraint," and to that most important matter the attention of the reader is invited.

In 1792 Pinel was appointed chief physician of the Bicêtre, the great lunatic asylum for pauper men in Paris. He found that all the more violent cases were habitually kept chained. He struck off their irons, substituted kindness for blows, improved their diet, and so ameliorated their condition in other respects that many who were regarded as incurable were restored to the world with their mental faculties again to guide them. This was the first grand step towards treating a lunatic somewhat in accordance with the methods employed with rational individuals.

But Pinel's motives appear to have sprung more from goodness of heart than from any therapeutical principle; and, though knocking off the manacles from the maniac's limbs, he still continued to employ in some cases milder methods of mechanical restraint. It was reserved for Dr. Conolly, an Englishman, in 1839, to demonstrate to the world that there was no antagonism between humanity and science in this matter, and that those methods of management which were most kind and gentle were at the same time most efficacious as curative agents. It is true that for two or three years previously the doctrine of "non-restraint" had been advocated and practised to some extent; but it had made little headway till Conolly, at the Hanwell Asylum of London, not only took away every form of apparatus calculated to confine the lunatic's body or limbs, but wrote and spoke so eloquently and logically in support of his views that before long they came to be

¹ Probably the most remarkable example of this tendency which the world has ever witnessed is that of the superintendent of the North Carolina Lunatic Asylum at Raleigh. This officer, as appears from his biography published in the "Physicians and Surgeons of the United States," Philadelphia, 1878, p. 98, had previous to his appointment been a lawyer, a teacher, a superior court clerk, a physician practising three years, a captain in the Confederate army, twice a member of the Legislature, a member of the Constitutional State Convention, an aide-de-camp to the Governor with the rank of colonel, and that then "declining many offers of distinguished political positions, including that of Lieutenant-Governor, he accepted the office of Superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Raleigh." The duties of which, it is further stated, he still continues to perform to the satisfaction of both political parties.

recognized as correct in most parts of the civilized world, — the only notable exception being the free and enlightened United States of America. When Dr. Conolly took charge of Hanwell, there were closets full of instruments of restraint which the attendants were allowed to use at their pleasure. There were strait-waistcoats, "restraint-chairs," muffs, leg-locks, various kinds of complicated apparatus, straps of different varieties, and even chains. The epileptics, over one hundred in number, were every night fastened by one hand to their bedsteads; and in addition there were over forty patients kept constantly in some form of mechanical bondage night and day. In his first report presented October 31, 1839, he says:¹—

The article of treatment in which the resident physician has thought it expedient to depart the most widely from the previous practice of the asylum has been that which relates to the personal *coercion* or forcible *restraint* of the refractory patients. Without any intention of derogating from the high character acquired by the Asylum, it appeared to him that the advantage resulting from the degree of restraint permitted, and customary in it, at the period of his appointment was in no respect proportionable to the frequency of its application; that the objections to the restraint actually employed were very serious; and that *it was in fact creative of many of the outrages and disorders to repress which its application was commonly deemed indispensable*, and consequently directly opposed to the chief design of all treatment, — the *cure of the disease*. The example of the Lincoln Asylum, in which no patient has been put in restraint for nearly three years, came also powerfully in aid of an attempt to govern the asylum at Hanwell by mental restraint rather than by physical.

But Dr. Conolly began very cautiously in his measures of reform, and did not at first dispense with every kind of mechanical restraint. For those patients who were continually making efforts to take off their clothes strong dresses were provided, which were secured around the waist by a leathern belt fastened by a small lock, and the covering for the feet consisted of warm boots similarly arranged. For those who were disposed to strike or otherwise injure others, to tear the bed clothes, etc., a dress of which the sleeves terminated in a stuffed glove, without divisions for the fingers and thumb, was provided. "But there was no form of strait-jacket, no hand-straps, no leg-locks, nor any contrivance confining the trunk or limbs or any of the muscles," and all the restraint-chairs were removed from the wards. During the following year even these mild forms of restraint were removed,

¹ This and other extracts from Dr. Conolly's reports are quoted from "The Care and Cure of the Insane; being the Reports of the 'Lancet' Commission on Lunatic Asylums." By I. Mortimer Granville, M.D., London. 1877.

and then Dr. Conolly enunciated a proposition the truth of which is entirely established, and which is applicable to any lunatic asylum in any country, — that “*any contrivance which diminishes the necessity for vigilance proves hurtful to the discipline of an asylum.*”

Not satisfied with abolishing mechanical restraint, Dr. Conolly went still further. It had been the custom in all institutions for the insane not only to separate the most violent patients from those who were quiet and subdued, — a measure proper enough in itself, — but to place them in separate confinement, in “seclusion,” as it is called. But in 1842 we find him writing in his report, —

The resident physician believes that all the officers of asylums who are experienced in both methods of treatment have found, or will find, that the liberation of their patients from restraints has lessened the frequency of accidents and diminished the anxieties and agitations of those having charge of them ; so that even the various contrivances at first required for the prevention of evils and inconveniences formerly opposed by restraints — as *strong dresses, seclusions, and window guards* — become less required.

And by “seclusion” Dr. Conolly meant the simple confinement of the patient to his own bed-room, and not incarceration in a cell or a “padded room,” as the word implies in our time. As Dr. Granville¹ remarks : —

It is interesting to notice that this man of progress, who two years before gloried in the disuse of coercion chairs, leg-locks, and sleeves, but still employed, if he did not invent, stuffed gloves, is now rejoicing at the gradual disuse of the strong dresses he had himself described in laudatory terms, as we have seen in his first report, and the “seclusions” he recommended only two years earlier as one of the most important of curative means.

The Belgian colony for the insane at Gheel has been so frequently described that it is scarcely necessary to do more than call attention to it as an instance in which almost absolute liberty is allowed to the patients ; but the French establishment of Fitz James, which is still more admirable, is less widely known, and therefore may profitably to the cause of asylum reform receive more extended notice. This institution, M. Pain² informs us, was founded in 1847, and takes its name from a neighboring village. The general appearance is that of a beautiful and extensive rural estate. Nothing there recalls the idea of confinement or seclusion. The colony is divided into

¹ The Care and Cure of the Insane, etc., vol. i. p. 113.

² Nouveau dictionnaire de médecine et la chirurgie pratiques. Paris. 1865. Tome III. Art. Asiles d'Aliénés.

four sections: (1) The administrative department, where are located the superintendent and the male-paying patients; (2) The farm where the colonists live; (3) The house in which the female-paying patients reside; and (4) The buildings occupied by the laundry and laundresses. At the farm are all kinds of agricultural implements. A steam-engine works the mill and other machines, such as straw and root cutters, etc. The establishment contains over three hundred lunatics, embracing convalescents and acute and chronic cases. Of these there are fifty paying patients who do but little work. The labors of the farm and laundry are carried on by about one hundred and seventy men and ninety women. The latter being only employed in washing. There are forty-five employés. Says M. Pain:—

It is a wonderful thing to see with what eagerness those patients who know nothing of agricultural work accept laborious occupations. Influenced by the attractive details of his new life, the lunatic feels that he is again a member of society. The regularity of the life, accompanied as it is by existence in the purer air of the fields, harmonizes the functional operations of the system, re-establishes the strength, and inures greatly to the advantage of the very generally depressed state of health. We must also add to all this the immense benefits which result from the communication which is constantly going on between the asylum and the colony, and from which many medical indications result, constituting in our opinion the most valuable resources for treatment. Influenced by example, the melancholic little by little emerges from his torpor; under the genial sky he takes interest in his domestic animals, gives tender care to his plants, and finally breaks loose from his sombre pre-occupations. Idiots and imbeciles become docile and laborious workmen. And the active and disciplined life of the colony quickly metamorphoses the lunatic regarded as incurable and carefully watched as dangerous; and if there is not always a cure, there is at least some pleasure given to those heretofore abandoned by science. There has never been a suicide to sadden the life at Fitz James, and escapes are more rare than at asylums where every obstacle to flight is necessarily interposed.

M. Brierre de Boismont, himself a distinguished alienist and also superintendent of a lunatic asylum, visited Fitz James and made a special report on the subject to the French Academy of Sciences.¹ He found no signs of mechanical restraint in the halls, the sleeping-apartments, the farm-houses; not even a gate or door was guarded; there were no locks, no bolts, no bars; every thing was open, and every man and woman was free. What was the effect of this liberty? Were there broken bones and murders and suicides, such as so frequently occur in our asylums where restraint is practised? Nothing

¹ De la colonisation appliquée au traitement des aliénés. Cited in the journal de médecine mentale, t. i. p. 227. 1862.

of the kind has ever happened since its foundation, in 1847, to disturb the peace of Fitz James, or to call forth the disapprobation of humanitarians. On the contrary, as M. Brierre de Boismont declares, he saw fifty women for the most part affected with acute mania, and who would under our system have been agitated and delirious, working in the country with all the assiduity of sane persons. He walked among them in company with some other gentlemen, and there were no exclamations, no indiscreet gestures; they were not even noticed, and no one quitted her work.

During last October a Medical Congress was held at Amsterdam, and there was a section especially devoted to "Mental Medicine." It does not appear that any American Superintendents of Insane Asylums were present at this congress; and the fact is one to be regretted, as the discussions were of a character calculated to enlarge the mental horizon of these gentlemen. The president of the section, M. Ramaer, opened the discussion with a discourse. The conclusions of this address were as follows:¹—

1. The rational application of the principle of *non-restraint* should be adopted as the general rule in the treatment of mental diseases.
2. Insane asylums should be constructed with regard to this principle, and their medical and administrative services organized on this basis.
3. The principal of these conditions are proper situation of the asylum and internal arrangement adapted to the system of non-restraint. The physician should be the director-in-chief of the internal service, and there should be a sufficient number of intelligent male and female nurses. The overcrowding of asylums for the insane should be strictly prohibited.

The conclusions were discussed at length, and then they were adopted without a dissenting voice from all the German, French, Belgian, Dutch, Italian, and British alienists present. There was one American scientist among the number, not a superintendent of an asylum, but one whose knowledge and humanity are well known throughout the civilized world,—the venerable Dr. Séguin; and we may be very sure his assent was not withheld. In his remarks on M. Ramaer's address, M. Billod states that he visited five lunatic asylums in Holland, in not one of which did he find a single patient in a strait-jacket; and that the superintendent of the institution at Mecklenburg told him that he did not know what he should do if the impossible should occur, and a *camisole* should be necessary; for there was not such an apparatus in any part of his asylum.

¹ M. le Dr. Billod in *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*, Novembre, 1879, p. 347.

Now let us take a brief review of the treatment of lunatics as regards mechanical restraint in this country. While it is certainly true that there are lunatic asylums, the superintendents of which are actuated by a desire to keep the number of restraint cases at a minimum, there is not one in which mechanical restraint in some form or other is not employed, and in some the proportion equals that at Hanwell before Dr. Conolly instituted his reform measures. In the New York City lunatic asylum on Ward's Island, for instance, there is a daily average of over twenty patients kept in mechanical restraint, and twenty-five in seclusion. The means employed are strait-jackets or *camisoles*, muffs for the hands, some kind of contrivance to restrain the motion of the legs, chairs in which refractory lunatics may be confined, and last, but by no means least, the "Utica crib." The object in view in using most of these contrivances is readily apparent from their designations; but the crib probably requires a brief description. It is constructed somewhat after the manner of a child's crib, having like it barred sides and ends; but in addition it is furnished with a lid also of bars or slats on hinges, and fastening with a spring or lock. It is so arranged that the inmate is unable to open it when it has been closed upon him. The space between the body of the lunatic imprisoned in this cage and the lid does not exceed twelve inches, and is probably less. The consequence is that he must lie at full length, and this sometimes for many hours at a time. For those maniacs whose cerebral bloodvessels are full to repletion, the enforced position of recumbency is in the highest degree prejudicial; for those whose brains are anæmic it is not required, as they will lie quiet enough without being thus imprisoned. It is a matter of experience that patients who were previously maniacal while in the crib, dashing themselves with violence against the bars like a wild lion in its cage when first confined, have become entirely quiet and composed when taken from the cage and allowed to sit or stand; and yet its use is held to tenaciously by many superintendents, and long papers are written in its defence. It is true that it is not found in some institutions. There has never been one at Willard, none at Flatbush; and since the agitation for lunatic-asylum reform, it has been discontinued at Bloomingdale, Poughkeepsie, and perhaps other asylums; and even at Ward's Island the lids have been taken off.

Why American superintendents should as a body cling so firmly to mechanical restraint is something of a mystery, though reasons have been alleged of such a character as to cause doubt whether the

speakers were in jest or earnest. Thus, at a meeting of the Association of Superintendents, Dr. Walker, the president, gravely told his fellow-members that he supposed if any thing had been settled to the satisfaction of members of this Association, it is that in this country our patients by original temperament, or by some inherent quality of the universal Yankee, will not submit to the control of any person they consider their equal or inferior so readily as to that of mechanical appliances. And another member, Dr. Compton, said: "I think an asylum cannot be found in this country where the first thing a boy learns to read is the Declaration of Independence, and where every youngster learns that he is in 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' in which restraint will not be necessary." In his interesting little book on American Asylums,¹ Dr. Bucknill refers to these statements with the utmost surprise, and comes forward as the defender of the American character. Referring to them, he says:—

I shall only remark that the same argument was in the early days of the debate used by the physicians of Germany, as Griesinger states with unsuppressed contempt; and even in Scotland it was said that the *perfidium ingenium* of its people made many of the insane there only capable of being treated like wild animals. With regard to the English, I may observe that the non-restraint system has been practically found to be well adapted to the treatment of the insane of the upper classes, who are as free from the imputation of servility and submission to beadleism as the glorified citizens of America can themselves be.

It can scarcely be doubted, by those who know even a little of America, that the inherent quality attributed to the universal Yankee of peculiar resistance to moral influences, and rebellion against kindly and sympathizing treatment, is an unjust and unfounded libel upon him. The Northeastern American of the agricultural, artisan, and laboring classes may possibly hold himself somewhat more stiffly on his manhood and citizenship than the subjects of Queen Victoria of equivalent estate, though I somewhat doubt the fact; but without doubt he is as a rule more instructed, intelligent, and self-respecting. Any Englishman who has mixed with American mobs as I have done will have been astonished and somewhat humiliated at the absence of the rough element in them; at the self-respect, regard for the rights of others, and, above all, at the sobriety he has witnessed. And if he has taken the trouble to inquire, he will find that the dirtiest and poorest looking man he has encountered has received what we should consider almost a liberal education. If he looks through the police reports, he will be struck with the absence of those brutal assaults upon women and children, and feeble persons, which are the present reproach of our most imperfect civilization. If he has had the privilege of knowing many Americans at their own hearths, or perhaps I should say stoves, he will have become convinced that the influence of politics, *societities*, and climate have resulted in the production of a most

¹ Notes on Asylums for the Insane in America, p. 83. London. 1876.

kindly, friendly, and orderly variety of the Anglo-Saxon race ; full of domestic affections and social sympathies, peculiarly liable to be led by moral and reasonable guidance. And these are the men for whom the American physicians declare that bonds of hemp and iron are absolutely indispensable in the treatment of their mental maladies, which for the rough Englishman, the *dour* Scot, and the *hartnäckig* German they have been proved to be both superfluous and mischievous.

I should hesitate to declare that all races were equally fit for the non-restraint system, and perhaps a house full of maniacal Malays or Kaffirs would be troublesome to manage by moral and reasonable methods. The essence of the non-restraint system is to lead the lunatic by such remains of mental power and coherence as the physician can lay hold upon, and where there has been least mind there will be the slightest means of moral guidance ; but to make the men of the United States an exception because they, more than others, have learned how to rule themselves, is a blundering censure upon their culture and their virtues.

It would be well if this little book could be placed in the hands of all in this country who are interested, or may be made to take an interest, in the subject of Insane-Asylum reform. Written by one of the foremost physicians of England, one who has made insanity his special study for many years, both as a superintendent and as one of the Lord Chancellor's visitors of Lunatics, and by one whose kindly appreciation of the United States and its people is shown on almost every page, it could not fail to influence public opinion in a way most conducive to the amelioration of the lunatic's condition.

But it is not only as regards the use of mechanical restraint that lunatic asylums in this country require reformation. There are many other points in which amendment is imperatively required, if we desire to place them on a level with the most advanced institutions of like character abroad. For instance, in the matter of the correspondence by letters of lunatics with their friends, or with the superior authorities, the rule in American asylums is in the highest degree restrictive and harsh. All letters are at the mercy of the superintendent, whether these be to or from a patient. The lunatic has therefore no opportunity of making his real or supposed grievances known. He is in fact shut up alive in a tomb, entirely cut off from the external world, at the will of one man. He may even be debarred the privilege of seeing his counsel, or a physician sent by friends to examine him with the view of ascertaining his mental condition.

Now in British asylums things are very differently managed, as will be seen from the following extracts from the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Lunacy Law, 1877 : —

Dr. Lush [a member of the committee, Mr. Charles Spencer Perceval, Secretary to the Lunacy Commissions, being under examination]. — Is there any rule with regard to patients' letters addressed to the commissioners?

Every letter addressed to the Commissioners in Lunacy must be forwarded unopened; that is the great point about patients' letters. In regard to other letters, the medical attendant has power to deal with them in his discretion as he may think proper for the welfare of his patient. (p. 4).

And again, the same gentleman being still under examination: —

Mr. Dillinger. — With regard to the letters of patients, do you believe that they are generally sent, as they ought to be sent, to the Commissioners?

All letters addressed to the Commissioners are bound to be sent to them unopened; but with regard to the patients' other letters they are not, without approval, to be forwarded. The duty of the person in charge, whether the superintendent or proprietor, is to keep them till the next visit of the visitors, or the commissioners, as the case may be, and submit them either to the visitors or commissioners, whoever comes first.

In Great Britain, therefore, every letter which a lunatic writes, if to the Commissioners in Lunacy, must be sent unopened. As regards other letters, it is optional with the superintendent to forward them, or, if in his opinion they are of an improper character, to retain them for examination by the visitors or the commissioners, who will decide finally what shall be done with them. In no case can the superintendent destroy them, no matter what his opinion of them may be. Doubtless many letters written by lunatics are full of delusions and absurdities; but they often, even when of the most insane construction as regards coherence, and when replete with the details of fancied injuries, contain germs of truth, which, if known, would prevent continued abuse and outrage. The right to communicate their thoughts to those outside of asylums would be as great a protective measure for the insane as the writ of *habeas corpus* is for the citizen, who with reason unimpaired knows what his rights are, and knows how to obtain them.

Nothing seems to have struck Dr. Bucknill with more force than the intense desire manifested by the superintendents of insane asylums in this country to avoid investigation, and even the discussion, of their systems and methods of management. In regard to this point he thus expresses himself: —

Putting altogether out of consideration opinions and sentiments which were expressed to me privately, few things struck me more forcibly in America than the painful sensibility to public opinion which was manifested, both at the conclave of medical superintendents, which I had the great pleasure to attend, and in the pub-

lished transactions of that held last year. I think I may truly say that nothing of the kind exists with us ; and few things would surprise me more than to hear a debate at one of the annual meetings of our Medico-Psychological Association upon the necessity of preventing or curtailing the transmission of the letters of patients in asylums, either to their friends or to public authorities ; or a discussion in which it was maintained that the absence on leave, or the discharge of uncured patients, was undesirable on account of the accusations and complaints which such persons were liable to make about their treatment.

What will Dr. Bucknill say when he learns the result of an effort made in the State of New York, a few months ago, to obtain some amelioration of the methods of managing insane asylums? A respectful petition to the legislature asking for an investigation was prepared with great care, and was signed by many eminent physicians and other citizens. Instead of the application being concurred in by the superintendents, it was met by a determined effort in opposition of (with but two or three exceptions) the whole body of the asylum authorities. It will be difficult to make the people believe that this disinclination towards an inquiry was not based upon fear for the result.

The only remedy for the existing condition of affairs is a radical one. The superintendents in this country have so long constituted themselves a close organization, banded together for common purposes of defence and offence, that mild measures would have no more effect upon them than did the farmer's grass on the boys who were stealing his apples. In fact such means have been fully tried without avail, and nothing remains but to throw stones. The superintendents must be abolished.

Insanity is the manifestation of a diseased brain. It is not the disease, — it is the symptom of the disease ; and the morbid condition which it represents is to be treated according to the same broad and general principles which are applicable to the medical management of other abnormal states. An insane asylum should therefore be regarded as a hospital for the reception and treatment of patients suffering from certain forms of brain-disease ; and it should be organized precisely after the same general plan that exists with other hospitals. There should be resident physicians, or *internes* as they are called in France, whose duty it should be to carry out the orders they might receive from a corps of visiting and consulting physicians and surgeons, who should direct the medical treatment ; and a warden, or whatever other title he might be given, would perform most of those duties — looking after the finances, the live-stock, the gardens, and the politi-

cians — which now fall to the lot of the superintendent, to the exclusion of what should be the special labors of his office. The mystery which now constitutes the atmosphere of the asylum, the inaccessibility to the general public, the facility with which outrages against the person of the lunatic are perpetrated and concealed, would all disappear, and there would be a greatly augmented interest felt in those institutions by the medical profession, which is now practically excluded from all connection with them. A central governing body, such as the English Lunacy Board, would be all very well, but of itself would not suffice to cause such an entire revolution in the management of Insane Asylums as can alone give the lunatic the advantage of as skilful and humane treatment as the patient receives who has a broken arm, or is suffering from pneumonia. There are some superintendents who see and acknowledge all these things, and who are as anxious for improvement as the most strenuous advocate for Insane-Asylum reform ; but their voices are drowned by those of their more vociferous and energetic brethren, who refuse to listen to any suggestions towards a change of system. These latter, while doubtless humane and conscientious, are nevertheless narrow-minded, and as obstinate in adherence to the methods which they have followed for years as most other people would be under like circumstances. The science of psychological medicine, mainly by the labors of those who are not superintendents, has advanced far ahead of these gentlemen, and they can never catch up, even if it were not somewhat contrary to nature for “old dogs to learn new tricks.” They have been busy raising turnips, and striving to keep on the right side with the politicians so as to retain their places, while the young science of neurology has sprung up almost unnoticed by those who should have been first among its promoters. Let us hope that we are seeing the beginning of the end of these things, and that before long American hospitals for the insane will stand upon the same high plain that is now occupied by our hospitals generally.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

A BRAKE ON THE MACHINE.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, during his last visit to this country, is reported to have said, in referring to American politics, that he had heard very little about politics in America, but a great deal about politicians. We discuss political persons vehemently, political questions incidentally. We are anxious about offices, but less about the principles upon which than about the persons by whom they are to be administered. Active men conceive of political science as skill in getting political offices, though they might shrink from so formulating it. Short tenures, innumerable appointments and elections have developed those who hold and who seek office into a class, which is as clearly defined as the official classes of countries in which rotation in office would be mere matter for pleasantry. The pecuniary relations of the members of that class to every political question has furnished a keen incentive for them to come forward and take charge of the immense and necessary labor of carrying on parties. Those incentives, together with the fact that this class is unchecked by any other which unites pecuniary independence with energy; that, in the passion for place, it is even able to sweep away the individuals who should form the nucleus for such a balancing class, — this, in connection with universal suffrage, makes our nominating and electoral machinery, instead of simple, one of the most despotic and complicated which exists. I propose to consider this machinery, which, though a necessity and complicated, requires no occult knowledge to understand it, as its servants would have us believe, — together with a remedy for the evils attending it, which has been successfully tried under the most discouraging conditions, which is simple, and admits of a wide application.

An election by a great number of men requires some machinery by which the result may certainly be made known. The size and unwieldiness of that machinery increases with the number of elections, and its strength and elaborateness with the number and frequency of elections. Under the Borough system, or a Constitution

like that of the July monarchy, the problem is easy ; but with every advance towards a popular basis of sovereignty it becomes more difficult. In England the management of political affairs has been preserved so far, through the changes of both reform bills and the prophesied dangers of plutocracy, in the hands of a "leisure class." But the supremacy of that class has been imperilled, and the last extension of suffrage has brought with it such necessity for mechanism, that so clever a man as Mr. Chamberlain has proposed to introduce a form of the American caucus. In France and Germany, the two important countries besides the United States which enjoy universal suffrage, a part of the management of politics is the recognized function of the central government. In France it is discharged through the *maires* and *préfets*, and a similar solution will probably be worked out in Germany, though popular elections are there too novel for the question to have been settled. But in both France and Germany it must be remembered that a conception of government as an entity dissociated from the party controlling it, has been retained.

In the United States nominations and elections are theoretically democratic ; the results, the free choice of the majority of those who may choose. Evils are explained as the consequence of deviation from this theory, and their remedy is declared to lie in a more rigid application of it. In the smaller communities this may be true ; but in the cities, particularly in New York, — to which most of what I have to say in this paper is to be referred, — it is not true. Applied democracy has there resulted in a species of despotism, as in the absence of equal and universal intelligence and virtue it always has ; and the remedy for the evils which there exist is not to be found in the application of a theory, but rather in concerted action among those who under the present system find themselves ignored. At a general election in the city of New York the selection of candidates involves seventy-two primary elections and one hundred and eleven elections by delegates in convention. There is a primary election by each of the three parties, in each of twenty-four assembly districts, to select delegates to twenty-four assembly, to five aldermanic, seven senatorial, and to one general county convention, — making seventy-two primary elections in which the whole number of voters in each party (or about 50,000) may theoretically participate. Subsequently there is the choice by seventy-two assembly, fifteen aldermanic, and three county conventions in each year, and by

twenty-one senatorial conventions every second year, of the candidates of the three parties for assemblymen, aldermen, county officers, and senators. In addition, there is the choice by each assembly district of delegates to congressional and State conventions ; and in the Democratic party the latter involves primaries in six hundred and twenty-three election districts for the choice of delegates to conventions in each of the twenty-four assembly districts, by which the State-convention delegates are finally chosen. As a matter of fact the primaries are here often fictitious, the delegates being appointed from Tammany Hall ; and as the Democratic party defends itself by inspectors, and not as the Republican by the enrolment of those eligible to vote, the voting, when it occurs, is sometimes marvellous. At a primary in a very respectable district in 1875, for instance, a few hundred men cast 30,000 votes,—about ten times the population of the district ; and the polls were closed only when it was found that a barrel and two large bags full of ballots had been exhausted, and that no more were to be had !

This is merely a recital of the work in one county, much of which is repeated in fifty-nine others. It does not embrace the enormous labor of canvassing from house to house, begging, issuing circulars, and the more open campaign work succeeding nominations, for the performance of which means and methods are used which constitute the mechanism of parties, and which, where the party dispenses patronage, are called the “machine.” In the State of New York there are two such “machines ;” in the city there are three,—the Republican, Tammany, and anti-Tammany, each of which elects some of its candidates and commands about 50,000 votes. The perfection reached by these “machines” makes either of them worthy of attention, but of their power and details those beyond their influence can have no adequate conception.

The Republican city organization, probably the least stringent of the three, consists of a central committee of one hundred and fifty-nine, which has general supervision of the interests of the party, with particular regard to harmony and efficiency, and acts as inspector of the election of its own members from associations in each of the twenty-four assembly districts. These assembly associations are the basis and the visible representatives of the party. They hold, besides business meetings, annual meetings for the election of delegates, which constitute the Republican primaries,—and which so intelligent a paper as the “Evening Post,” for many years and evidently with the

provincial theory of a primary as a meeting of all the members of a party for choice and deliberation in mind, exhorted its readers to attend, assuring them that if good people would discharge that simple duty all would be well! The crudeness of that advice and the actual facts in the case were forcibly brought home to me in 1876 by an endeavor to act upon it. Delegates were to be chosen to a State convention, and having discovered the place where the primary in my district was to be held, I attended. The rooms were over a saloon, bare, dirty, and tobacco-stained; a row of chairs lined the walls; one man sat at a table in a corner, and two or three others lounged about, whispering and spitting dolefully. Presently the negro waiters from a neighboring hotel filed into the room and took the chairs on one side; after much mysterious whispering at the door, two gentlemen, evidently apostles of fire and strength rather than children of the light, followed, and walked down the dusky row, fervently shaking hands with each waiter. After this ceremony all of the gentlemen rose, and having apparently said a few words to the man at the table went out. Other gentlemen came in and went out in the same way for an hour, during which two of us waited, firmly resolved to make ourselves felt, as the "Post" had said we ought to be, when the meeting should be called to order. At the end of that time, however, the man at the table told us that the meeting would not be called to order at all; that the regular primary was then in progress; that all the gentlemen who had been in the room had voted; that a box on the table was the ballot box; and that the ticket he showed us was "going to be elected, though of course votes could be cast for any one else." He added, significantly, "that the ticket was made out by a nominating committee elected several weeks previously, and that only members of the Association could vote." After that, the "Evening Post" seemed to have been making game of its readers.

All the work of these Associations is done by small committees. Their meetings, including the primary election, are held practically to ratify the decisions of those committees; and while two or three of them are controlled by the better portion of the party, yet, taken altogether, meetings which end in a *mêlée* are no rarer than those in which there is deliberation. Membership, moreover, is not only a prerequisite to voting in any of the meetings of these Associations, but they are provided with all the paraphernalia of social clubs for exclusion. I myself applied for the privilege of voting in primaries nine months ago, and have not yet been found worthy. An undoubted Republican pro-

posed by prominent men has been an unsuccessful applicant for two years in the same district. The organization culminates in a pledge, which must be signed by the applicant before attaining full membership, "that he intends to support the Republican party organization, of which the Association is a recognized portion, and to submit to the legally expressed action of the Association and of the central committee, and honorably to sustain all nominations made by the Republican party through its legally constituted conventions called or recognized by the central committee; and that he is not, and will not become, a member of any committee or body which does not recognize the authority of the Association." A refusal to vote for any Republican candidate, for any office, is under this pledge a ground for expulsion; and while trials and expulsions for that "treachery" are not so frequent as in the Democratic Associations, they have nevertheless occurred.

This system originated, and is perhaps defensible, from the necessity of one party protecting itself against capture by another; but it results in excluding at least 40,000 of the Republican party from all share in its nominations. The Republican city vote is between 50,000 and 60,000; the names on the rolls of these Associations number about 15,000; and the variously estimated number of those of persons dead, non-resident, or duplicated, reduces the portion of the party represented by them to between one-fifth and one-eighth. For all party purposes the excluded four-fifths, or seven-eighths, are as completely eliminated and disfranchised in the selection of candidates as the same number of Southern negroes are said to be in the election of officers. But there is one difference. The disfranchised in New York are ruled by the worst, and not as in Mississippi by those who in point of intelligence and morality unquestionably make up the best, part of the community. Nevertheless, there is no special opposition to the "machine" in itself. There is friction and occasionally discontent, but men who are familiar with municipal conditions recognize that with universal suffrage the division of labor—from which the "machine" results—is a necessity, and that the sacrifice of time and taste required for general participation in its mechanism is impossible. Antagonism to the "machine" is roused by the perversion of it, by those who use it as if its purpose were to perpetuate their power.

The greatest perfection and the most flagrant abuse of the "machine" has been reached in New York, Maine, and Pennsylvania; and in each

of those States it has been used by strong-willed men, not to hasten, but to delay, the realization of the ideas of the party, — and used so selfishly, despotically, and without shame, that some check is felt to be an imperative need. Yet many of those men — like Senator Conkling for instance — whose political philosophy stands in the matter of political office upon no higher plane than that of Henry the Lion or a chief of Huns, and whose followers rally as theirs did, not about a standard, but about the fleshpots and the camp-kettle, are often honest in their relations to the “machine.” They really believe that they have “rights” to the offices within their districts, and that a species of property exists in them ; and the peculiar liability of the “machine” to fall under the control of such men presents it to many minds in the light of an instrument not of self-government, but of personal government. Such a fancy is not wholly baseless. A few years ago the city of New York was not governed by itself, but ruled by Mr. Tweed. His rule was as essentially predatory and rude as that of the robber barons along the Rhine, whose castles Rudolph of Hapsburg overthrew ; nor will their history, save in its glimpses of pageantry, of waving plumes, or the gleam of mail, read hereafter very differently from his. Mr. Tweed’s “machine,” however, was not destroyed ; and we owe it only to the incapacity and the personal honesty of Mr. Kelly that he has not gathered up its shattered power.

The Republican “machine” in New York has been managed upon the Democratic imperial plan, — to build up the power of leaders, or to fasten their hold. All over the State, officials have been appointed, or failed of reappointment, as they were or were not in accord with Senator Fenton or Senator Conkling. Through the whole period of the change of the majority of the party of 50,000 in 1872 to a minority of 50,000 in 1876, the personal theory was blindly persisted in. Then and since then the endeavor has been less to find candidates to please the party than to find means to induce the party to support its candidates ; and in the face of that change Mr. Conkling’s “machine” was engaged in an attempt to make his tool governor of New York, just as it is now said to be engaged in an attempt, at the party’s peril, to nominate to a higher office a candidate much more distasteful than Mr. Cornell to a great wing of the party. Mr. Cornell had done nothing ; he represented no principle ; there was no demand for him in any place. He was simply a perfectly respectable, perfectly mediocre man, against whom nothing could be said except that just before his nomination

he displayed a sudden capacity to pay his debts, which was suspicious. No reason was alleged for his nomination, except that he had been trying for four years to get it ; while his recent removal from the Custom House made it a party scandal, and probably 5000 other men in the party were as fit for the position as he, of whom perhaps five hundred could have been obtained. He was a personal candidate ; he was nominated because Mr. Conkling wanted him nominated. He was elected through a shrewd compact with the disreputable portion of the opposition and a vague, unreasoning fear of the consequences of defeat. Having nominated Mr. Cornell, the "machine," as if to demonstrate that it was not to be hampered by a knowledge of facts, nominated with him men whose reputations were, with two exceptions, not clean. The nomination of these two was through inadvertence, and that of two others, recognized fuglemen of Mr. Conkling, was the reward of long and loyal service in that capacity. Upon the personal theory the work of the "machine" was in this case admirably done ; but it suggests personal, not self, government ; and if its purpose is to find ways and means for the success of the party, and candidates who represent the principles of the party, that work was slovenly and disgraceful. If the "machine" is an easy vehicle for corruption and irresponsibility, not a protection against them ; if its prostitution to personal ends is to be expected ; if it treats the name and principles of the party as mere implements to juggle with, — it becomes necessary to answer Mr. Tweed's historical question, and to say "what we are going to do about it." The problem is not merely the government of parties ; it is local self-government. A condition where all men can or will take part in the mechanism of parties is no more to be looked for than one in which the primaries shall be managed by the Federal government ; and a remedy by going over to the opposition overlooks differences of principle, and leaves a latitude before it can be applied wide enough for the growth of the existing evils.

The practical solution was made at the last New York election by the Independent Republican Committee, known as the "Scratchers." Their movement was an endeavor to mobilize the independent vote within the Republican party, and, while rigorously adhering to it, to defeat any of its candidates known to misrepresent or to have disavowed its principles. Having demonstrated, by the defeat of a candidate, that the independent vote is not a passive, but a destructive force, it is now proposed, by collecting that force into vigorous and aggressive associations within the party, to organize a brake upon the "machine." There is no reason why a political machine should

be the only one in the world which is safe without a brake, and the absence of it is the source of the irresponsibility and abuse, from the necessity for checking which this movement has arisen. Such associations, if they should be organized,¹ would not only act upon candidates, but like the anti-Corn-Law Leagues would be a means of political education, by obtaining currency for concrete political ideas. Without assuming an initiative, the work which such associations might accomplish in this field is practically unlimited. Among Anglo-Saxon peoples results are obtained by moving "slowly down from precedent to precedent." Legislation is not enacted because it ought to be, or for the sake of an idea, but because the demand for it may threaten the re-election of legislators; and these associations would be of the greatest use in making those demands firm, clear, and decided. No man in politics is so effective as one who knows precisely what he wants, and is determined to have it. Nothing sooner brings a thing in politics into contempt than the indecision or vacillation of its friends. For ten years, for instance, a portion of the Republican party has been talking about Civil-Service Reform, but without proposing specific steps by which it was to be effected, and so nebulously that the public became wearied. When Mr. Hayes came forward, therefore, and said that reform must be "thorough, radical, and complete," he found a ready response, because there was a feeling that at last a man had arrived who proposed to do something. To be sure, he mentioned no steps necessary to secure reform, and a few students may have been discouraged that he should have spoken as if he were to undertake what in this country is in the first instance a legislative task,² and not to be accomplished by following too closely the English precedent of reform by orders in council. So the first Civil-Service Order, made without explanation and in the absence of an intelligent public opinion, raised so much opposition that it was deemed wise to explain it away; and that explanation, with the half-hearted execution of what was left of the Order afterwards, gave the impression that the Administration did not know what it

¹ Several such associations have in fact been organized in various parts of the State upon one platform. Information concerning them can be obtained of the Independent Republican Committee, Box 1827, New York City.

² The Syllabus of the essentials of Civil-Service Reform proposed by the Independent Republican Committee is as follows: "The repeal of the acts which limit the terms of office of certain government officials to four years; the repeal of the tenure of office acts, which limit the power of the Executive to remove for cause; the establishment of a permanent Civil-Service Commission, or equivalent measures, to ascertain by open competition, and certify to the President or other appointing power, the fitness of applicants for nomination or appointment to all non-political offices."

wanted, — an impression which has clung to it, and overshadowed its positive and valuable work in this direction.

These associations, besides indirect educational work, would exert a direct influence upon nominations, by bringing home to politicians the fact, as in New York, of an undeliverable vote. A portion of each party vote against their convictions through mere inertia. The opinions of such men count for nothing, because the politician has learned by experience that they do not deflect into action. He regards that portion of the party as composed of isolated individuals, not as a force. If, however, those opinions can be represented in visible form, like that of the "Scratchers" committee, they can no longer be ignored. The semblance of an organization which can claim a result attains a significance not accorded to the same result without the organization. If even the few educated men who distinguish between politics and politicians, and to whom the "machine" denies political activity, would combine for the effective disposition of their votes, they might exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, — though they would probably outnumber the managers, and the disproportion of influence in one case would be no greater than in the other. How simple and effective such a movement is, a review of what the "Scratchers" undertook and accomplished illustrates.

After the Republican State Convention at Saratoga, last summer, a dozen young men previously unacquainted with each other, and all unknown in politics, met in response to a newspaper card, and undertook to crystallize the discontent at the nominations. While doing what in them lay to elect the body of the party's ticket, they sought to defeat two of its candidates whose nomination was the most outrageous. Without the ordinary sources of political supply, and refusing aid from Democrats, they raised \$5,196. They found correspondents in every county and co-workers not only among recent college graduates, but among men in every walk, many of whom had been Republicans in 1856. They issued 1,000,000 ballots with the two names scratched, and over 400,000 documents, which were distributed among professional men and at Republican meetings all over the State, with excellent effects, and all of which expressed clearly and without passion the desire to see things as they are. Not a single Republican newspaper in the State would publish their documents in full, only two or three recognized their existence, and several even refused paid advertisements. They were ignored, then ridiculed, finally threatened with "oblivion," but not answered. They were able, as the result of their campaign, to point to the defeat of the candidate for

State Engineer, who had been nominated in the face of a report from an investigating committee of high character, which implicated him in transactions of which that committee said: "They are wholly unable to find any excuse for what is either culpable and gross neglect of duty, or else is a most serious and intended wrong, by which an open and palpable fraud has been perpetrated against the State;" to the fact that the candidate for governor, who received many Democratic votes, fell 20,000 behind the leader of his ticket; to the election of at least one of the candidates through their efforts to bring Republicans, disheartened by the "machine," to his support; and in the city of New York, where they manned two hundred polling places, and ran an eclectic ticket proposed by the "Times," to no mean share in the election of some of its candidates. Encouraged by these results, so full of hope of the work of a small, almost self-constituted committee, it is now sought to reach the more general organization promised when that work was begun, by the formation wherever practicable of such Independent Republican Associations as I have described; which, standing upon homogeneous platforms, stating clearly what is wanted and what it is proposed to do, shall provide the needed brake upon the "machine." If any assurance is needed of the reality of such a brake, it may be found in the case of Tammany Hall, where the "brake" does good service, although based upon greed, and used against a "machine" which nominates men obnoxious to the worst portion of the party, unlike that of the Republicans, which puts up men who are obnoxious to the best part of their party.

There is one obvious application of the principle of a brake upon the "machine," which is nevertheless worth mentioning. A machine which makes presidents needs a brake no less than if it made only sheriffs or governors. Such a brake, if it were possible, would be formed by a considerable number of men in one party, either individually or associated in some such way as I have described, putting definite conditions upon their votes. They could expect no direct representation in conventions, but could rely confidently upon the moral force which would attend the necessity, in a close State, of compliance with their conditions. It would be perfectly competent for them, caring only for principles, to say that certain candidates did not represent those principles, but very different ones. A conference of such persons or associations, speaking for a force in a close State which, like that of the "Scratchers" in New York, was about two per cent of the total vote, and nearly three and a half times as destructive as would be necessary to defeat the candidate of its party who had

received the largest vote, would, in any thing it might say of presidential candidates, certainly command consideration. If it should go further, and appoint delegates to meet and, in conjunction with those from other States, to nominate a presidential candidate, and see to it that an electoral ticket was run in close States like New York, Connecticut, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and Massachusetts, in case the nominees of both parties were, or were likely to be, men who upon the record were to be held morally responsible for disreputable things which were not clearly proven,—such a conference, if prior to the National Conventions, would beyond doubt be influential in averting such nominations. Or if through the blindness or obstinacy of party managers such nominations were made, and the threatened electoral ticket were run, it cannot be questioned that it would prove perilous to the party which might have presented it, and from which it would draw its support. Politicians would recall that Massachusetts once elected a governor by a majority of one; that James G. Birney in 1844, with a strength in New York of 15,812 votes, between half and three-fourths that of the “Scratchers” to-day, drew off Whig votes enough to give that State to the Democrats, and so to defeat Mr. Clay; and that Van Buren and Adams defeated the Democrats in the same way in 1848,—and the lesson they ought to learn from these recollections should be plain.

Such a movement would be peculiarly effective if at any time under the glamour of a great name we should be tempted into a departure from precedents, which most men would view with vague mistrust, and which would seem to a considerable class, though a slight thing in itself, to mark perhaps the transition to a new political order. As the surest method of nullifying any steps toward that transition which the independent class of Republicans have determined shall not be made, and in case of such a departure from precedents, a movement of this sort, even if it were certain to be a forlorn hope as in the State of New York, would find these Independent Republicans ready to engage in it, and eager and prepared for the sort of work which has sometimes made a forlorn hope successful.

But whether a brake is thus applied to the mechanism of national politics or not, in State and municipal affairs it has been shown to be an instrument for good; and the ease with which it is applied in some form more or less organized, and the wide-reaching effects of an efficient application, seem to afford one of the latest and most hopeful guarantees of the superiority and continuance of the institutions of the Republic.

F. W. WHITRIDGE.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

I.

THE INFLUENCE OF BRITTANY IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is very interesting to trace in our literature the influence of the various races which have, since their combination, produced the French nation. In no part of Europe can be found an alloy in such equal parts of three different races, — the Celtic, the Germanic, and the Latin or Roman race. Brittany has preserved the Celtic element in its greatest purity, and the Bretons have a very independent place in our literature. They are all distinguished by their poetical character, a certain sort of sadness and melancholy, an intense love of idealism. This love of idealism leads them always to extremes. They have an inordinate pride, a heroic fidelity, a morbid affection for the dreams and shadows of the past, — sometimes for the dreams and shadows of the future. They live seldom in the present. They cannot make their way among the realities, like the subtle and cool children of the South, or the healthy and strong children of the East and of the North. They have an extraordinary contempt for facts, for success, for money; they are ambitious, but their ambition is of a kind that can never be satisfied. In short, the Bretons are essentially poetical. The characteristics of their race have been found, in a very high degree in our century, in three men, — in Chateaubriand, in Lamennais, and in Rénan. So different in many respects, they have nevertheless, in the highest degree, common traits of character, — an innate abhorrence of vulgarity, a curious fidelity to the past. They seem to have been plunged in it, as young Achilles was in the water of the Styx; at the same time, their poetical imagination, which is always at work, has not left them insensible to the beauty and to the greatness of the ideal of modern times. Lamennais began life as a priest, and, it may be said, as a fanatical priest; and he ended as a republican, as one of the sternest apostles of the rising democracy. Rénan was educated for the Church; and, though his aristocratic nature is offended at times by the character of the actual age, he has never declared an

open war against any of its ideas. He is vacillating ; his mind is a compass, which is sometimes directed towards the past, and sometimes towards the future.

The influence of Chateaubriand has been greater in his generation than the influence of these two men ; and there are few characters in the history of French literature which deserve more attention. You can observe in the history of the reputation of Chateaubriand a curious phenomenon, which is, however, a very common and natural one, that a man is generally brought before the world by one work, which happens to answer some unconscious need, some moral or intellectual appetite. From that day, every thing which comes from his pen is eagerly received. It seems as if the hunger of the public mind could never be satisfied. Then comes some change in the world of ideas. The meteorologists say, when they speak of our atmosphere, that the centre of depression moves from one place to another. A similar phenomenon may be observed in the atmosphere of thought. A name which has been surrounded by universal admiration and envy falls slowly into what is almost oblivion. New names arise, new gods fill the Olympic stage, but time places every thing in the right place ; and it is the duty and the function of the critic to study the literature of the past, and to pass his final and definitive judgment on it. You will find that, in this important office, the critic will reform most of the opinions of past ages. The passions, the aspirations, the prejudices, which have magnified some works, which have thrown discredit on others, have vanished like so many clouds. And if we try to find out what remains generally in the first rank, what becomes durable, permanent, indestructible, it is what has really been *lived* : I mean, what bears the impression of personal experience. In a certain sense, literature like science must be experimental. The endless stories of our Abbé Prévost have all fallen into oblivion, except that last volume of the "*Mémoires et Aventures d'un Homme de Qualité*," which goes under the name of "*Manon Lescaut*," because we feel instinctively that Manon was a living person. The first and second "*Méditations*" of Lamartine will live as long as the French language is spoken, because we see in it the true Lamartine, full of the passions of youth, and glowing, as it were, with genius.

Of all the works of Chateaubriand, many which were once universally read will only leave their name behind them ; and, in my opinion, the "*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*" will take, in the eyes of posterity, the place which has long been occupied by the "*Martyrs*," by "*Atala* "

and "René," by the "Génie du Christianisme." These last works have already become almost unreadable for us. They were written for a special purpose, for a transient need. They marked the revival of Catholicism in France after the Revolutionary period. Religion had been proscribed and persecuted by the Terrorists; and, when the days of the Terror had gone by, France felt a sort of hunger for the things of the past which had been brutally taken away from her. What Bonaparte did in the world of facts, Chateaubriand accomplished in the world of ideas. The first Consul reopened the churches, made a concordat with the Pope: he restored Catholicism. Chateaubriand reconciled France with religion. He undid the work of Voltaire, of Diderot, of the Encyclopedists. His "Genius of Christianity" is a poem; it is not a book of religious polemics. A modern exegist of the German school would find nothing in it. Chateaubriand took France, bleeding after the Terror, as the priest takes the young soldier, wounded and mutilated on the battle-field, and merely shows him the skies. The extraordinary success of the work, so different from all the productions of the past centuries, — not only of the irreligious eighteenth century, but of the grave and reasoning seventeenth century, — must be explained entirely by the circumstances. It was an eloquent and poetical appeal to the old instincts hidden in the French race, and which had been rudely insulted during a few years of revolution. A great revulsion had taken place against the Rationalist schools when the "Goddess Reason" had appeared in the flesh, with bloody hands and unbridled passions. Chateaubriand touched the inner and sensitive fibres of the national, of the Christian, heart. He did it sincerely, as he was a true Celt, — that is, an irrational being led by instinct; and is not instinct often more sublime than reason? Still, the "Genius of Christianity" will never take its rank among the famous apologies of the Christian faith. No more will the "Martyrs" take a place among the great epic poems, though they are conceived with a truly epic ambition, and are full of a certain sort of sublimity. Chateaubriand was essentially a poet, but unfortunately he was a poet in prose; and posterity will never admit lyric or epic poems written in prose. It is more exacting. The music of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, of Milton, of Goethe, has a charm for our ears which no grandiloquent prose ever will have. Then the "Martyrs" was not so spontaneous a work as a poem ought to be. Chateaubriand wished to prove that the poet could find his elements in Christian ideas, miracles, and dogmas. It was a part of his great plan of mak-

ing Christianity poetical. It was nothing else. The heroes of the "Martyrs" are artificial. They are not to be compared with the characters of the "Polyeucte" of Corneille, — the most sublime Christian poem that has, perhaps, ever been written.

On the other hand, such works as "Atala" and "René" have no interest for us in the present day as novels; they only interest us by their subjective character. They are the witnesses of young Chateaubriand, of the Frenchman, imbued with the naturalism of the school of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and thrown in a new world, in a new civilization, or among savages.

This subjectivity, which remains the only charm of these wild productions of Chateaubriand, is much better found in the "Memoirs." There we find the whole man; we follow him through all his developments; we get acquainted with the man, with the poet, with the Christian, with the royalist, with the statesman. These "Memoirs" have been composed at different dates and in different countries. The changing colors of life throw an unequal light on their various parts; but the personality of Chateaubriand is so strong, that the work bears in the highest degree the character of unity.

A man can show himself, even in the choice of his tomb. In 1828 the inhabitants of Saint Malo asked Chateaubriand to render to them some small service. He asked for his pay the concession of a few yards of granite rock on the beach. There lies now his tomb, — a huge block of granite, on a barren tongue of land, washed every day by the surging tide. The tempestuous soul of Chateaubriand was well in harmony with this sublime solitude.

He was a child of Brittany. His family is one of the oldest of this old province, which formed so long a separate country. You will find an account of the Chateaubriands in all the works on Brittany, and the old Castle of Chateaubriand is still in existence. It now belongs to the Duc d'Aumale, having been left to him by the last Prince of Condé. The father of Chateaubriand was poor and proud. He had been in the navy, and was very taciturn. Francois-René, son of this René of Chateaubriand and of Suzanne de Bedeè, was born in Saint Malo, September 4, 1768, twenty days before Napoleon. The "Memoirs" give us, with very minute details, the history of his early years; and nothing can throw more light on the times which preceded the Revolution, and the ways and manners of the poor nobility of the distant provinces. It requires almost an effort of imagination to remember that such solitary, austere, poetical

lives could be spent by the bearers of the greatest names of France, while Paris and the Court were sounding with all sorts of new names, — favorites, philosophers, artists, profligates, of all ranks, of all classes, devotees of pleasure and of folly; that so much simplicity should subsist in the provinces, while the *fermiers-généraux* spent princely fortunes in Paris; that paternal authority should remain as intact in Brittany as it had been in ancient Rome, while it was despised in the brilliant circles of the capital.

René was to be a sailor. He was allowed to play with all the boys of the town. "Shut up at night under the same key, the Malouins formed but one family. The manners were so simple, that the young women, who sent to Paris for ribbons and gauze, were looked upon as worldly, and their friends became afraid of them." René became a poet on the shores of the sea and on the great *landes* of Brittany. Is there any thing in Rousseau, or even in George Sand, finer than this description: "Spring is softer in Brittany than in the neighborhood of Paris. It begins five weeks earlier. The few birds which announce it, — the swallow, the *loriot*, the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale, — come with the breezes which find their way in the gulfs of the Armorican peninsula. The ground covers itself with margeritelles, with pansies, with narcissus, with hyacinths, anemones, like the open spaces which surround St. John Lateran or Santa Croce of Jerusalem in Rome. The woods are full of elegant and high plume-shaped ferns; beds of broom shine with flowers, which are like golden butterflies. . . . All teems with bees and birds. In secluded places the myrtle and the laurel grow as in Greece; the figs ripen as in Provence; each apple-tree looks like the big bouquet of a village bride." This, however, is not Chateaubriand's best manner. He excels more in the description of awful, barren tracts. He can paint the moon's descent in the sea, the solitude of the ocean, whatever the Latins in their admirable language described by the epithet "*horridum*," better than any writer of his time. His youthful soul received early the mark of a fearful sadness, and we cannot much wonder at it when we read his admirable description of the old dilapidated family château of Combourg.

René pursued his studies at the College of Dol, and spent his vacation time at Combourg. He was there with his father, his mother, and his sister Lucile. A cook, a housemaid, two lackeys, and a coachman were all the domestics. A dog and two horses were the only other live creatures in a castle "where one might once have seen a hundred

knights, their dames, their varlets, their horses, and all the pack of King Dagobert." Sometimes came a gentleman on horseback, on his way to the Parliament of Brittany, where he had to follow a lawsuit. It was always in winter. The visitors spoke of their campaigns on sea or on land. They knew little except the history of their family. Months passed without any visit.

The mournful calmness of the Château de Combours was augmented by the taciturn and unsociable humor of my father. Instead of bringing his family and servants round him, he had dispersed them in all directions of the wind. He lived in a tower between a genealogical tree of the Chateaubriands and arms of all kinds. When the night came, supper was announced at eight o'clock by a bell. After supper, in the fine days, we sat outside. My father had his gun, and shot at the owls which came out of the battlements of the towers, when night fell. My mother, Lucile, and myself, we looked at the sky, the woods, the last rays of the sun, the first stars. At ten everybody went in and to bed. The evenings in autumn and winter were of a different kind. The supper ended, and the four guests once back from the table to the chimney, my mother threw herself, with a sigh, on an old sofa; a little table was placed before her, with a candle. I sat by the fire with Lucile; the servants took away the dishes of the table and retired. My father then began a promenade, which lasted till he went to bed. He was dressed in a white dressing-gown, or rather a sort of mantle, which I never saw but on him. His head, half bald, was covered with a great white cap, which stood straight. When he went away from the fire, the great hall was so little lighted by one single candle that he became invisible. I only heard him walk in the dark. Then he came slowly back towards the light, and emerged gradually out of the obscurity, like a spectre, with his white gown, his white cap, his thin and long face. Lucile and I, we exchanged a few words when he was at the other end of the hall; we remained silent when he came nearer. He said, in passing by, "What were you saying?" Seized with terror, we did not answer. He continued his march. The rest of the evening our ears heard nothing more than the measured noise of his steps, the sighs of my mother, and the murmurs of the wind.

René slept all alone, at the top of a tower. When his father said to him, with an ironical smile, "Is Monsieur le Chevalier afraid?" the young Chevalier would have slept, he says, with a dead man. His mother reassured him, and said gently to him, "My child, you have nothing to fear, so long as you are a good Christian." It is not much to be wondered at that with such an education the Chevalier and his sister Lucile became both very excitable, that they lived in a world of phantasies and dreams, that the Chevalier wrote verses, and that they translated passages of the Bible and of Lucretius. René had no occupations. I need not describe his youthful dreams. He became ill; he refused to enter into the holy orders. When he was well again, he resolved to go to Pondicherry in India, and was waiting for a ship in

Saint Malo, when his father informed him that he had procured for him a brevet of lieutenant in the regiment of Navarre. He returned to Combourg to take leave of his father. The old man was already attacked with paralysis. He presented his son with a sword and with a hundred louis. "The postilion started, while I took leave with a last glance of my mother and sister, who wept before the door. I went up the road along the pond. I saw the reeds of my swallows, the rivulet of the mill and the meadow. I looked on the castle. Then, as Adam after the sin, I entered into an unknown land," — and the world was before him.

The Chevalier went straight to Paris and to Cambrai, where his regiment was garrisoned, and learned soon afterwards that his father had died. The old Breton little thought that the young lieutenant would become a writer, — an ambassador. He would not have taken much pride in it. "A literary reputation would have wounded his gentleman's feelings. He would only have seen in the aptitudes of his son a sign of degeneracy. Even the embassy of Berlin — a conquest of the pen, not of the sword — would have satisfied him but little. His Breton blood made of him, however, a *frondeur* in politics, a great enemy of taxation, and a violent enemy of the Court."

René was obliged to return to Paris, and to be presented at Court. The proofs of nobility had been made for his sister, as she had been received in a chapter of ladies. The usual difficulties were therefore already overcome. Marshal Duras was to be the *parrain*. The story of the presentation, as told by Chateaubriand, throws much light on the ancient régime.

Those have seen nothing who have not seen the glories of Versailles. Louis XVI. was still there. All went well so long as I went through the guard's rooms. The military apparel has always pleased and has never frightened me. But when I entered the *ail-de-bœuf* and found myself among the courtiers, my distress began. They looked at me, — asked who I was. . . . You must remember the great prestige of royalty, to understand the importance which was attached to a presentation. A mysterious destiny was attached to the *débutant*. . . . Who knows if this *débutant* will not become the favorite of the master?

When the *lever* of the King was announced, all the persons retired who had not been and were not to be presented. The bed-room of the King was opened; I saw the King, according to the fashion, end his *toilette*, — that is, take his hat from the hand of the first gentleman of the bed-chamber. He came forward on his way to mass. I bowed. The Marshal Duras named me: "Sir, the Chevalier of Chateaubriand." The King looked at me, returned my salutation, hesitated, as if he wished to stop and speak to me. [The King did not speak to him, however; but he was advised that the King asked him to hunt with him in the forest of Saint Germain.]

Hunting with the king was not much like hunting in the wild parts of Brittany. The Chevalier gives a very comical account of his experience. He had a very difficult horse ; but he was at the deer's death, and had the honor to hear the King say, "It was not a long affair." He was alone with him at the moment, and this is the only word he ever had from Louis XVI. Chateaubriand never returned to Versailles. There was nothing of the courtier in him ; he was shy, poor, and proud. His head was full of poetical absurdities. Times were approaching when his mind was forcibly taken away from his dreams : the first movements of what goes under the name of the Revolution were already felt. The Bretons, who had a national Parliament and institutions of their own, were not slow to take part in the discussion which preceded, in the years 1786-88, the opening of the States-General. There had always been Assemblies in Brittany. Madame de Sévigné has described them in her graphic manner, and Chateaubriand confirms her account : "The time of the States in Brittany was a time for feasts and balls, — dinner at the commandant's, dinner at the president of the nobility, dinner at the president of the clergy, dinner at the treasurer of the State, dinner at the intendant of the province, dinner at the president of the Parliament, — dinner everywhere. And how they drank ! At the long tables you could see present Du Guesclin and sea-faring Duguay-Trouin, with their little iron sword or their cutlass. The gentlemen who came to the States formed a body very much like a diet of Poland."

In 1788 the Chevalier was received in the order of Malta. He did not enter the Church, but was simply tonsured, — a ceremony which consisted merely in the Bishop cutting three or four hairs off his head. He had now, as Knight of Malta, the chance of obtaining a very rich living ; but the troubles of Brittany and of France soon absorbed all his attention.

Brittany did not send any deputies to the States-General. The Breton noblemen had not been convoked according to the fundamental laws of the provincial constitution. They remained at home, and there was great disorder in many towns of the province. Chateaubriand went to Paris in 1789. He arrived in time to witness the taking of the Bastille : "I saw this assault against a few invalid soldiers and an old governor. If the doors had been kept shut, the people would never have entered the fortress. I saw two or three guns fired, — not by the invalids, but by some *gardes francais* who had gone

up the towers." All these incidents are now well known. The keys of the Bastile were sent to the four parts of the world; the demolition of the old prison became the Parisian amusement. "But what we must see in the taking of the Bastile," says Chateaubriand, "is not the violent act which marked the emancipation, but the emancipation itself." The emigration soon began. The Bretons did not reason long; they followed the Princes in great numbers. Chateaubriand remained some time in Paris. He saw the first massacres, — the heads of Foulon and Berthier, at the end of pikes. The savage joy of their assassins made a revulsion in his feelings: "I conceived a horror for these feasts of cannibals; and the desire to leave France for a while began to enter my mind."

Twice did Chateaubriand meet Mirabeau, — once at the house of Madame de Villette, the niece of Voltaire, and once at the Palais-Royal, with some deputies. They had both been educated by stern fathers; they were both noblemen, and monarchical at heart. "Mirabeau was not wanting in pride. He was outrageously vain, though he had made himself a cloth-merchant, so as to be elected by the *Tiers-État* [the order of the nobility having had the honorable folly to reject him]. He was proud of his birth, — 'haggard bird, whose nest was between four towers,' said his father. He did not forget that he had been at Court, — that he had mounted in the carriage of the King, and hunted with him. He forced people to give to him his title of Count; he kept his colors and his liveries when everybody else left them off. He was constantly citing his relative, Admiral Coligny." After the dinner, the deputies were talking about the enemies of Mirabeau, and Chateaubriand was near him. He had not said a single word. "Mirabeau looked at me with his eyes full of pride, of vice, of genius; and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, 'They will never pardon me my superiority.' I still feel the impression of this hand, as if Satan had touched me with his hand of fire."

Society in France in 1789-90 was in a state of complete fermentation. Clubs were opened everywhere; all ranks were mixed; the fashions, the costumes, were changing every day. Deputies, actresses, soldiers, national guards, monks, royalists, patriots, made a sort of perpetual carnival. Chateaubriand felt lost in Paris. He felt a strong desire to go very far, — to America; but he wanted an object. So he set his heart upon discovering the northwest passage in the Polar seas. He asked the Marquis de la Rouerie, who was known in America under the name of Colonel Armand, for a letter of introduc-

tion to General Washington, and left Saint Malo in a small ship with some French priests who were going to Baltimore.

Chateaubriand landed at Baltimore, which was then a small Catholic town, not very different from an old European city. He took his place in a stage-coach and went to Philadelphia, where he waited a week for General Washington, who was away. A small house was the residence of the President. "No guards, no valets. I knocked at the door; a young woman opened it. I asked her if the General was at home; she said he was. I said that I had a letter to deliver to him. She asked me for my name, which is difficult to pronounce in English, and which she could not remember. She then said gently, 'Walk in, Sir.'" Chateaubriand describes Washington as he appears in all the engravings. The President asked him questions about the north-west passage, and expressed some astonishment that Chateaubriand should engage in such an expedition. He asked him to dinner the next day, spoke of the French revolution, and showed him a key of the Bastile, which had been sent to him. Chateaubriand adds that three years after the fall of the Bastile, the revolutionists might also have sent to Washington the lock of the door of the prison of Louis XVI.,—"the king who had given liberty to France and to America." Chateaubriand, after the fashion of Plutarch, makes a parallel between Washington and Bonaparte. Such pieces of rhetoric are now much out of fashion, and seem very unnatural: "The Republic of Washington subsists; the Empire of Bonaparte is no more,"—and so on. The "Memoirs" are full of such "*hors d'œuvre*," as we call them; but the author is kind enough to make separate chapters of them.

It was the intention of Chateaubriand to strike for the West, so as to arrive at the coast above the Gulf of California, to reconnoitre the Straits of Behring, and to come back to the eastern coast by Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada. He found no encouragement; and, as he had no personal means, he was obliged to give up his project. But if he did not find a new polar region, he found, as he says, a new Muse in America. His poetical mind was struck by the social state of the new States, as well as by the immensity of the New World. On his way to Albany, by the river, he speaks of "these places not long ago animated by soldiers, and full of the noise of arms, now buried in a profound peace. Gilded with the last rays of the day, alive with the whistle of the cardinals, the cooing of the blue pigeons, the song of the mocking-bird, and whose inhabitants, leaning on balconies

embroidered with begonias, looked at our bark sliding under their feet."

The description which Chateaubriand gives of Niagara Falls has remained to this time the best of all. There is really in his style something which is almost equal to the sublimity of this extraordinary spectacle. This description is not to be found in the "Memoirs;" it is in "Atala." There is another in the "Essay on Revolutions." The "Memoirs" are full of amusing details of the Indians. When Chateaubriand left Albany for Niagara Falls, he was, he says, after crossing the Mohawk, seized with a frantic feeling of independence: "I went from tree to tree, right, left, saying to myself, 'No roads here, no cities, no monarchy, no republic, no presidents, no kings, no men!'" He soon met the first savages he had seen in his life. "They were about twenty men and women, painted like sorcerers, half naked, with crow feathers on their heads and rings in their noses. A little Frenchman, powdered and curled, with an apple-green coat, ruffle and cuffs of muslin, was playing on a pocket-violin, and taught these Iroquois to dance *Madelon Friquet* [a dance of the time]. M. Violet — it was his name — was dancing-master of these savages. His lessons were paid in furs. . . . He always said to me, speaking of these Indians, 'les messieurs sauvages et ses dames sauvagesses.'" M. Violet had been a *marmiton* of General Rochambeau. Chateaubriand felt somewhat humbled before him.

He gives a good account of his life among the Indians. He went out shooting with them, slept in their camps, paid visits to their sachems, studied their traditions, their habits, with that catholic spirit which had sent the French Jesuits all over the new continent. He could well ask himself why the French government had abandoned its American colonies, — that "nouvelle France," which was extending from Acadia and Canada to Louisiana, and which surrounded the thirteen first United States. This gigantic empire died in its embryo, before it was well developed. New races, new people, have civilized the interior of the continent, and traces of the French are only found in geographical names. As a Breton and a born sailor, Chateaubriand had a larger horizon than the men whose lives had been centred so long at Versailles. He seems to have keenly enjoyed the beauty of the solitudes of America, of the great lakes, of the splendid rivers. He had at times visions of the future. In Kentucky, for instance, he says: "This magnificent country is called Kentucky, from its river, which means 'river of blood.' It owes its name to its beauty. During two

centuries the nations of the Cherokees and of the Iroquois fought for its hunting-grounds. Will the European generations be more virtuous and more free here than the exterminated American races? Will not slaves till the ground, under the lash of masters, in these deserts of the primitive independence of man? Will not prisons and gibbets take the place of the open hut and of the high tulip-tree where the bird makes his nest? Will not this fertile soil engender new wars? Will Kentucky cease to be the land of blood?" From Kentucky he made his way towards the countries then known under the general name of the Floridas (Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee). He found in those parts the types which became in his novels *Atala* and *Celuta*, — types which, I am afraid, have been singularly transformed in his imagination. "I did not," says he, when he first describes them, "understand a word of what they said; they did not understand me. . . . They wore a short petticoat, and large sleeves cut in the Spanish fashion, with the Indian stays and mantle." The guides called them the "painted girls."

After having crossed the Blue Mountains for the second time, he came near some European settlements. One night he was staying at a farm, and, while he warmed himself at the fire, his eyes fell upon an English newspaper, which had been thrown on the ground. He saw in large letters, "Flight of the King!" It was the flight to Varennes. The shock was great. Chateaubriand woke up from the lethargy of his long pantheistic dream in the solitudes of the New World. He felt ashamed of himself. He thought of that beautiful episode of Renaud in the gardens of Armida. He tore himself away in a moment from his Armida, and said imperatively to himself, "You must return to France!" Had he, says he, lighted his pipe with this newspaper, and remained as a wanderer, as the dancing-master among the Iroquois, his life would have been as obscure as the life of M. Violet. But he was one of those men who seem to have two selves, — one made to command the other. There was one Chateaubriand who felt perfectly happy in the New World. The solitudes of the Erie, of the Ontario, remained always to his mind a sort of enchanted land. There was another Chateaubriand who felt that he must go and fight for his king.

It is interesting at this distance to read the judgment formed by Chateaubriand on the United States, though the pages where it is given have not the charms of spontaneity, and were written many years afterwards by a Chateaubriand who was very different from the

young and obscure wanderer. Alluding to the great changes which have taken place in the new continent, he says that he has just received a pamphlet printed among the Cherokees and addressed to him, in the interest of these savages, as "the defender of the liberty of the press." This gives approximately the date of the chapter, and places it during the Restoration, in 1820. At that date he wrote that the letters and the arts were not yet born in America. The pioneers had no time for thinking and meditating. "The Americans have left in Europe their infancy and their youth. The childish words of the cradle have not been known by them; they have only known the sweetness of the old home through the regret of a fatherland they had never seen. . . . There is neither any classic nor romantic nor Indian literature. . . . The Americans succeed chiefly in mechanics and in science, as the sciences have a material side." Chateaubriand cites, however, a few writers, — Brown, the author of "Wieland," Cooper, Washington Irving; but he says that the "language of the great English writers has become Creole, provincial, barbarous, without having gained any energy in the midst of the original Nature." Chateaubriand could not write now on this subject what he wrote in 1820. His political prophecies deserve a little more attention. He asked himself, as Tocqueville did afterwards, if America would preserve her republican form of government, and if the Union would always subsist. He saw the dangers of slavery; he foresaw that the Western States would have interests of their own. "The State of Kentucky, peopled with a race more rustic, more bold, and more military, might become the conquering State. If such a State devoured the others, the power of one would soon be founded on the ruins of the democratic power." Here Chateaubriand shows himself a very bad prophet. He is more acute when he speaks of the progress of the mercantile spirit and of plutocracy, owing to a perpetual peace. He says that the extraordinary inequality of fortunes would threaten the spirit of equality. "People believe that there is a general level in the United States; it is a complete error. There are societies which despise each other, — drawing-rooms where the pride of the masters surpasses the pride of a German prince with sixteen quarters. These noble plebeians long for castes. . . . Some of them speak of their ancestors, — proud barons, apparently companions of William."

Is it worth while to cite more? — to say that Chateaubriand complains of the "cold and hard egotism of the cities," of the immense size of the newspapers, "full of expositions of business or of gossip"?

No; these remarks seem rather trifling, and do not amount to the dignity of a judgment. Chateaubriand had not much in him of the political philosopher. He is much more interesting when he describes the tempest which was waiting for him on the Atlantic, his return to France, and his impressions when he found his country no more under the sway of Mirabeau, but under the sway of Danton. Every city — almost every village — was governed by a club. The King had become “Monsieur Veto,” or “Monsieur Capet;” the citizen had assumed the ignoble name of “sans-culotte.”

The journey of Chateaubriand had ruined him. He needed some money in order to join the army of the Princes; and to insure him this “sinew of war,” his mother found no better way than to marry him to a Mlle. Lavigne, who lived at Saint Malo, and was the daughter of a Chevalier of St. Louis. It can be said in truth that Chateaubriand did not know his wife before he married her. The intimacy never became very close, and their lives remained always distinct, though more or less parallel at times. He left for Paris with his new wife and his two sisters. He had only a glimpse of the new rulers of France, — of Danton, of Marat, of Camille Desmoulins, of Robespierre, but did not see Madame Roland. He went several times to the clubs, — to the famous Cordeliers; and he describes the “new furies” in a style worthy of Juvenal. The new King Mob’s fools, the *procureurs* of the lanterne, councillors of murder, worshippers of the guillotine, — he saw these servants of death, like those shadows who wandered along the Styx; Death was waiting for them after their work was done. It was to him like a nightmare. He procured a false passport, as did also his brother; and they both left for the frontier of the North. They fell among the Prussian sentries a little way from Lille, and were conducted to Tournay. Brussels was then the headquarters of the emigration. Chateaubriand dined there once with the Baron de Breteuil, and saw the famous Rivarol.

“Where do you come from?” said Rivarol to him.

“From the Niagara Falls.”

“And where do you go?”

“Where there is fighting.”

And there ended their conversation. He joined the army of the Princes on the Rhine. This curious little army was chiefly formed of noblemen. They served in the ranks as privates, and were classified by provinces. All the Bretons, for instance, were together. Brittany had given seven companies. There was besides an eighth

company of young Bretons of the *third estate*. Chateaubriand was presented with a heavy German gun. The little army was very ill provided. When he was in his tent he worked at his notes on America; prepared some chapters of "Atala." His manuscripts were always with his little luggage. This army was the last representation of the old army of France. All the dialects were heard. They were old men and boys. The father served in the ranks with the son. "This *arrière-ban* (such was the name of the provincial reserves in the old military system), ridiculous as it appeared, had in it something honorable and touching, as it was inspired with sincere convictions." This little troop did not receive a penny of pay from the Princes, though the lands of the *émigrés* had been confiscated. It bore cheerfully the greatest miseries. There was, however, even there a Court,—a brilliant staff, with its cooks, its valets, and its aides-de-camp.

"My heart failed within me when, arriving on a dark day before some woods which encircled the horizon, I was told that these woods were in France. To cross in arms the frontier of my country made on me an effect which I cannot describe. I had a vision of the future. I had none of the illusions of my comrades on the cause which they defended and the triumph which they prophesied. I was there like Falkland in the army of Charles I."

The siege of Thionville began. Chateaubriand was in the lines before the little fortress, which was besieged by the Austrians and the French Princes. He has described afterwards his impressions before Thionville in the sixth book of the "Martyrs." The Austrians were obliged to raise the siege, and Chateaubriand started for Verdun, which had opened its doors to the Prussians. He had been wounded before Thionville, and became ill. The allies were obliged to evacuate Verdun, and the little army of the Princes was disbanded. He was seized with the small-pox, and in that miserable condition obliged to begin on foot a long journey, with eighteen pounds only in his pocket. He travelled on foot, washing his wound when he found some water, sleeping in barns, too happy to be taken in some charitable peasant's cart. He crossed thus the forest of the Ardennes. One day he sunk, and he had the dreams which envelop the dying thought. He fainted, and was seen lying along the road by the conductor of some baggage-wagons of the Prince de Ligne. The conductor took him with him and brought him to Namur. Some kind women took pity on him, and persuaded the conductor of the Prince de Ligne to carry him to Brussels. In that great city he could not get admittance in

any inn. He looked more like a beggar than a soldier. He fortunately met his brother, who took charge of him, gave him twenty-five pounds, and advised him to go to Jersey Island. His malady would not get cured ; the small-pox was going constantly in and out ; his wound would not heal. He started notwithstanding for Ostend, went on board a small ship, and thought that he should die before reaching Guernsey, and a priest was actually saying the last prayers over him when the captain landed him on the island. There the wife of an English pilot took pity on him, brought him to a house, and put him to bed. She probably saved his life, and the next day he was able to go on board again, and arrived at Jersey, where he met his uncle, his aunt, and their children. For four months he was between life and death. It was forbidden to speak to him of politics. At the end of January, 1793, he saw his uncle enter his room in mourning. He asked if anybody had died in the family. His uncle told him that Louis XVI. had been executed.

As soon as he felt stronger, Chateaubriand left Jersey for Southampton and London. He received the hospitality of his cousin, M. de la Bouëtardais who was living in a garret. He became consumptive. An English doctor attended him gratuitously, but did not conceal from him that he could *last* a few months, or perhaps years, if he renounced all fatigue and work. The expectation of death gave him, he says, a perfect calm. He began to compose his "Essai Historique." His uncle at Jersey had given him a little money ; a Frenchman, named Pelletier, who wrote the "Actes des Apôtres," procured for him some translations to make from the Latin and from the English. He translated in the day, and he worked at night at his "Essai." He lived in Holborn with a man called Hingant. They dined for a shilling, sometimes for half-a-shilling. A day came when all their money was gone, and when they both knew for days the horrors of hunger. Hingant lost his mind. He had been a Councillor in the Parliament of Brittany, and had proudly refused the salary offered by the English government to the French magistrates, as Chateaubriand himself had refused the daily shilling which was given to the *émigrés*. Hingant was taken to a hospital ; and, having received a little money from his family, Chateaubriand took cheaper lodgings at Marylebone, in a garret which overlooked a cemetery. La Bouëtardais took refuge also in this garret. He also had been a Councillor in the Parliament of Brittany. He had brought with him his square cap and his red gown, and now had nothing else left.

“Facetious, a good musician, with a good voice, when we did not sleep he sat all naked on his camp-bed, put on his judge’s cap, and sang with a guitar which had only three cords. One night the poor fellow was singing thus the ‘Hymn to Venus’ of Metastasio, — ‘Scendi propizia,’ — when he had a sudden fit. His mouth became twisted, and he died of it, but not immediately.”

Chateaubriand heard that a society of antiquaries in Suffolk wanted a Frenchman to read some old documents in French, of the Camden collection. He left for Beccles, under the name of M. de Combourg, with a little money lent by a French bookseller. He was very well received, and treated with much kindness. His true name was discovered, for he could not conceal his feelings when the newspapers brought the announcement of the execution, on the same day, of his friend and protector, M. de Malesherbes, of Madame de Rosambo the daughter, and of the Countess Chateaubriand the granddaughter, of Malesherbes, and of his own brother the Count. The Chateaubriands were relatives of Malesherbes, who was much admired in England as the defender of Louis XVI. The rest of Chateaubriand’s family were suffering great persecutions. His old mother had been arrested in Brittany and sent to prison in Paris; his wife and his sister Lucile were in prison at Rennes. Combourg had been turned into a State fortress.

The ninth thermidor saved those last members of the Chateaubriand family. He was at that moment at Bungay, near Beccles, in the house of a clergyman, Mr. Ives, who had travelled in the United States, and who was a great Hellenist and mathematician. Miss Ives was seventeen years old. She felt pity for the young Frenchman, and her pity took the form of a more tender sentiment. Chateaubriand was obliged to confess that there was a Madame de Chateaubriand, — a fact which he had half-forgotten; and he returned to London. When Chateaubriand was ambassador in London, in 1822, he saw Charlotte Ives again, who was then Lady Sutton, the widow of Admiral Sutton, and the mother of two fine boys. The remarks which Chateaubriand makes on the subject of this second meeting seem to me in very doubtful taste. It is very rare when a man — even a man of genius — can speak well what ought not to be spoken. Goethe, Rousseau, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, are all more or less mean and pitiable when they undertake to touch the delicate cord of love. Goethe is brutally selfish, Rousseau contemptible, Lamartine’s *Graziella* but a poetical invention. Chateaubriand would have done well to spare us his confidences in the case of Miss Ives.

After the eighteenth thermidor, among the new *émigrés* who came to England was Fontanes. He became a friend and a guide for Chateaubriand, though Fontanes was a classic, and Chateaubriand was to become the head of the romantic school. Chateaubriand heard soon afterwards that his mother was no more. This news provoked a crisis in his intellectual life. He had for a while, when he was working at his "Essai Historique," drifted into a sort of incredulity. When he heard that his mother was dead, the Breton instincts rose in him, and under the first impulse of sorrow he resolved to write his famous "Genius of Christianity." This book was the mausoleum which he built for one who had been a fervent Christian and a tender mother.

AUGUSTE LAUGEL.

CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTERS.

IF Dickens could have looked into the future, it is highly probable that he would not have thought himself ill-served by the fate which cut him off while still, according to English reckoning, in the prime of life. He died at the extreme and toppling peak of his popularity. The breezes of applause and admiration, which were the very breath of life in his nostrils, and seemed then swelling to an actual hurricane, have ever since been steadily subsiding. By clinging to life a few years longer, he would have reaped a solitary though a very substantial advantage,—he would have escaped the consequences of his own misjudgment by surviving Mr. Forster, and so rendering it impossible for that gentleman to write his biography. Really he fares in this respect vastly worse than Thackeray. It was a singular error which led to the selection of Mr. Trollope as Thackeray's biographer. A dull, arrogant, loud-toned man, a novelist of the third rate, endowed generously only with self-conceit, who had chosen the tamest phase of social existence visible around him, and had depicted its insipidity with deplorable truthfulness, was chosen to write the memoir of the most subtle humorist and most delightful writer of the age. The result is a book so bad that irritation gives way to pity for the thick-witted author,—a book doomed to the harmlessness of dusty death by its own unutterable stupidity. Mr. Dickens is less fortunate, for Mr. Forster's volumes will be read so long as any one cares about their subject; and Mr. Dickens will be led out before coming generations by this patronizing showman, who will clumsily display the tricks of the animal which he so unluckily has the monopoly of exhibiting. It is true that Dickens himself was partly to blame for this; he selected his own manager, gave his own instructions, and went through all his posturing beforehand very carefully to avoid mistakes. He intended to have a magnificent scenic apotheosis in the presence of a worshipping audience coextensive with the civilized world: he would be deity, and Forster would be high-priest. How incensed he would have been could he have foreseen that the high-

priest would insist upon continually hopping up to the pedestal of the god, till the puzzled adorers became doubtful which was which. It reminds one of the picture in *Punch* of the two revellers brought home at the small hours in a cab, the distracted cabby appealing at the door of one of them, "Will Mrs. Brown please come down and pick out her husband, for Mr. Smith wants to go home?" Dickens, *redivivus*, reading his own life, would hardly be able to pick himself out from Forster, though certainly he would very much wish to do so.

If Dickens was left in no enviable plight by Mr. Forster, it may certainly be questioned whether he is very greatly helped by the publication of these two volumes of his letters. The collection has been prepared by "Mamie" Dickens and Georgina Hogarth, and one does not like to criticise unkindly the loyal task of love and admiration; nor, indeed, is there much need for criticism so far as they are concerned. The explanatory notes are simple and to the point; and though they might have been fuller, and the system of interpolation might, in our opinion, have been more skilfully arranged, yet certainly everybody might not agree with us, and the editors shall have the benefit of the doubt. The collection, however, is decidedly too large, and could be improved by subjection to the scissors of an editor of vigorous and relentless temper. Over-liberality is the besetting sin of all editors of correspondence. They are prone to forget that there should always be some distinct and strong justification for the publication of private letters; that the test of this justification should be applied to each individual letter; and that it is unskilful work to publish a letter which substantially adds nothing to the matter of another already given. Some letters throw light upon history and politics; others introduce us to court intrigues, to literary coteries, or otherwise depict the society of other days; occasionally, though not often, letters are intrinsically valuable for their own contents. A collection in such cases may sometimes properly extend to very considerable length. But none of these characteristics belong to Dickens's correspondence. The reader who has gone through all the letters faithfully from beginning to end finds himself better informed only in the single respect of his fuller knowledge of the mind and character of Dickens. There is absolutely nothing else in the letters save Dickens's personality. It is really quite striking to see how devoid they are of any possible value or interest of any other kind whatsoever. For any purpose except that of studying Charles Dickens, there are not three pages of material to be gathered in both volumes. They sub-

serve this sole end, and for this end one half of them would have amply sufficed. Simply as letters, they are commonplace, neither thoughtful, observant, chronicling; nor are more than half of them very witty. Many clever, lively, and cultivated men in every generation are writing better letters,—letters which no one ever thinks of publishing, yet which in themselves considered, apart from the interest borrowed from the autograph at the foot of them, are at least equally entertaining and much more agreeable and useful than these epistles of the great novelist.

Putting, then, these letters to the only use to which they can be put, let us consider what new impressions can be derived from them concerning the traits of Dickens's character, the quality and extent of his mental powers. Few persons, probably, will find their previous notions undergoing much change. There is all that real and substantial kindliness, genial heartiness, overflowing mirth, illimitable fun and frolic, animal spirits such as never before were given to man, intensity of conviction, honesty of purpose, narrowness of intellect, utter incapacity for thought, lack of scholarship or cultivation of any kind, and immense though amusing and unconscious vanity,—a most strange farrago of qualities, a jumble of traits as queer and unsystematic as the parti-colored mingling of glass bits in the kaleidoscope. It is very noticeable that Dickens seemed incapable of intellectual growth. The greatest expansion to which he ever attained he arrived at very early. Thereafter history, literature, even contemporaneous events, added little to his store of thought and knowledge. Endless fun, inimitable drollery, were the gifts which he had to bestow upon his fellow-men; these, indeed, he bestowed lavishly, gloriously, so that the English-reading world would doubtless much more readily part with any three of its profoundest thinkers than with this most witty and laughter-moving of all its writers. But this was all he had to give; and from the very nature of the gift it was nearer perfection in his earlier years than as he advanced in life. This is apparent enough in his letters. As a young man he usually appears like one quite out of breath with ceaseless laughter, jokes as it were exploding like minute guns from his riotous lips,—hilarious, rollicking, radiant with mirth far beyond the supposable powers of mortal man. He cannot pause to think, nor indeed does it seem worth while for him to do so; later in life, on rare occasions, he tried it, but he invariably made a sad business of it. It was a process with which he was not familiar, which he could never have learned, and which in

his fresher years he instinctively shunned. There was at one time some talk of his going to Parliament, but his guardian angel preserved him from that blunder. His mission was to laugh and to make others laugh; and no mission was ever more thoroughly fulfilled, — so thoroughly, indeed, that the capacity for laughter seems to have been quite wasted upon previous generations. In the absence of *Pickwick*, *Mrs. Gamp*, *Mrs. Nickleby*, *Micawber*, what possible occasion could our forefathers have had for the laughing faculty?

The most striking peculiarity of Dickens's life was the element of exaggeration which pervaded it throughout. It is quite remarkable to see a man whose every sensation is so wonderfully in excess of the corresponding sensations of his fellow-men. The phenomenon presents some puzzling questions, such as could well be put by Miss *Dartle*: we should so much like to know whether his pleasures and pains were really greater than the pleasures and pains of others, or whether the difference lay only in his habit and capacity of expressing and setting them forth. He always dealt in superlatives, and the most exuberant superlatives seemed often to afford very imperfect relief to his ineffable aspirations. His friendships were the warmest, his successes the most brilliant, his merry-makings the most jovial that had ever been known among mankind. He was not even content when he had a cold in the head to suppose that any other cold of any other person had ever been of equal violence. His friends enjoyed at least one luxury in a rare degree; for such expressions of affection and admiration as he constantly lavished upon them cannot be dealt out to many of us. Listen to this letter to *Macready*:—

I am in a whirlwind of finishing a number with a crisis in it; but I cannot fall to work without saying in so many words that I feel all words insufficient to tell you what I think of you after a night like last night. The multitudes of new tokens by which I know you for a great man, the swelling within me of my love for you, the pride I have in you, the majestic reflection I see in you of all the passions and affections that make up our mystery, throw me into a strange kind of transport that has no expression but in a mute sense of an attachment, which, in truth and fervency, is worthy of its subject. What is this to say? Nothing, God knows; and yet I cannot leave it unsaid. . . . I never saw you more gallant and free than in the gallant and free scenes last night. It was perfectly captivating to behold you!

Here is "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!"—enough in one brief note, coming from Charles Dickens, to create in any susceptible and credulous man such an inordinate vanity as would ruin him for life. Indeed, the too frequent ministration of these potions had a very

damaging effect upon his friend Forster, though some of the others appear to have been more fortunate in resisting the insidious working of such delicious poison.

A gentleman dwelling "in the backwoods of America" having written to him a letter of eulogy, Dickens replied to him: "To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours among the vast solitudes in which you dwell, is a source of the purest delight and pride to me; and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the green forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer;" and in the same style through another page. Strictly considered, it is hardly to be supposed that this glowing statement was rigidly veracious; it is safe to suspect that if all the emperors, kings, queens, and princes of Europe had actually combined, in the manner suggested by Mr. Dickens, to do him all the honor in their united power, he probably would have been willing to surrender in exchange, if so requested, the letter from John Tomlin of the Mississippi backwoods. But such hyperbolical language was as natural to him "as to a black-bird 't is to whistle." Nor was it in any respect insincere. So long, at least, as he was actually engaged in giving expression to any feeling, he always fully felt it in an equal measure of intensity. The evidence is overwhelming that his superlative sentences were just transcripts of his momentary sentiments.

Naturally enough a pendulum which swung so high upon one side did not swing very low upon the other, and we occasionally encounter diatribes of delightful eloquence. Listen to what he had to say about the non-existence of an international copyright between England and the United States:—

Is it not a horrible thing that scoundrel publishers should grow rich here from publishing books, the authors of which do not reap one farthing from their issue by scores of thousands; and that every vile, blackguard, and detestable newspaper, so filthy and bestial that no honest man would admit one into his house for a scullery door-mat, should be able to publish those same writings side by side, cheek by jowl, with the coarsest and most obscene companions, with which they must become connected in course of time in people's minds?

Were it not that these words were writ by the pen of Dickens, they would be in danger of being called billingsgate. But he wrote them in high dudgeon. "I vow," he said, "before high heaven, that

my blood so boils at these enormities that when I speak about them I seem to grow twenty feet high and to swell out in proportion!" Thus it ever was with him; he was content with no expression less strong than the strongest which his ingenuity could devise. If he wished to say that he could not write an article or two for a magazine, he declared that it was "the intensest extreme of no-goism." If he made himself very agreeable at a dinner-table, he felt himself to be "indescribably popular." But examples need not be multiplied simply to illustrate this habit, which will amply appear in quotations in other connections.

It was to this element of exaggeration that Dickens owed nearly all which made him great. His wit lay in an inimitable power of caricature, animated by the most exuberantly droll and merry nature which the world has ever seen. The gallery of his characters is a collection of *grotesqueries*, just about as accurately reproducing real traits of men and women as the big-headed, shrunken-legged oddities of the illustrated comic papers of Paris reproduce the limbs and features of the living Parisian. The funniest overdrawn is his forte. Not that all his wit is of this character; but all the best, most amusing, and most distinctive displays of it are of this kind. Eliminate this, and the individuality of the man will be gone, and he will mingle on terms of equality with a throng of witty writers who are laughed at by a passing generation and quickly afterward forgotten. He was not a humorist, nor was he capable of this higher order of the novelist's art. A well-sustained narrative, unfolding the subtle mysteries of human character, showing the reflex action of many conflicting motives and impulses in their slow influence and gradual unfolding, was beyond his power. He dealt with simple developments, and gave us a series of scenes and stories without much more of sequence or advancement than could be furnished by mere chronology. It was thus that every thing struck him; his quick eye caught the passing fragment of fun; he played with it for a moment, making it twenty times funnier than it had any real right to be, then tossed it aside as another scrap claimed its turn. His letters are full of the most charming bits of this sort of rapidly-moving, exuberant jollity. Here is a scene which we get in a letter written from a Dublin hotel to Miss Hogarth; the actors are Dickens and the landlord's son, a very little boy:—

INIMITABLE. — Holloa, old chap!

YOUNG IRELAND. — Hal-loo!

INIMITABLE (*in his delightful way*). — What a nice old fellow you are! I am fond of little boys.

YOUNG IRELAND. — Air ye? Ye'r right.

INIMITABLE. — What do you learn, old fellow?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very intent on Inimitable, and always childish except in his brogue*). — I lairn wureds of three sillibils, and wureds of two sillibils, and wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE (*gayly*). — Get out, you humbug! You learn only words of one syllable.

YOUNG IRELAND (*laughs heartily*). — You may say that it is mostly wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE. — Can you write?

YOUNG IRELAND. — Not yet. Things come by deegrayes.

INIMITABLE. — Can you cipher?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very quickly*). — Wha't 's that?

INIMITABLE. — Can you make figures?

YOUNG IRELAND. — I can make a nought, which is not asy, being roond.

INIMITABLE. — I say, old boy, was n't it you I saw on Sunday morning in the hall, in a soldier's cap? You know, in a soldier's cap?

YOUNG IRELAND (*cogitating deeply*). — Was it a very good cap?

INIMITABLE. — Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. Did it fit unkonmon?

INIMITABLE. — Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. — Dat was me.

He wrote to Walter Savage Landor a note of invitation to Paris as follows:—

If you were the man I took you for, when I took you (as a godfather) for better and for worse, you would come to Paris and amaze the weak walls of the house I haven't found with that steady snore of yours, which I once heard piercing the door of your bed-room in Devonshire Terrace, reverberating along the bell-wire in the hall, so getting outside into the street, playing Eolian harps among the area railings, and going down the New Road like the blast of a trumpet.

The remark concerning taking Landor as a godfather refers to the fact of Landor having filled this relation towards one of Dickens's children. Indeed, calling over the roll of the Dickens family was like reading the catalogue of a select library; for besides reproducing his own name he had christened other sons after Francis Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Tennyson, Landor, Fielding, and Bulwer, respectively. Within a few weeks of the publication of "David Copperfield," he lost a little daughter whom he had named Dora. He would appear, from these letters, to have taken a warm and lively interest in his children; his references to them are constant and always affectionate. The little one who was called by a variety of nicknames—the "Plorn-

ishghenter," "Plornish-maroon," "Plornish," or "the noble Plorn" — seems to have been an especial favorite.

Upon the difficulties which caused the separation between himself and Mrs. Dickens not a ray of light is thrown by any letter in these volumes, and the matter is left just where Mr. Forster saw fit to leave it, and where it is quite as well that it should remain. An incompatibility, which between persons of ordinary disposition might prove nothing serious, would inevitably expand to an incurable breach where one of the parties had such a strong and peculiar individualism, and such an entire lack of the philosophic temperament as was the case with Dickens. He was a warm and constant friend. He said of himself, "My attachments are strong attachments, and never weaken," and he was entitled to all the credit which the statement involves. The same persons to whom he is writing as his most intimate and valued friends in 1840 he continues to address in the same manner to the end, with a few additions made from time to time, but with no losses from the list. The names of Macready, Stanfield, Maclise, Mrs. Watson, Mary Boyle, Forster, Cerjat, and later Wilkie Collins and Fechter, constantly recur. He certainly enjoyed one of the greatest pleasures which can be had in this world, — a very charming circle of near friends, lively, clever, agreeable, and (which was very necessary) enthusiastic in their appreciation of him.

He seemed always to take an especial fancy to the artists who at one time and another illustrated his volumes. They had in some degree the character of co-workers with him, — a relationship which had an unfortunate result in the case of Cruikshank, but which in all other instances appears to have cemented kindly and valued intimacies. It is rather an odd incident to recall at this date, that Thackeray, when he was yet entirely unknown, and was mistakenly supposing that art was his natural vocation, called upon Dickens and offered certain sketches for use in the illustration of one of Dickens's earlier works, but was obliged to take his pictures away again with the discouraging though probably justifiable answer that they would not do. For the society of men of letters, on the other hand, Dickens apparently never especially cared, though of course he had many individual friends among them. But he was rather singularly lacking in those tastes which are usually supposed to attend upon a literary career. It was his misfortune, of course, and not his fault, that he had in his youth very meagre opportunities for education. But it is somewhat strange to see what slender ambition he ever after manifested

to mend this deficiency. Most men, with whom literature is a profession, insensibly imbibe much literary knowledge; but Dickens never did. For aught that appears in his writings, there might never have been any other books save his own written in the world. He never charms by a happy allusion; he knows not the freemasonry of his own guild. The same utter absence of interest in books and literary cultivation of every kind is observable in his correspondence. There is scarcely a reference to any thing which would indicate that he had any more extensive reading or ideas than were to be obtained from the daily newspapers and ordinary conversation. His English was careless, slovenly, at times almost illiterate; nor did advancing years and increased experience bring any material improvement in his imperfect mastery over the language. His style was habitually ungraceful, to use no stronger adjective, to the end; how strikingly inferior in this respect to the exquisite and finished scholarship and charming style which Thackeray was at the same time displaying, making the defects of his more popular rival all the more glaring by the strong contrast! Yet Dickens was apparently quite unconscious of this blemish, and often spoke of the great pains which he took with his writing. When he became the editor of "Household Words," as well as upon some other isolated occasions, he was an unsparing critic of the productions of others. Certainly nothing could show more indisputably what an immense and overshadowing reputation he had achieved than did the meek reception of criticism so sweeping as he sometimes dealt out; nor perhaps is that self-appreciation less striking which could induce him to exercise in so masterful a fashion a function so delicate.

But, then, all the world knows that the egotism of Dickens was as intense as were most of the elements of his over-wrought nature. "I should n't write at all if I were not the vainest man in the world," he wrote to M. Cerjat, thereby telling a truth about himself which certainly he did not really in the least believe, and which he would have been greatly incensed to have found any one else believing. Yet he was the only man who knew any thing whatsoever about Charles Dickens who did not know this most undeniable of his traits. There was vanity in every thing which he said, did, and wrote all his life long, and it kept growing to the very end. These volumes of his correspondence are so full of it, that if it were a commodity having bulk the Bodleian Library and the British Museum would be unable to contain so much of it. It was the most enormous, omnipresent,

all-pervading, many-sided, irrepressible, unsuspecting vanity which has ever been exhibited to the gaze of astonished humanity, — a quality which in its greatness and various perfection resembled the qualities of gods rather than of men ; a vanity worthy of the Olympian Jove himself. But nothing short of his own wonderful power of exaggeration could make any fair approach towards depicting it ; to us it is given only feebly to hint at it. It was not like the partial vanities of ordinary men, developed only or chiefly in some special direction ; but it was a grand, unquestioning consciousness of greatness, of inimitable charms and unapproachable powers. It was a vanity of wonderful range, embracing the pettiest things no less than the greatest ; so that one is at a loss to know whether he was more gratified at the astonishment created by the marvellous waistcoats which his rather uncivilized taste in dress led him to select, or at the “prodigious success” which he never failed to chronicle in glowing language as attendant upon the publication of his various books. Yet it must be acknowledged that this trait was not only an inalienable but an altogether essential part of Dickens's nature. It was the offspring of his intensity and his vivacity. It would be as reasonable to expect a blind man to paint, as to expect a self-mistrustful man to write and read as Dickens wrote and read.

It is when he speaks of his readings that he expresses the most unlimited satisfaction with himself. But however far he may go in self-gratulation concerning these, he will be cheerfully accompanied by any and all the multitudes who heard him read ; nay, many would gladly go further were there any *ultima Thule* of glorification which he himself had not reached. It is impossible to conceive a greater treat than those readings were. To have been too old or too ill or too poor to hear them was to find a new misery added to age, to sickness, and to poverty. These volumes naturally contain very much about them, and certainly present a striking, almost a painful picture. The intensity with which he threw himself into them is indescribable. The extreme high pressure at which he always did every thing, from the lightest to the most serious occupation, rose in this to its highest point. It is hardly a figure of rhetoric to say, that at each reading he cut off, as it were, so many days or weeks of his existence and gave them to his audience. It was not only eloquence, acting, imagination which his hearers bought with their guineas and dollars, but instalments of his life. “I get so wonderfully hot every night in my dress clothes,” he wrote, “that they positively won't dry in the

short interval they get ; and I have been obliged to write to Doudney's to make me another suit, that I may have a constant change." His ordinary pulse was seventy-two ; yet on the occasions of his more trying readings it used to run up to one hundred and twelve. His tour through the United States, in respect of the tax which it imposed upon his constitution, was probably at least equal to a severe military campaign. The accounts of it which these letters contain may almost be called afflicting, so utterly unfit was he for the " tremendous strain " which he incessantly endured, so obviously was he in a lawful, though none the less certain, way compassing his own speedy death. As we see him, ill, dispirited, unhappy, yet coming every night unflinchingly to his task and performing it with a fervor and success surpassing the most exacting expectation, we forget, what was nevertheless true, that it was a purely voluntary enterprise of business entered upon for the sole purpose of making money. We rather think of it with gratitude, as a beneficent pilgrimage of genius, undertaken and suffered for our very great good. But Dickens had his eye ever upon the dollars which the wretched and abused Dolby was heaping together in dirty piles of the paper money which reminded his master of the " family wash." Overwork and money-making are recognized as perfectly legitimate means of taking one's own life ; and Dickens's reading-journeys were simply of this description.

Yet who could have resisted such applause and admiration as were showered upon him ? Certainly he least of all men would have even wished to resist. It is beyond a doubt that had the years by which these readings unquestionably shortened his life been set as it were in a parcel before him, and the glory had been set against them, he would deliberately and unhesitatingly have bartered the years for the glory. Few persons, probably, can even by an effort imagine how they would feel if, in order to secure admission to hear them read for a couple of hours, a long line of men should come with mattresses and meals and place the hall actually in a state of siege throughout days and nights of inclement weather. If the reason of the most stolid would prove untrustworthy under such circumstances, what could have been expected from Dickens, who was exceptionally susceptible to these influences ? Then the triumph of the hour itself ; the great throng before him of men and women not wont to give way to emotion, sitting spell-bound, then bursting into frantic excitement and wildest cheering. Words could not always describe the scene. He wrote :—

I cannot give you any idea of the success of the readings here, because no one can imagine the scene of last Friday night at the Embassy. Such audiences and such enthusiasm I have never seen; but the thing culminated on Friday night in a two hours' storm of excitement and pleasure. They actually recommenced and applauded right away into their carriages and down the street.

From Glasgow he sends a newspaper to Miss Hogarth, from which, he says, —

You may be able to form some dim guess of the scene at Edinburgh last night. Such a pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such a rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humor on the whole! I never saw the faintest approach to it. While I addressed the crowd in the room Gordon addressed the crowd in the street. Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the walls. The whole Blackwood family were borne in on the top of a wave, and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau or gigantic picnic, — one pretty girl in full dress, lying on her side all night, holding on to one of the legs of my table. It was the most extraordinary sight. And yet from the moment I began to the moment of my leaving off they never missed a point, and they ended with a burst of cheers.

The stage carpenter was not altogether without sympathizers in the remark which pleased and amused Dickens so much: "Ah, Sir, it's a universal observation in the perffession, Sir, that it was a great loss to the public when you took to writing books." But the public of future generations will be thankful for the books, while the fascination of the readings can be for them only a tradition, which — fortunately, lest they should be oppressed with too overwhelming sadness — their imaginations will never adequately conceive.

Not the least entertaining part of the book for the American reader is the collection of letters from the United States. The days when criticism such as they contain made us angry belong to the past, and English tirades are now only amusing. Yet surely no abuse has ever been heaped upon this unfortunate people quite equal in severity to that which they received from Mr. Dickens. When he was among us for the second time we all knew that he did not like us; yet we treated him with a kindness and courtesy the real magnanimity of which he was utterly incompetent to appreciate. But in these letters the extremity, nay the actual rancor, of his antipathy are first made publicly apparent. During his earlier visit his feelings were too strong for utterance; during his second visit they became so far relaxed that he was able to find words to express them very elo-

quently. Boston he really spoke of with a kindness not absolute, perhaps, but comparative. It was the home of Mr. Fields, of whom he was very fond; and there also Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz, Emerson, and a few others formed a not altogether unendurable coterie. He was less unhappy there than elsewhere, and finding himself "immensely popular in Boston society" he was once moved to say, "Its cordiality and unaffected heartiness are charming,"—selecting for his praise traits for which Boston has seldom been lauded by other persons. But concerning any and all other places, save Boston and its neighborhood, he could not be betrayed into a word of civility. "All New England is primitive and puritanical," he wrote; "all around it is a puddle of mixed human mud, with no such quality in it." Syracuse he found "a very grim place, and in a heavy thaw a most depressing one. The hotel also is surprisingly bad, quite a triumph in that way. . . . We were so afraid to go to bed last night, the rooms were so close and sour, that we played whist, double dummy, till we could n't bear each other any longer. We had an old buffalo for supper and an old pig for breakfast, and we are going to have I don't know what for dinner at six. In the public rooms downstairs a number of men (speechless) are sitting in rocking-chairs with their feet against the window-frames, staring out at window and spitting dolefully at intervals," etc. But the American drinks pleased him; and he referred not without pleasure, to brandy cocktails. He suffered from a cold all the time of his stay, which he struggled in vain to describe to his friends at home. English colds, he told them, were nothing to those in the United States. He was further greatly annoyed at the heat indoors and the climate outdoors. The air in the hotel corridors, he said, was "like that of a pre-Adamite ironing-day in full blast." His hair dried and "cracked" and fell out rapidly, and his finger-nails split. But if ample sympathy may be felt with him in this difficulty at the hotels, it is impossible for any one who has ever travelled in England to listen without a smile to his indignation at the shocking and outrageous recklessness with which his luggage was handled.

At the time of his first visit he expressed very warmly, and with much show of superior humanity, his horror at slavery. Its existence quite destroyed for him the pleasure of a Southern trip. Yet strange to say he who had spoken thus feelingly, who had travelled in the country so extensively and knew or ought to have known it so well, who found Boston the only tolerable place in the whole length and breadth of the land, appeared, when the war of the Rebellion broke

out, vehemently opposed to the Northern cause. "A very intelligent German friend of mine," he wrote in the spring of 1863, "just home from America, maintains that the conscription will succeed in the North, and that the war will be indefinitely prolonged. I say '*No*,' and that however mad and villanous the North is, the war will finish by reason of its not supplying soldiers." Again, in the autumn of 1865, he wrote: "If the Americans don't embroil us in a war before long it won't be their fault. What with their swagger and bombast, what with their claims for indemnification, what with Ireland and Fenianism, and what with Canada, I have strong apprehensions." At another time we find him declaring that the "French usurper" had been right in his desire to effect a separation of the States, and that Great Britain ought to have forwarded his endeavors, and had made a lamentable mistake in refraining from so doing by reason of timidity. But one should not judge too hardly of Dickens for such blunders as these. Public affairs, domestic almost equally with foreign, were quite outside his comprehension, and he generally wisely recognized this fact and refrained from discussing what he was unable to understand. It is no very serious matter, that, when he was occasionally tempted into the imprudence of venturing within the unknown domain, he strayed from the path. Nor should we blame him too much for seeing the faults and not seeing the good qualities of the Americans. It would seem as though his wonderful apprehension of English character, as developed in the middle and lower classes, was offset by proportionate inability to understand other classes and races of men. There is no reason to believe that he could have drawn, or could even have acquired the knowledge requisite for drawing, the highest type of real gentlemen and ladies. In travelling upon the Continent, he never got beneath the surface in studying the foreigners around him; he had not the slightest understanding of the moral and mental traits whereby Frenchmen and Italians were differentiated from Englishmen and from each other. The same incapacity pursued him in the United States, where, however, he unfortunately saw persons in so many respects like the people whom he did understand, that the differences which puzzled also incensed him. Frenchmen and Italians were different from Englishmen, wherefore he pitied but did not hate them; but an American was an imperfect and debased Englishman, outrageously unconscious of his own degradation, — therefore Dickens loathed him.

Fortunately we get no touch in these letters of that disagreeable

element in Dickens's mind which led him so often in his books to deal with harrowing or hideous scenes. He ever felt a strange and unlovely pride in causing people to weep and to shudder,—achievements by no means of the greatest difficulty or highest merit in the novelist's art. There is a little real pathos and a great deal of brummagem emotionalism in his books; but there is none of either in his letters. We can only catch glimpses of the sentimental element, whence he was able to extract such material when he desired it. He seems to have had a habit of weeping freely at theatres, and selected rather surprising occasions for such displays; thus, at the classic opera of *Orphée* he actually became "disfigured with crying" when he beheld Mme. Viardot at the tomb of Eurydice; and the opera of *Faust* affected him so that he "couldn't bear it, and gave in completely." He used to get quite heart-broken over his own compositions, and unquestionably fully believed in the genuineness and perfection of his pathetic scenes. A suggestion that they sometimes verged upon the maudlin character would have seemed to him not only an unjust but an utterly incomprehensible and stupid criticism; yet it has been made by many persons eminently competent to judge. In one of his letters he refers to having seen a young girl in deep mourning burst into a passion of grief while he was reading about Tiny Tim, so that she was taken out. Nor is this a solitary example of his remarks upon such occurrences. Apparently his chief sensation was of pleasure at such a manifestation of his own power. There was little thought of pity for the poor stricken creature whom he had made to suffer so. It never seems at any time to have occurred to him, that, even if the power were a true and great one, its exercise involved extreme and frequent cruelty. The pain which he brought to many a heart, the sad, half-healed wounds which he re-opened in many a household, caused him no reflection, no remorse, only a sense of gratified vanity at his artistic skill. It was the egotism of the man triumphing over his better nature; for certainly he had a much better nature, and in the case of the poor girl just mentioned he would probably have done her any sympathetic kindness in his power at any other time, but he quite forgot her pain in the flattery which for the moment he found in it. There are letters in these volumes written to friends in distress which are admirably tender and sympathetic, and show excellent tact. For whenever his vanity did not interfere he had a really kindly heart. His best and truest pathos is shown when he deals with the scenes of childhood; but, even here, not at the points which

he himself would select. The writer must be a dullard, indeed, who cannot make a child's death-bed a touching and tear-moving scene. But in his appreciation of the delicate and fanciful sensibilities of childhood he is altogether unequalled. His touch in such matters is wonderfully subtle, and is as fine a display of art as the world of fiction can show. He was writing of that which he knew only too well ; and he never penned a description more moving than the true tale of his own early days as told by Mr. Forster, or almost as accurately by himself in "David Copperfield." His best, purest, and tenderest sympathies always went out towards children, as the natural result of his own childish experiences. Towards grown men and women he was more apt to be hard ; and too often he appears to think that he who has been pushed to the wall in the scramble can be good for nothing better, and is an object for contempt quite as much as for pity.

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC QUESTION.

II.

TO understand the papal policy on education, one must appreciate the difference between our common schools and those of Rome. It is well to compare them intellectually and morally, in their aims and tendencies, their principles and results; in their influence upon the character and future of the pupils, and their effect upon the respectability, safety, and prosperity of the State. This necessity is forced upon the intelligent Roman Catholic fathers and mothers who know that a papal decree on mixed education has no infallibility,¹ who value American institutions and the rights of their children as American citizens, and who look with parental care to their fitting instruction. The question concerns, also, all right-minded citizens, who can no longer ignore the increasing development in practice of the scheme so long believed to exist only in impracticable theory, that the Pope should assume to rule in America, claiming to exercise an absolute sovereignty, spiritual and civil, to limit by threats of damnation the rights and duties of all as citizens or as men; and to do this in open and utter disregard of the Constitution, laws, and traditions of the Republic.

Two instructive incidents have been recently announced by telegraph, which accord with the performances, already alluded to, of Fathers Scully and Dufresne, and the defeat of the Democrats in New York by the votes of Roman Catholics guided by their priests. The first was thus told in the New York "Sun" of December 24, 1879:—

Versailles, Indiana, December 23. The trial of the Rev. Father Donnenhoffer of the Morris [Roman] Catholic Church for assault and battery, in severely whipping two boys, his pupils (sons of Henry Roelband and Henry Schuck), for attending as pall bearers the funeral of a Protestant boy, ended in a judgment against him, — in one case for \$13, and in another for \$15, and costs, which amounted to over \$300. The case excited great interest, and so much bitter feeling was engendered that the venue was changed three times. An appeal is said to have been taken.

¹ Cardinal Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, 1874.

There has been no secret of the opposition of certain Roman priests to the association in our public schools of the children of Roman Catholic parents with those of other families. They do not favor the national brotherhood, the good fellowship, the kindly affection and regard, the frank and boyish friendships which naturally spring up between ingenuous youths who pursue their studies side by side, who join in the same amusements, and who look forward to a similar career as citizens of the Republic, inspired with a common pride and a common devotion to the honor and welfare of their common country. These are not the feelings which Rome teaches her children to cherish towards their fellow-citizens of other creeds; and, doubtless, Father Donnenhoffer was in full accord with the spirit of the Roman canon when he punished young Roelband and Schuck for assisting at the Christian burial of their dead companion. Here is what the canon *Quicumque Hæreticos* provides for so great a crime:

Whosoever shall have presumed to give knowingly Christian burial to heretics; those who believe, receive, defend, or favor them,—let them know that they are placed under sentence of excommunication till they shall have made suitable satisfaction; nor let them deserve the benefit of absolution, till with their own hands they shall have publicly dragged from the tomb and cast out the bodies of damned persons of this sort; and let that spot be destitute of a sepulchre for ever.¹

This canon has been recalled² by refusals to bury, similar to that in the case of Dennis Coppers in New York. One was the case of Joseph Maggiale, a Roman Catholic, who had been buried in the cemetery of the Catholic church of the Sacred Heart, New Jersey, in 1877, and whom Father Vivet threatened to remove. Another was the case of Joseph Guibord, who continued a member of the Canadian Institute after it had placed a Protestant journal on its files,—an offence for which all its members were reported to have been excommunicated.

Assuming the canon *Quicumque Hæreticos* to be still in force, the boys who were whipped for attending the funeral of their friend have not yet, according to its provisions, expiated their offence; nor can they properly be absolved “till, with their own hands, they shall publicly drag from the tomb and cast out” the body of their companion as one of the “damned persons of this sort.” General Sherman is

¹ Sext. Decret. lib. v. tit. ii. cap. 2, Alexander IV. A.D. 1258. Corp. juris Can. Tom. II. Magdeburgh, 1747.

² Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance, November, 1877, and Boston Congregationalist.

reported to have said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian ; but the touch of death does not seem to have moderated the feelings of Father Donnenhoffer towards the Protestant boy. The only dead body which the Jesuits seem to desire is that of a living Romanist, so trained from childhood to absolute obedience that he has become, in the language of their founder, *perinde cadaver*,—altogether as a corpse in the hands of the surgeon. “The distinguishing traits of a perfect Jesuit,” says the learned author of “An Exposition of the Church in view of Recent Difficulties and Controversies and its Present Needs of the Age,”¹ “formed the antithesis of a thorough Protestant.” Equally pronounced is the difference between the education ordained by the Pope and that demanded by the Republic.

The second telegram was published in the New York “Times” and omitted, like the first, from many of the leading papers,—an omission which does not discredit the Romish boast that in the great newspaper establishments are agents devoted to their interest:—

Louisville, Ky., January 3. Bishop McCloskey of this diocese has issued a decree, prescribing that as soon as possible parochial schools be established everywhere . . . “Now it is our will and command, that where there is a Catholic school in the parish, parents and guardians in such places should send their children or wards, who are under nine years of age, to such Catholic school ; and we hereby direct that this obligation be enforced, under the pain of refusal of absolution in the sacrament and penance.” This decree took effect on the 1st of January, 1880. The edict caused much commotion in Louisville, as about 7,000 Catholic children attend the public schools.

This announcement from Louisville of “our will and command” made by an episcopal agent of the Roman Court, with a spiritual menace to the disobedient, has a more lordly sound than the priestly curses and anathemas of Fathers Scully and Dufresne ; for Bishop McCloskey’s decree comes as a grim New Year’s greeting from the sovereign pontiff, not alone to the Roman Catholics of Kentucky whose children are being educated as American citizens, but to the people of the United States.

A real State, as Mr. Gladstone has remarked, “must be supreme within its own sphere ;” and the people of this Republic and its several parts claim and exercise that supremacy. They intend to allow no foreign interference under any pretence, ecclesiastical or otherwise, with its constitutional government. That government, as Webster and Lincoln have said, is one of the people, by the people,

¹ London : Basil Montagu Pickering, 1875.

and for the people ; and of the common law of this Republic, thus ordained by a Christian people, Christianity has been adjudged a part. The State in the Papal territory was another matter : —

It had passed into the hands of the ecclesiastics, of priests, of Monseignors, of Cardinals, and terminated in the consistory and the Pope ; so that all the higher functions of State life became simply an incidental and secondary part of the organization of the Latin Church.¹

On the subject of education, Judge Poland alluded at once to the supreme power and duty of the American State, when he referred to the whole subject of the maintenance and support of our common schools, —

as not only of public usefulness, but of public necessity ; and which this State, in its sovereign character, was bound to sustain.²

Mr Justice Barrett said : —

One of the chief ends of the Government is to provide means and facilities for developing and educating and training the young into intelligent men and women.³

The claim of the Roman Court to control our education does not stand alone. It is ready to readjust our National and State constitutions in accord with the requirements of the Syllabus, and to assume the charge of the government under changes that would liken America at the close of the nineteenth century to Spain and Portugal in the most conspicuous days of their degradation. Rome holds that the Republic of Washington should be as an outlying province of the Vatican, with the Roman Church as the religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship ; authorized to avail herself of force, with the civil power made to yield to the ecclesiastical in all cases of conflict (Prop. 42), with the civil marriages of the country which had not been solemnized by Roman ecclesiastics adjudged void (Prop. 72) ; disrupting society by degrading wives to mistresses, children to bastards, and placing estates at the mercy of the Church ; with no more liberty of the press (Encycs. of 1831, 1864), no liberty of conscience nor of worship (Encyc. of 1864), and no liberty of speech (Encycs. of 1861, 1864, and Prop. 79), and with the closing proposition of the Syllabus forbidding all hope of an amelioration in the dogmas of the Papacy from the gentling and enlight-

¹ Gladstone's review of Farindi's "Stato Romano."

² Williams v. School-district in Newfane, 33 Vt. 273.

³ Fereiter v. Tyler, Am. Law Review, XI., p. 386. 1876.

ening influence of our Christian civilization, since it declares as a thing which all must believe or be damned, that the sovereign pontiff "should not become reconciled to progress, liberalism, and the spirit of the age" (Prop 80).

While these points are all provided for in the Syllabus, and this is the charming picture in which, as we have seen, the imaginations of the Jesuits delight to revel, it would be impolitic generally to avow it; and they seem to devote themselves at present to the work of overcoming by anathemas the increasing indisposition of the intelligent laity to abridge the advantages of their children.

Let the Jesuits once become to the State, as regards education, an *imperium in imperio*, — let them, independently of the civil power, determine the character of the studies and the selection and approval of the teachers, taking care, as the Syllabus directs, that the schools shall not be in conformity to the will of the rulers or the prevailing opinion of the age, but shall be joined to the Roman Catholic faith and the power of the Roman Catholic Church, — and on the principle that he who controls the education of a country controls its future, they may with reason regard their hoped-for control of the schools as the capture of the outworks and bulwarks of the Republic, whose guns may be turned against all that shall remain of its political and religious freedom. The position of the Roman hierarchy in America was defined by the "Catholic Review," April, 1871, when it said, in a paper on "Unification and Education," —

We deny, of course, as Roman Catholics, the right of the civil government to educate; for education is a function of the spiritual society as much as preaching.

Their chief argument, however, in favor of their schools is at present made to rest, not on an exclusive divine right to educate our people, but on the declaration that their parochial schools are superior, and that in them "religion is queen;" while the public schools are "godless," "moral cancers," tending to immorality and crime. Father Scully spoke of the Roman Catholics of Boston as injured by the infidel public-school system.

It may be remembered that the instruction given in the olden time by the General Court of Massachusetts to the committee appointed to frame the laws of the Commonwealth was, "as near the law of God as can be." This instruction seems not to have been forgotten in the law quoted by Dr. Woolsey, which defines the duty of school instructors to be, —

To exert their best endeavors to impress the youth committed to their care and instruction in the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard to the truth; love of country, humanity, and individual benevolence; sobriety, industry, and frugality; chastity, moderation, temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society, and the basis on which a republican constitution is founded. And it shall be the duty of such instructors to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the above-mentioned virtues, to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and to secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness; and also to point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices.

That these instructions in the principles of truth and justice have not been blended with sectarianism appears from the admission of the Very Rev. William Byrne, vicar-general of the Archbishop of Boston, that there are no un-Catholic prayers and no sectarian books in the public schools of that city.

But the antagonism between the Christian teaching given in our public schools in regard to chastity, truth, and justice, etc., and that authorized by the Pope on these points, is, as will presently appear, very striking; and the views of the Roman Court as to the intellectual education which they approve for their subjects are equally opposed to those of the American people for what they demand for their children as the future sovereigns of the Republic.

Cardinal Cullen, in his evidence before the Educational Committee, given in their report of 1870, frankly stated his opinion that education should be limited to "the three R's, the reading of the Scriptures, and the history of the Church. Too much education would make the poor discontented with their lot, and unsuit them for following the plough, using the spade, hammering iron, and building walls."

Lord John Russell referred to the Cardinal in remarking on the claims of the Roman Church to despotic authority upon the question of education, and said:—

Cardinal Cullen maintains that education belongs to the spiritual power . . . Against all this I protest. I know that if the Papal doctrines of the Syllabus are taught to the educated youth of Ireland, high treason under a covert form will be the daily food of the Irish mind.

If Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., whose descent from our distinguished Commodore Stewart should incline him to respect the great American ideas, will consider how far the stinted treatment of the Irish children from generation to generation has had to do with the evils of which they complain, he may perhaps find in our public

schools, their plan, their statistics, and their results, something that he can conscientiously recommend as a statesmanlike measure for the permanent relief of Ireland.

Of the wrongs and misfortunes of the Irish people, with their generous impulses, their lively fancy, and quick intelligence, from the time when Nicholas Breakspear, the English Pope Adrian IV. (as Archbishop Purcell has reminded us in his protest against papal infallibility), gave Ireland to Henry II., King of England, the grant being confirmed by the next Pope, Alexander III., with the expression of a hope that the Irish would attain under Henry some decency of manners, — of all the wrongs of Ireland since that surrender of its national independence, with a paltry reservation of Peter's pence, perhaps no more grievous harm has been done them than the withholding by the Papal hierarchy from Irish children of a proper education, on the plea that it would make the poor discontented with their lot, and unwilling to devote their lives to the plough, the spade, the hammer, the trowel, and the hod. The effect of such a policy, illustrated as it has been in the history of Ireland, and in its condition to-day, may well impress the Irish in America, when they look at our common schools, supplying to rich and poor alike an education admirable in its appliances, and affording to all a chance of cultivating their intellectual, moral, and reflective faculties, of developing their inventive and scientific powers, of broadening and refining their social sympathies and tastes; an education that assists them to achieve, not simply respectability, usefulness, and a moderate competency, but to rise, as so many do, to wealth and fame in commerce, in literature, in science and in art, in the learned professions, in the politics of the State, and not seldom in the higher service of the nation.

According to the report of the Commission of 1870, as quoted by Dr. Lyon Playfair, the result of this system under clerical management was that there were in Ireland "untrained teachers, untaught scholars, and an ignorant population."

A view similar to that of Cardinal Cullen was expressed to Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, of the New York bar, by His Excellency Cardinal Antonelli, who said "that he thought it better that the children should grow up in ignorance than be educated in such a system of schools as the State of Massachusetts supports. That the essential part of education was the catechism; and while arithmetic and geography and other similar studies might be useful, they were not essential."

The British census returns of 1871 showed that the meagre instruction which His Eminence thought sufficient for the Irish youth was given only to a part ; and that in Connaught, where the Roman Catholic population was the largest, 51 per cent were returned as illiterate, while of the Protestants only 11 per cent were so returned. The Report of the Inspector-General of Prisons showed that while the Roman Catholic population of Ireland was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, the criminals were at the rate of 6 Romanists to 1 Protestant ; and Sir Francis Head's book on Ireland, giving comparative statistics of Antrim, Tipperary, Londonderry, West Meath, Armagh, and Roscommon, says the Protestants in Ireland are to the Roman Catholics as 13 to 40, but the Protestant prisoners are but as 6 to 47. Without referring to similar statistics abroad of reformatories and industrial schools, we find at home census and police returns all telling the same story,—that Roman Catholic schools, as compared with our own, are propaganda of ignorance, superstition, vagrancy, pauperism, and crime ; that they endanger society by recruiting the dangerous classes ; that they burden society with a load of taxation, and that they endanger the stability of our institutions by debasing our civilization. We shall presently ask how far those influences are accounted for by the character of their teachings.

Mr. Hawkins has shown from the United States census of 1870 the comparative number of illiterates, paupers, and criminals, to every 10,000 inhabitants, produced respectively by the Roman Catholic parochial schools, the public schools in twenty-one States, and by the public schools in Massachusetts. When they are arranged for more easy comparison, it is easy to appreciate the objections of Alderman Reardon and his friends, of Cambridgeport, to transfer their children from the State schools of Massachusetts to that of Father Scully.

TO EVERY 10,000 INHABITANTS.

	Illiterates.	Paupers.	Criminals.
Roman Catholic Schools	1,400	410	160
Public Schools, 21 States	350	170	75
Public Schools of Massachusetts	71	49	11

He also showed that in the State of New York the Roman Catholic parochial-school system turned out $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as many paupers as the public-school system. It is needless to enlarge upon the comparative statistics which have been gathered in various parts of Europe, and especially in Italy, showing the extended and stolid ignorance which prevails wherever the priests have controlled the

education of the people ; and showing also, by the statistics of crime, that the religion taught to the people has been largely divorced from virtue and allied to vice.

Some, perhaps, have thought that the education given by Rome in our Republic would borrow inspiration from our purer atmosphere, and something of the life and spirit of our public schools in fitting the children intellectually and morally for the duties that await them. But the contrary appears to be the case, and the dissatisfaction of the more intelligent Roman Catholics with their schools, colleges, and female seminaries is an old story.

Dr. Brownson, who in "Saddler's Sixth Reader," used in Roman Catholic schools, is pronounced "the most original and philosophic thinker that America has produced," in his "Review" for January, 1862, gravely said : —

"Great dissatisfaction has been expressed, and in quarters entitled to respect, with our colleges and female academies ;" and he asked, "Whence comes it that so many of us prefer the public schools of the country to schools conducted by Roman Catholics ? What is the explanation of the facts ? How were they to be accounted for ?" (p. 68) In answering this question he said of the Roman schools : "They practically fail to recognize human progress, and thus fail to recognize the continuous and successive evolution of the idea in the life of humanity. . . . They who are educated in our schools seem misplaced and mistimed in the world, as if born for a world that has ceased to exist. They come out ignorant of contemporary ideas, contemporary habits of mind, contemporary intelligence and tendencies, and large numbers of them sink into obscurity, and do nothing for their religion or their country. . . . Comparatively few of them take a stand, as scholars or as men, on a level with the graduates of non-Catholic colleges ; and those who do take the stand, in most cases, do it by throwing aside nearly all the ideas they learned from their *alma mater*, and adopting the ideas and principles, the modes of thought and action, which they find in the general civilization of the country in which they live. (p. 72). . . . The cause of the failure of what we term Catholic education, in our judgment, is in the fact that we educate, not for the present or the future, but for the past, which never can be restored. (p. 73). . . . It aims . . . to restore a past age and order of things which it is neither possible nor desirable to restore, for it could be restored only, if at all, by a second childhood."

The view thus expressed by Dr. Brownson of Roman education in America corresponds with that of the Cavour Society for the instruction of the Roman youth, as calculated to give them "anti-patriotic and anti-national tendencies, false notions of Italian history, childish superstitions, and very little real knowledge."¹

The learned author of "An Exposition of the Church," in frankly

¹ Record, July 26, 1872.

alluding to the unsatisfactory condition of the countries where the Church of Rome has ruled, remarks :—

Her adversaries, with the finger of derision, point out the facts and proclaim them to the world. Look, they say, at Poland, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Bavaria Austria, Italy, France, and what do you see? Countries subjugated or enervated, or agitated by the internal throes of revolution. Everywhere among [Roman] Catholic nations weakness only and incapacity are to be discerned. This is the result of priestly domination and hierarchical influence of Rome. . . . Can it be true, as our enemies assert, that [Roman] Catholicity, wherever it has full sway, deteriorates society? (pp. 5-7.)

If a partial answer to the author's question may be found in Dr. Brownson's careful diagnosis of the singular unfitness, intellectually and socially, of Roman education for American citizens, a yet more conclusive explanation of its deteriorating influences on society is to be found in the immoral teachings which, in the moral theology of the Jesuits, have superseded the code of Christianity. They profess to teach the same duties of chastity, truth, justice, etc., which are taught in our public schools, but they suggest exceptions and provisoes that make the rule one of convenience instead of duty.

Pascal, in his "Lettres Provinciales," attributed to the Jesuits a code of morals not based on Scripture, but on the doctrine of probable opinions. This, assisted by equivocation, — *doctrine des équivoques*, — mental reservation, and the justification of means by the end admits a modification in turn of each commandment as may be found agreeable or expedient. This view is confirmed by the latest authoritative works; as, for instance, Father Gury's "Compendium of Moral Theology," which is recognized as a standard in the Roman Catholic seminaries of all lands.

The edition quoted by Mr. Cartwright is that of 1870, from the presses of the Propaganda, — a fact to which he alludes as "the highest possible voucher for the entire approval of every line and word in the book by the supreme representatives of the Roman Catholic Church." Take, for instance, the duty of chastity. In Father Gury's chapter on Lust occurs this axiom :—

Temptation, when greatly protracted, need not be positively withstood continuously, inasmuch as that would be over-irksome, and render one liable to innumerable scruples.¹

The social scandals associated with the life of the late Cardinal Antonelli, which have been revived by the proceedings against his

¹ Cartwright, 149-50. Gury, vol. i. p. 15, Resol. 6.

estate in the Roman courts by a lady claiming to be his daughter, seemed to show that he had accepted Father Gury's rule; and his retention by His Holiness as Secretary of State exhibited no disapproval of the doctrine.

The laxity of a rule which enjoins chastity not continuously, but only to a point where to withstand temptation would be "over-irksome," becomes the more significant when applied to ecclesiastics who are forbidden to marry. The language used by the late learned Archbishop Francis P. Kenrick, of Baltimore, who was for many years at the head of his church, in his large work on "Moral Theology," in regard to the decrees issued by the pontiffs to prevent the confessional from being used for purposes of seduction, forcibly illustrates the results of such teaching. His Grace, in a section of seven pages devoted to the crime of solicitation, gave the papal legislation called forth by the crime, and specified nineteen cases or ways of solicitation arranged with reference to the time and mode under seven different heads; showing the gravity of the evils which he deplored, and which he declared were not something invented by the enemies of the faith for the purpose of slander.

Closely connected with this branch of moral education are some of the rules of the confessional, which are alluded to by the Rev. Hobart Seymour, in his work on that subject (London, 1870). Of the questions put to female penitents little is known by the public, for the alleged reason that their publication in England has been adjudged illegal under the laws forbidding indecent publications. But the Rev. Mr. Hart, in his "Ecclesiastical Records" (Cambridge, 1850), remarks of the manual intended to be placed in the hands of young women before confession, "that it details abominations which it might never have entered into their hearts to conceive;" and Mr. Hart adds, what His Eminence the Cardinal may perhaps think proper to refute if it be not true, that "it is not too much to say that by reading a work of this description the mind of a young person would be more polluted in half an hour than by all the licentious publications ever issued from the press."

The danger of such questioning both to the priests and the female penitents the Church seems fully to recognize, by providing that the priests in their turn shall be asked, when they confess, whether they have asked questions in the confessional with a view to their own amusement, and with the intention of gratifying their passions; and whether they had not, during or after the confessional, done or said any thing *cum intentione diabolica has personas seducendi*.

The Rev. Mr. Seymour quotes from Bailly on the Decalogue an instruction which shows that the young female penitents are apt to be prevented by modesty from answering the questions asked them, and which denounces the modesty as a "motive so vain," and enjoins that "this modesty must be overcome." This suggests the remembrance of the power of the priest in the confessional, since, whatever his thoughts or feelings as a man, he is to be regarded by the penitent as a divine judge, "representing the character and discharging the functions of Jesus Christ."

Thus wide and deep is the difference of view in regard to maiden modesty, which the celibate priests of Rome regard as a motive vain and to be vanquished, and which with us is cherished as the surest pledge of domestic happiness and of the public welfare. Here, again, statistics prepared by Roman Catholics might be brought from papal countries to emphasize the difference, seemingly irreconcilable, between the teachings of the American common schools and those of Rome with the confessional.

Returning to Father Gury's presentment of moral duties, we find that when the continuous observance of chastity has been abandoned as "over-irksome," the propriety of falsehood on the part of a wife to conceal the truth from the husband is liberally conceded:—

Anna having been guilty of adultery, and being interrogated by her husband who has formed a suspicion, answers the first time that she has not violated wedlock; the second time, having in the mean time obtained absolution, she replies, "I am guiltless of such crime." The third time, she resolutely denies the adultery, and says, "I have not committed it,"—meaning within herself such a particular adultery as I am bound to reveal; or I have not committed an act of adultery that is bound to be revealed to you. Is Anna to be blamed? ¹

Father Gury justifies each answer of Anna by authorities, including the Jesuit Suarez, and St. Liguori.

Money gifts to a judge are disapproved before judgment; "but the sentence having been already pronounced, it is a matter of controversy whether the judge may not retain what might then seem a mere offering of gratitude from one benefited by the delivered sentence, even when this had been contrary to justice." ²

So by one not *ex officio* bound to give information hush-money may be accepted for concealing theft (Gury, i. 418). The duty of restitution is made easy by confounding moral inability with a sensation of inconvenience:—

¹ Gury, vol. ii. Cartwright, 160.

² Cartwright, 188-89. Gury, vol. ii. p. 8. *De obligationibus judicum.*

In morals that is termed impossible which is very hard, and which cannot be done properly and becomingly. Thus, if a nobleman cannot make restitution without depriving himself of servants, horses, arms, . . . then restitution may be postponed, and obligations discharged by degrees.¹

Father Gury admits the right to fabricate and forge in given cases;² to break oaths, as "that he who has sworn to a girl, rich and healthy . . . is not bound by his oath, should she happen to have become poor, or fallen into bad health."³

Where Edmund, betrothed to Helen, acquires a fat inheritance from a deceased uncle, and repudiates Helen that he may marry another with a fortune to match, "It seems that Edmund should not be disturbed for this." So whoever has seduced a maiden under promise of marriage is not bound to marry her, "when the girl might easily have perceived that there must be deception; as, for instance, from great disparity of condition. In such case, she has to impute her injustice to her own self."⁴ Servants and all persons employed at salaries, "who are of the opinion that their wages are inferior to the work done by them, may make use of clandestine compensation, — *occulta compensatio*, — which is defined as consisting in the recovery of what is due by invasion of another person's property."⁵

For those who defraud the State the way is easy. "Those who have omitted to pay taxes are not bound to restitution, if they have probable ground for persuading themselves that they have contributed adequately to the public wants. Those who import contraband goods commit no sin, and are bound to make no restitution."⁶ "Sapricius," who evades duties by moving grains, wines, food, and wares by night, is not at all to be disturbed.⁷

Forbinus sells Gibertus some land for 30,000 francs, but to reduce the duty inserts 20,000 as the price in the deed. They are held exempt from all obligation to declare the true price, as the law apparently intends merely to authenticate the deed and the transfer of the property; and the notary, although cognizant of the fraud, and even though he was the suggester of it, is held free from all blame on the ground "that, though a public servant, he is not set over the taxes."⁸

¹ Cartwright, 190. Gury, vol. i. p. 431. *De causis a restitutione excusantibus.*

² Cartwright, 190-92. Gury, vol. ii. p. 21. *De obligationibus festium.*

³ Gury, vol. i. p. 204.

⁴ Moullet, Comp. Mor. Theol. par. i. p. 342.

⁵ Cartwright, 181. Gury, vol. i. p. 376. *Recuperatio debiti per rei alienæ invasionem.*

⁶ Cartwright, 215; Moullet, *pars prima*, 345.

⁷ Gury, *Casus Conscientiæ*, p. 39.

⁸ Gury, *Casus Conscientiæ*, p. 232.

Soldiers may desert to attend the confessional. A medical man who has given a fraudulent certificate to exempt from the service may accept money from the fraudulent exempt.

Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, said: "Only what brings harm is sin; and when the advantage exceeds the harm, then it becomes even a virtue."

It is clear that these teachings are not in accord with American ideas of the Christian morality which should form the basis of the State; and that the conduct of our primary and other schools by teachers and priests holding such doctrines must tend to lower our civilization by tainting with moral corruption the rising generation, and impairing respect and confidence between man and man.

To an American who has not marked the progress of the Roman Catholics in America and their plans as recently developed, the idea of the Jesuits confronting the Republic as it enters its second century with an intimation that they are about to control it will seem strange as he recalls the eventful history of that order which has won in turn the detestation of all nations and the condemnation of the Church of Rome.

From its foundation at Paris in 1534 by Loyola, Xavier, and their comrades, the society troubled Europe with its plots and intrigues until it was expelled again and again from Venice, Holland, Poland, Ireland, Russia, Portugal, Spain, Bavaria, Austria, France, Naples, Parma, Malta, and Brazil; until, after being rebuked by various Popes, in 1773,—just as the American Revolution, based upon the divine equality of all men was about to open,—Clement XIV., in a decree which we may wish had been infallible, declared the order abolished forever. That pontiff convicted it of crimes in producing tumults, discords, dissensions, and scandals, breaking the bonds of Christian charity, and exciting the faithful to all the rage of party hatreds.

To-day the revived order appears to be at the head of the Church of Rome. The dogma of infallibility is pronounced the logical result of its existence. Dr. Manning represents the Jesuits as leading the mission to England to subdue the will of that imperial race.

In America we are told that they have captured our great cities; that by their agents they manipulate the press and secure its silence; that they have revised for the American Encyclopædia the history of their intrigues and persecutions; that they have driven the Bible from the public schools, arranged terms with party leaders, secured grants

of lands and moneys, and annual subsidies in the shape of charities ; that they have begun to assert the supremacy of the Church over the State, and are preparing for greater triumphs.

The judgment of history on the Order, as pronounced by Hallam, is accepted by Europe :—

Subtle alike and intrepid, pliant in every direction, unshaken in their aim, the sworn, implacable enemies of Protestant government, the Jesuits were the legitimate object of jealousy and restraint. As every member of that society enters into an engagement of absolute, unhesitating obedience to its superior, no one could justly complain that he was presumed capable at least of committing any crimes that the policy of his monarch might enjoin.

One habit of the Jesuit missionaries is alluded to by Father Gury, in his "*Casus Conscientiæ*" (p. 60), when he asks, "Can a missionary for purposes of concealment assume the dress of ministers of a false religion, so that he may seem one of them?" This he answers in the affirmative, giving as a reason, "For dresses primarily served for covering the body, and are not merely declaratory signs of some sect."

This ruling, as Mr. Cartwright remarks, meets the case of the Jesuit who in Sweden occupied a chair of Protestant divinity ; and it would equally serve to justify their appearance in America in the pulpit or chair of any sect, or in the direction of any party, — and until the thing is understood it may make their real influence greater than their apparent strength. To understand and arrest their policy from time to time a thorough knowledge of their tactics and of their principles, especially of those declared in the Syllabus, is essential. Recently they demanded and obtained the exclusion of the Bible from certain of our public schools, on the ground that it violated their freedom of conscience, since the version was made by Protestants. The fact is, apart from the connection of the translators with the Catholic Church, and the fact that they would not admit to the schools the Bible in their own version, that freedom of conscience is forbidden them and denounced as a delirium ; that the only liberty permitted them is that of obedience to the Pope ; and that, when they represented their consciences as offended by the Bible in American schools, it meant that it was contrary to the Pope's will.

The organization of the Jesuits was intended to result in a thoroughly disciplined and mobilized body of men moving like a highly trained military unit at the word of command ; and touching the character of the men selected as members, Loyola is reported to have

said to his confidential secretary, Polanco, that "in those who offered themselves he looked less to purely natural goodness than to firmness of character and ability for business."¹

With all their cleverness, — and that it is considerable is beyond doubt, — the Jesuits, whatever temporary success they may at any time have achieved, have in the end come to grief. Their power has been stripped from their hands, and they have been chased from country to country, followed by the execrations of governments and people.

It looks as if they had somewhat misappreciated the influences which would confront them in America; and in these contests with their own people they learn something of the force of American character, the influence of American freedom, and the conservative power of American law.

Father Dufresne did not anticipate the judgment awarded against him when he attempted to destroy the business of a parishioner; Father Donnenhoffer had small thought of being tried by judge and jury when he flogged the little pall-bearers; Father Scully did not probably expect, when he disturbed the quiet Sunday at Cambridgeport with his unlovely curses, that he would arouse a storm from the pulpit and a part of the press that would tend to stir the blood of the people. Mr. Kelly and his friends, when they brought priestly influence to help them at the polls, did not foresee that he would be denounced by the great Nestor of the Democratic party as the author of its ruin.

The policy of the Jesuits in their attacks upon the supremacy of the State must determine the movements for its defence; but however grave their blunders, they were undoubtedly wise in selecting the common school as the institution whose fall must precede that of the Republic.

In a passage attributed to Mr. Webster, it was remarked that "the power over education is one of the powers of public police belonging essentially to the Government. It is one of the powers the exercise of which is indispensable to the preservation of society with integrity and healthy action: it is the duty of self-preservation."

The Jesuits from Europe are not alone in their assault upon the supremacy of the American State, and upon the Christianity which it represents. In the West, Mormonism, claiming a divine revelation for the patriarchal system of polygamy, tramples on the flag and aims

¹ Cartwright, p. 20.

at the control of Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado; and it seeks to place the Mormon Church above the American State, and subject the civil power to the control of the Mormon prophet. In the later Roman moves there has been some error of calculation.

It does not appear that the States are generally advised, perhaps they are not advised in any case, of the character of the instruction given to the children in any but the public schools. It would seem therefore most proper, and indeed important, that the Board of Regents and the Board of Education, who are now authorized to visit and supervise the public schools, should be instructed also to visit (as is said to be the case in England and in India) all other schools without regard to sect or party; that they report upon the qualifications and character of the teachers, and the course of reading, including history and the studies generally; and especially whether the moral code recognized by the teachers is in accord with the moral precepts of the Bible; and whether the students are properly taught in the duties essential to make them good and loyal citizens, and what sectarian instruction if any is given in the school.

Under such an inspection the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America would have an opportunity of presenting the truth in answer to any charges against their mode of education, and especially against the charge already referred to (which seems to be made on high authority), that in the confessional indecent questions are put to the female penitents, with an instruction to the confessing priest that their modesty must be overcome. Such a feature of female education, if such be the truth, would derive new importance from the developments made by his Grace the late Archbishop of Philadelphia, of the extent to which the confessional has been used for improper purposes; and an assurance from his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey that no questions are asked, or would be allowed to be asked, that might shock the modesty of a maiden or a wife, would doubtless give satisfaction to thousands of pure women, mothers and daughters, of all communions, and it might dispense with all occasion for an inquiry into the matter by the State Legislatures. None can know better than the accomplished Roman Catholic prelates in America, that the State Legislatures could no more approve of a system of female education in which, whatever the pretence, the modesty of young girls should be assailed, than they could sanction schools for propagating polygamy on the plea of spiritual wives sealed in Heaven.

It will be interesting to watch the disagreement already apparent,

and which is likely to increase despite every effort to conceal it, between the Jesuit colony and the higher class of our old-fashioned Roman Catholics, — men and women of character and culture, of good feeling and common sense, whose devotion to their religion has included no fondness for Jesuitical novelties or political intrigues in the Church ; who are proud of being Americans, devoted to their country, bound to their fellow-countrymen ; who are conscious of the great value of our public schools, with the teaching of simple Christian morals unmixed with sectarianism or politics ; who have no desire to see priests meddling with the elections, and who would be disgusted beyond measure with the flogging of Roman Catholic boys for attending the funeral of their friends, — these excellent people will be indignant at the discredit brought upon their Church by the Scullys, the Dufresnes, and the Donnenhoffers, and they may perhaps suggest that these foreign gentlemen, however accustomed to rule their flocks abroad with whips and curses, might better learn a little of the laws of the country and of the spirit of the people before they blunder again so gravely, and flog into the Irish-American boys not simply the thought of Brownson, of the inferior civilization of the Roman priests, but the thought also expressed by the Italian proverb, *Chi colomba si fa, il falcon se la mangia*, — “He who makes himself a dove is eaten by the hawk.” The expediency of Americans meddling in such a quarrel may seem doubtful ; but there can be no doubt as to the propriety of making it easy for our Roman Catholic citizens to protect themselves against all attempts to deprive their children of the benefits of the common schools, or themselves of the right of voting without dictation.

A simple section for their further protection in these rights, by forbidding all attempts at intimidation or undue influence, making such attempts a crime against the State, and providing for the prompt arrest and punishment of all persons guilty of the offence, might tend to moderate the zeal of the priests and increase the independence of their people. There might be also a provision for the prompt hearing of any complaints against the validity of an election as having been carried by threats, spiritual menaces, or other undue influence ; and for the setting aside of the election on these grounds, as in the Charlevoix election case in Canada, where the clerical candidate was unseated.¹

Thus far no occasion has appeared, — and let us trust that none

¹ Montreal Witness, Nov. 30, 1876.

may arise, — when legislation shall be necessary to check such an abuse in our administration of justice as that which Mr. Laveleye, in Belgium, is reported to have described in these words :—

The clergy also begin to use the confessional as a means of obtaining decisions conformable to their own interests from the judges. If the magistrate shrinks from deciding in the sense desired by the Church, absolution is refused to him. . . . They may equally aspire to make themselves masters of the executive through the confessional.

The ready skill and sound judgment of our people will suggest, from time to time, the proper measures to be pursued. Among suggestions that may be worthy of note are those for testing the titles to the real estate of the public which may have been conveyed in violation of law, the obtaining constitutional amendments stopping all appropriations to sectarian charities, and taxing all property held for religious purposes excepting only the edifices used for public worship. To these the various denominations will generally assent, when they find, as in Mr. Hawkins's last paper (in the New York "Christian Advocate," Jan. 1, 1880), how small is the sop given to them as a justification for the large amounts controlled by the Jesuits. It may be useful occasionally to remind an editor if any Jesuit in the establishment suppresses news of interest ; and it would be needless to dwell on the importance of questioning candidates, and learning their precise views on the question of public schools, of sectarian appropriations, and of ecclesiastical encroachments on State supremacy.

That there is to be a struggle, and a hard one, for the control in our Republic between the people constituting the State and the ecclesiastics who represent the Roman Church, no rational man who understands the situation can for a moment doubt. In the light of history and reason it seems equally clear, either that the struggle is now to be decided by maintaining against the opposition the supremacy of the State in its right of education intellectual and moral, in its administration of justice, in the safety of elections from priestly control, and in every other legitimate exercise of sovereignty, — or that, if these be yielded through treachery or indifference, the struggle will sooner or later be transferred to the battle-field, and decided in the most terrible of conflicts, a religious war.

This thought gives emphasis to the question which concerns all honest people, whether members of the Church of Rome, or of the branches of the great Catholic Church universal who protest against her errors, or not connected with any church, how we can best preserve in peace

our government, our institutions, and our common law, of which it should never be forgotten that Christianity is a part.

To General Grant, for his plain, honest, outspoken advice on this point, the country owes a debt of gratitude. Apart from all arguments about a third term; apart from the official jobbery that so discredited his administration at home and abroad; apart from the question already asked, and which history will answer, how far the advantages so dearly won in the field were recklessly lost in the cabinet, through feeble statesmanship hampered by corruption,—apart from all errors of his own and of the men whom he trusted, true Americans should appreciate the soundness of his advice to the country upon this topic, which he addressed to the Army of the Tennessee at Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 29, 1876, and which was reported as follows:—

If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason's and Dixon's; but it will be between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other.

In this centennial year the work of strengthening the foundation of the structure laid by our forefathers one hundred years ago at Lexington should be begun. Let us all labor for the security of free thought, free speech, free press, and pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that any child in the land may get a common-school education, unmixed with atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teachings. . . . Keep the Church and the State forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

JOHN JAY.

POSTSCRIPT. — It is perhaps proper to answer briefly a grave charge of historic inaccuracy made by the "Catholic World" for January, 1880 (p. 643, *note*), although unaccompanied by either proof or explanation. After quoting an allusion to the action of the Pope in our Rebellion similar to that in the "International Review" for February, page 190, the "World" says:—

. . . 1st error, that the Sovereign Pontiff assumed the dissolution of the Union; 2d error, that he recognized the Confederacy; 3d error, that he welcomed its "envoys." Mr. Jay has been in the diplomatic service of our country, and is supposed to know the value of his words when speaking on such matters; his language in the above statement is calculated to convey to the public mind a false impression,—that is, that the Sovereign Pontiff did diplomatically or officially any of those things which Mr. Jay imputes to him.

The assertions pronounced erroneous rest on the reply of Pius IX. to an official letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, returning thanks for himself and the Confederacy

for the papal instructions to the archbishops. The Pontifical reply was in Latin. It was addressed to the "Illustrious and Honorable Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America" (Lossing, vol. iii. p. 47, *note*), and concluded: "Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the third of December, in the year of our Lord 1863, of our Pontificate 18. — PIVS IX." It contained these expressions: "We have just *received with all suitable welcome the persons sent by you* to place in our hands your letter. . . . It is particularly agreeable to us that *your illustrious and honorable President and your people* are animated with the same desire of peace and tranquillity, etc. . . . May it please God at the same time to make *the other people of America and their rulers* . . . adopt resolutely the part of peace." It again alluded to "all the peoples of America." The correspondence is referred to by Lossing, who says: "This was the only official recognition the chief conspirator ever received by the head of any Government." The letters may be found in the Rebellion Record, vol. vii. Doc. 509-10, and in Appleton's Cyclopædia for 1863, pp. 819-20. Beyond this recognition of the Confederacy, which in the view of international law was "an injury," and might have been a ground of war, the "Catholic World" will note that the letter would justify the yet grave charge against the Pontiff of usurping the right, which international law allows to no sovereign, of meddling in such a domestic quarrel, and of sitting in judgment on the policy of the Government. In contrast to this letter of the Pontiff, see Lord Russell's note to Davis's envoys to England, — Messrs. Yancey, Rust, and Mason, — in Draper's History of the War, II. p. 159, and Lord Russell's own account of his interview with an envoy of perhaps a higher grade, — Mr. Mason (Recollections and Suggestions by John Earl Russell, 1875, pp. 227-28.) J. J.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1880.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IN this country the diplomatic service is not popular. Its methods are quiet and unobtrusive ; its results are not often immediately obvious. Its success is essentially the success of prevention, not of cure. For when international differences have reached the point where they attract public attention and excite public feeling, they have passed beyond the reach of ordinary diplomatic settlement, and nations are preparing to measure against each other their strength and will. It is seldom, therefore, that a Secretary of State, or a Foreign Minister, has the opportunity to do that which strikes the popular sense or touches the popular sympathy. But such opportunities have occurred even in very recent times, and in the changes and chances of international life will occur again. During the Civil War an illustration was afforded of the value of diplomatic ability ; for no one on either side of that memorable contest can fail to recognize how much was due to the singular fitness of Mr. Adams for his responsible duties. His own position and character ; the traditional honors of his name ; the calm, steady assurance of his convictions, springing almost as much from the hereditary habit of dealing with great affairs as from his personal temperament ; the trust which begets patience ; the comprehension of the slow but sure logic of broad, natural causes ; the dignity of bearing which was never ruffled by small irritations ; the instinct that knew when to speak and when to be silent ; the trained and scholarly capacity which gave both elevation and point to the formal discussion of great questions of international law,—all these personal qualifications strengthened his cause, dignified the character of his country, and, in modifying and controlling as he did modify and control the policy of the British government, assured the success of the most critical negotiation of the war.

There is another such illustration in our recent diplomatic history, not so large in its scope nor so vital in its consequences, but well worthy of honorable commemoration. Few positions can be con-

ceived more difficult than that of Mr. Washburne in Paris during the late Franco-German war, and especially during the siege. The very fact that he had no great interests of his own country to protect increased the embarrassments of his situation ; for in that case he would have had the whole power of the nation behind him. But his task was to fulfil the duties of an honest and humane neutrality, to temper as far as he could the excited passions of a suffering people, and at the same time not to interfere with the rights which war had given to a stern and relentless victor. The patient, laborious, sympathetic kindness with which he administered the fund for the relief of the Germans who could not leave Paris, the steady good sense with which he protected them, the firmness with which he maintained his diplomatic privileges (the means of his usefulness) against the natural suspicions and encroachments of the revolutionary despotism within and the military power without, did honor to himself and his country. As the crisis deepened, his duties became not merely difficult but dangerous, and they were discharged with a simple and unpretentious manhood worthy of all praise. When the horrors of the Commune seemed about to revive the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, and his efforts were ineffectual to protect those whom he strove to save, there is nothing in our history of which an American has better reason to be proud than the farewell visit of the American Minister to the venerable Archbishop of Paris. For when Mr. Washburne entered the squalid prison in which that martyred prelate lay bound for butchery, and in the presence of the ruffians hungering and howling for innocent blood offered him the consolation of human sympathy, he placed upon the record of history, from which it will never be effaced, the indignant protest of the great Republic he represented against those crimes which have too often been committed in the name of Liberty.

But these are, fortunately, very exceptional cases ; and while it would be easy to demonstrate by other less striking examples the usefulness of our diplomatic service, its course, as a general rule, has been and must be uneventful. The very growth and power of the country have isolated its interests from any very close connection with the personal and party politics of the civilized world. Dynastic and territorial questions cannot touch us. There was a time in the early history of the country, when, surrounded by the colonial possessions of other nations, their relations, their policies, their wars were of direct concern to us, and required an intelligent activity of diplomatic inter-

course. But the purchase of Louisiana, the acquisition of Florida, the annexation of Texas, the addition of California and its Pacific coast have long since obviated the necessity for direct interference. The failure of Maximilian in Mexico, and especially the recognition of the principle upon which Mr. Seward demanded the withdrawal of the French forces, put an end to all hope of restoring to the Latin race its power and prestige on this side of the Atlantic, even if this idea was ever more than a sentimental fancy in the mind of the French Emperor; while the abolition of slavery has deprived the Cuban question of the importance it once threatened to assume, and will allow us to leave its solution to time and the growing good sense of Spain. But although this condition of things must to a large extent affect the character of our diplomacy, it is very far from rendering diplomatic intercourse unnecessary. The position which the United States occupy to-day need not be described in the language of extravagant patriotism. It is too well assured and known among all nations. It cannot fail to influence, it cannot fail to be influenced by, the really great interests of humanity. There are three classes of questions of international consequence in which they are directly interested, and in the discussion and settlement of which they need a diplomatic service of genuine ability and efficient organization.

1. That class of questions which concern the relations of nations in perfect peace, — such as questions of extradition and expatriation; questions in which independent, sovereign rights, civic obligations, and municipal duties are to be harmonized with the principles of free intercourse which quicken and direct the current of modern civilized life. No one can read the discussions between Mr. Fish and Lord Derby on the subject of extradition, and the report of the British Commission which was the consequence of that discussion, without recognizing the gravity of the questions involved and the ability and knowledge requisite for their proper treatment, or without acknowledging how much the country owes to the solid good sense, the familiarity with public affairs, the calm and courteous temper which enabled Mr. Fish to maintain with consummate success the position of his Government. Nor would it be easy to overrate the importance, either to the principles concerned or to the character of the Government for fairness and firmness in their maintenance, of the negotiations of Mr. Bancroft Davis in Germany on the subject of expatriation.

2. There is a class of questions to which coming events in Europe

seem about to give increased and early consequence, — the questions arising out of neutral rights and neutral duties in wars which may involve the fortunes of the leading nations of civilization. There are no questions in which the United States have a more natural and direct interest ; none in which these interests should be directed and controlled by a higher and broader sense of justice and a steadier maintenance of their own commercial and sovereign rights ; none in which a wise and elevated diplomacy needs so much the services of an intelligent, experienced, and educated body of diplomatic observers. In such a condition of international relations it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the clear eyes and the acute ears with which a Secretary of the State should see and hear the events by which he may be surrounded and in the presence of which he must act.

3. That class of questions which arise from commercial relations and the development of the manufacturing power of the country, seeking new and foreign markets. Of course our enormous agricultural production and its consumption consequent upon bad foreign harvests do not depend on, and could scarcely be controlled by, diplomatic action. Nor could ever so active and intelligent a diplomacy change the laws of demand and supply, the rates of cost and freight, which create or close the markets for our manufactured goods. But it needs no very profound observation to see that international intercourse of any kind requires the intervention of Government. Even the inter-State commerce of our own country is exerting every day a modifying influence upon our political and constitutional relations, and giving new shape and effect to the law which regulates the great corporations which conduct it. An increasing international commerce brings us everywhere in closer connection with the laws and political systems of even free countries ; and where, as in many of the largest and wealthiest nations, their industries and commerce are directly guarded, controlled, and directed by the immediate action of their Governments, we are brought into contact with the Governments themselves as well as with their people. Now it will scarcely be disputed that an intelligent representative, thoroughly informed as to the interests, industries, and commercial legislation of his own country, placed where his character and knowledge would have their fair influence upon those who guide the policy of foreign States, enabled to study at the best advantage the wants, habits, and feelings of the people among whom he resides, could materially aid,

both at home and abroad, the judicious and legitimate extension of our commerce. What is diplomacy but the official representation of the mutual interests which make international relations? If at one time people were so completely represented by their Governments that dynastic connection gave an almost purely personal character to diplomacy; if at one time the unsettled boundaries of nations made territorial questions or the balance of power the absorbing national interests, and thus gave an angry and warlike color to international discussion,—it does not follow that because Governments have become more popular and international interests larger and broader there should be no diplomacy. Rather would the logical consequence be that the field of diplomacy had become wider, and its qualifications higher; that the scope of its effort should be ampler, and its results more beneficent and more enduring. The methods may differ, but the objects are the same. As Lord Palmerston once said before a parliamentary commission, with his usual bright incisiveness and sterling common-sense,—

I should humbly conceive that they [diplomatic agents] are more important on account of the very circumstances which have just been stated; because when the affairs of a country were decided by the caprice of a mistress, by a back-stairs intrigue, or by a Pope's bull, it is obvious that your ambassador could have very little influence in directing any of those operating causes. Unless he made love to the mistress, or associated with the back-stairs agent, or bribed papal authority, it is evident he could have no power of influencing any of those causes, and therefore all he could do would be to let you know, if he could find out, how those secret causes were acting. But in proportion as these causes were secret it was more difficult for him to arrive at a knowledge of them. In these days, as is well stated in the question, the conduct of the Government is influenced by public opinion, by what passes in deliberative assemblies, and by international considerations rather than by personal caprices and passions; and it is precisely that kind of considerations which an ambassador can bring under the notice and press upon the attention of another Government. Your ambassador can tell the minister of a foreign country that your interests are so and so; that the public opinion of your country runs in a certain direction, and has obtained a certain height; that there are certain things your Government can do, and certain things it cannot do; and by making the minister of that other country aware of what are considered the interests of [his own country], and what is the prevalent opinion [of his own country], and what are the influences which control, direct, or interfere with [his own] Government, he places under the consideration of the Government to which he is accredited matters which may greatly influence the conduct of that Government with regard to things which may involve questions of peace or war,—which at all events may involve questions deeply affecting the commercial interests of the country.

Let us look at some of the international questions in which the United States are at this moment interested. Let any one read, even superficially, the record of the late Monetary Conference at Paris, and say whether the interests of the questions there discussed can be best served by an occasional conference, or by the intelligent, continuous, and systematic study of competent men familiar with the wants, financial habits, and legislative discussions of the countries in which they may reside as diplomatists, and from which knowledge so acquired could be concentrated for the examination of a Secretary of State. Take the recent popular agitation as to a commercial treaty with France, and, admitting the benefit of attracting to it popular attention and interest, can any one doubt as to the superior advantage of the careful consideration of such a question between the Department of State and a fully informed diplomatic representative? Come nearer home, and would it be either safe or easy to treat the relations between Mexico and the United States by a broken and fitful representation? There are the troubles on the Rio Grande: the protection of United States citizens from the irregularities, not to say oppressions, of irresponsible and desperate revolutionary factions; the watchfulness over interested violation of treaty rights, such as have been committed in the recent effort of the province of Yucatan to discriminate against the exportation of hemp to this country; the increasing tendency of United States capital to seek employment in the mines and railroads of Mexico, where it needs prompter and surer guardianship than the embarrassed Mexican government can always give it;—and all this to be effected with due regard not only to the rights but the susceptibilities of the Mexican government and people.

Consider the relations of this country with the South American Republics,—the opportunity for an ever expanding and profitable commercial intercourse, but an opportunity which needs for its proper and timely use a full and accurate knowledge of their governments, their legislation, the tempers of their public men, the peculiarities of their people; or the intercourse between this country and the Asiatic nations, where, until they have become familiar with our ways and systems, we need not only diplomatic representation but the supervision of our own laws and magistrates. And perhaps no better illustration of the manner in which a just and enlightened diplomacy can make its commercial interests the basis of a policy which shall advance the character and influence as well as the interests of the country can be found than the recent treaty with Japan, in which Mr.

Evarts has most successfully done two things: (1) To assert the right of the United States to make its own commercial interests the basis of an independent policy; and (2) To relieve a proud and intelligent people from the tutelage and intermeddling superintendence which the joint diplomacy of Europe seemed desirous of making the method of their commercial relations with the Japanese. Nor has a better opportunity offered for a wise, conservative, and elevated policy,—a policy which would place the influence of the United States upon higher and surer grounds in the East,—than our relations with China, especially after the sound and courageous decision of Mr. Justice Field; a policy which needs, above all things, diplomatic ability for its execution.

In view of such considerations it is scarcely possible to maintain that we do not need an efficient diplomatic service. Indeed, it is the truth that we need one much more efficient than we are ever likely to obtain. The apparent prejudice against a regular diplomatic service which every now and then breaks out in splenetic newspaper paragraphs, or "rigid economy" speeches in Congress, does not represent the feeling of the country. What our people want is a real and not a sham service. They feel towards diplomatists as they do towards soldiers; they have great respect for real fighting, but have rather ludicrous perceptions of militia musters. The owners of the "Georgia" when she was libelled at Callao and released by the prompt intervention of the United States minister, saving them from heavy loss, great inconvenience, and enormous costs, did not find the expense of diplomatic representation even in Peru either useless or burdensome. And so the American people, who are not an illiberal people, who in fact are a people reckless of means for ends that they value, would never complain of the service if they understood that it was real service. But they wish, and it is a very reasonable wish, that their diplomacy should not represent old traditions, or be moulded into precisely the same shape that it has taken from the habits and fashions of other nations. They wish it to be their own. They wish it to be the true and genuine representation of a great and free nation having the ambition or vanity of no personal ruler to gratify; coveting no outlying territory, straining after no "natural boundaries;" conscious of a certain and massive strength that can be disturbed by no variations in the balance of power; feeling no envy and fearing no rivalry; secure in the enjoyment of that liberty which it knows to be the highest human manifestation of law; rich in exhaustless resources

to which the world is welcome ; anxious only to discharge the duties of the position to which God has called it as the Great Neutral Power, not untaught by sharp experience to understand the bitterness of civil conflict, teaching by its influence the blessedness of free government, and conquering only the friendship of the nations by an active, honest, and enterprising commerce ; supported in its natural expansion by the strength of a government, and omnipotent for protection but powerless for aggression. Such a diplomacy would have, because it would deserve, the support and sympathy of the American people. For no people ought to realize more strongly the truth of what has been said by an eminent writer on international law : " Modern international law is mostly made up of rules indebted for their existence to physical and social conditions which did not exist two centuries ago. At the present day, owing to the facilities of locomotion and to postal and telegraphic communication, as well as to wider moral conceptions and more enlightened commercial principles, the intercourse of nations with each other and of the citizens of one nation with those of another is far more noticeable and important in time of peace than in time of war." ¹

One of the strongest among the many honorable claims of the present Administration upon the confidence of the country is that it has fully apprehended this position, and has endeavored in its foreign relations to develop its consequences. Mr. Evarts has given to the work of his department a direction which needs only perseverance and system to create a fresh and vigorous diplomacy which will commend itself to the popular sense, because it represents the popular interests, and because while it has both breadth and elevation it means business. But no secretary, however able or however anxious, can with our short terms and constant changes effect much, unless he can establish a system of service which shall make, with proper methods and competent agents, an organization which will work steadily and uniformly under all administrations. To create such an organization three things are necessary :—

1. The selection of missions as well as ministers, the appointment of consulates as well as consuls, should be left entirely with the executive to whom such duty properly belongs. The Secretary of State, if he is fit for his great office, should be free to select the agencies with which he works. He knows, and he alone can know fully, what service he needs and where and when it can be most efficiently ren-

¹ Amos's Science of Law, p. 341.

dered. He wants, it must be remembered, not independent action, but trustworthy information and the discreet execution of instructions. It may be for the interest of the country to spend fifty thousand dollars on a mission for three months, and it may not be worth while to spend five thousand for a year of routine service. The foreign policy of a secretary is determined by the interests of the country, the sentiment of the people, the legislation of Congress. For its character and execution he and the administration are responsible. With the details and instrumentalities of his work a parliamentary body cannot judiciously interfere. Such a body can legislate, but it cannot administer; and one of the great and growing evils of our national legislature is that it is mistaking its functions. Nothing is more futile and often more ludicrous than the well-meant efforts of a retrenching Congress, squelching an obscure consulate here, cutting off a secretary of legation there, and saving, after debate that costs infinitely more than the reduction sought for, not one tenth of the sum that is "chiselled" by a shrewd "ring" out of an appropriation, or that is wasted on the wanderings and wonderings of an itinerant investigating committee.

To place the appropriation, judiciously and liberally estimated, for the diplomatic service at the disposition of the secretary imposes upon him a much more direct responsibility than at present. So long as there exists a fixed schedule of diplomatic appointments with apparently tempting salaries already appropriated, no secretary will be strong enough to resist applications, independent of the opinion impliedly thus expressed by Congress that the appointments are necessary; and, if the office exists and the salary is provided, if it cannot be filled usefully for the country, why not fill it usefully for the party? But when the secretary is personally responsible for the propriety of the mission as well as for the fitness of the minister; when every dollar wasted on an idle, useless mission is taken away by his own act from a mission which the interests of the country and his own official reputation require to be efficiently filled and served,—it will become the direct concern of the secretary himself to suppress all his useless supernumeraries. The necessity of doing his work according to his means will be, as it always is, the surest guarantee of economical expenditure; and he cannot, in his selections, dispense with men who can do his work promptly and efficiently. And such a system would relieve the service of that feature which seems most obnoxious to our people,—the restriction of its honors to a small class

of specially trained experts. After some reflection, and not without some opportunity of observation, we are satisfied that the interests of the country are better served by the appointment — especially to the larger and more important missions — of men familiar with and eminent in its daily life. There is a freshness and directness in the representation of popular interests and popular feeling which compensate to a great extent for the absence of special training ; and the habit of change enables a secretary to select those with whom long political association has established that personal confidence which in weighty or delicate affairs is a very necessary element in the proper relation between a Secretary of State and his representative abroad.

It is idle to suppose that modern facilities of communication, such as the telegraph, can avoid the usual deliberation of diplomatic discussion. It would be as easy to argue a case in the Supreme Court by telegrams as to so conduct a negotiation. But constant and rapid intercourse does enable a secretary to determine more promptly and readily the necessity of the immediate exigency for diplomatic representation, and to withdraw or transfer such representation as circumstances might seem to require.

If, as public opinion would now seem to indicate, there is a disposition to limit the diplomatic service to the actual necessity for negotiation, and to abandon the system of resident missions merely of courtesy and observation, some such power will have of necessity to be given to the secretary. For no one can say when the necessity of diplomatic representation will arise, and it may occur at such time as to render the previous authorization of Congress impossible, while the interests of the country might suffer by delay. Over the power thus given Congress would exercise that general supervision which, keeping clear of the details of administration, is the only safe and sound control that a parliamentary body can exercise. And unless we have so degenerated that our great public offices can no longer be filled by men in whose ability, integrity, and patriotism the country can trust, it would seem that to appropriate to the Department of State the fund which is deemed sufficient for its administration, and then to hold its head responsible for its wise and faithful expenditure, would be both more effectual and more economical.

2. The Department of State should be more perfectly organized. Its history has been honorable to the country ; upon its reputation there is no speck nor stain ; its officers have discharged laborious and responsible duties well and faithfully, and in no department of official

service has better work been done by better men. But that work has increased enormously. A chief of a Bureau must now be a man of more than usually active and persevering intelligence, if he does more than compass the routine business of his Bureau. And there is none of that interchange of service between the higher grades of the department and the diplomatic and consular bodies which has been found practically so advantageous in other foreign offices. The appointment of consular clerks is the only, and a very distant, approach to this admirable system. It could and ought to be very much enlarged. It could not be generally applied to the greater missions, although Assistant-Secretaries of State have been transferred to the Russian and German missions with credit and honor to the country. But it would not be difficult, so far as secretaries of legation and consuls are concerned, to arrange a system of interchangeable service which would be equally advantageous. There is no reason why a chief of a Bureau should not be temporarily transferred to a secretaryship or a consulate, or why a secretary or consul should not come back to the Department. The increased knowledge and practical experience would be an improvement to both, while the system of interchange would connect more directly and closely the home and foreign diplomatic service, and secure to the whole fuller information, more cordial sympathy, and that thorough comprehension of its various duties so necessary to efficient and harmonious action.

Again, every one familiar with the work of the State Department knows that it is never without intricate questions requiring the careful study both of domestic and foreign law, patient investigation of complicated and disputed facts, close examination of treaties and precedents,—questions upon which both time and special knowledge are needed to reach safe and accurate conclusions. It would be running no risk of error to say, without any special information, that at any given time there are questions of this sort pending which demand long and pains-taking scrutiny. Now a Secretary of State with his duties as Cabinet Minister, his time necessarily given to official intercourse with foreign ministers, can do very little more than determine the general principles upon which such questions depend and their relation to his general policy. What is needed is a class of officers far above the mere clerical grade in learning and ability, to whom the examination of such questions can be referred, and upon whose report the secretary can depend with sufficient confidence to act. Such a report is a very different thing either from the decision which the

secretary may reach, or the dispatch in which he records it ; but no one who knows the carefulness of fact, the caution of consequence and inference, the clearness and precision of principle which are needed in the preparation of an important dispatch will deny the necessity of this labor or the advantage of a machinery competent to its discharge. And we believe that the experience of every secretary will confirm the opinion of this necessity.

Another want of the State Department is a permanent assistant-secretary. It is only natural and proper that one of the assistant-secretaries should come and go with the secretary ; he needs such a confidential assistant in what may be called the politics of the department. But the fact that the first assistant-secretary does come and go with the secretary cuts off the continuity of information which is needed. One permanent assistant has been found necessary in every department of foreign affairs, and the necessity is obvious to preserve the thread of negotiation which, as our own records prove, often run through more than one term of office. The Department has not perhaps suffered as much inconvenience as was probable from this want, owing to the very exceptional circumstance that the present accomplished first assistant-secretary was for eighteen years in office under a former secretary, and that the department possessed in the person of Mr. Hunter, the second assistant, an officer who for fifty years had devoted himself to this service, who is a living record of the diplomatic traditions of the Government, and whose ability and virtues afford an admirable demonstration of what might be effected for the character and interests of the country by a good civil service.

3. The consular system ought to be improved and extended. It has been greatly improved ; and fortunately it is not only a self-supporting system, but to a large extent provides the means for its own extension. Under the direction and encouragement of the present secretary, the consular correspondence is becoming every day more valuable as a means of useful practical information to the enterprise and industry of the country. There is a substantial difference between diplomatic and consular functions ; but the difference is not so great as it was, and the British custom of combining the two offices of *chargé d'affaires* and consul-general, — as they do in some of the South American States — might be imitated even in our representation in the smaller European States without disadvantage. But the service ought to be made permanent, and promotion certain when deserved. The duties

they have to discharge are important, and come directly home to innumerable interests, not in the discussion of rights and principles, but in the application of positive, practical laws to individuals; and there are no duties, the easy and comfortable discharge of which are more affected by the personal character and intelligence of the officer, and the confidence which he may inspire in the local authorities with whom he deals. His consequence, or rather his consideration as a representative, should always be maintained by the Government; and every consul should be an adequately salaried officer, and forbidden to engage actively in trade. The vigor and supremacy of British commerce have, in no small measure, been directed and maintained by the British consuls. No one who has had the opportunity has failed to observe the superiority which they claim, and the care with which the Government supports their importance; nor can it be denied that, especially in the East and in the South American Republics, they enjoy larger consideration and influence than the consular representatives of other powers. Lord Palmerston is credited with saying that while he might sometimes neglect to read a diplomatic dispatch, he never failed to read the consular correspondence.

Our consular system has in it the elements of a strong, healthy life, and would need very little to make it perfect. The rigid requirement of proper qualifications, the judicious but moderate increase in the number of consulates, the location of consulate-generals in reference to the natural centres of trade rather than in deference to political importance, and a direct and active supervision by the Department of the practical discharge of its duties would add greatly to the efficiency of what is now felt and admitted to be an honorable and useful branch of the public service. And perhaps the necessary supervision would be best secured by a more systematic construction of consular districts, giving a consul-general to each district, relieving him of consular duties at his place of residence, and making him with increased powers of supervision the superintending officer of the district. For example; both Odessa and Halifax are centres of natural consular districts, the interests of which could be better attended to there than at St. Petersburg or Montreal.

But if, as is most desirable, the commercial and industrial connection between the United States and the countries of Central and South America is to be closer, we would suggest one modification of the consular system in those States. Of course, there can be no question that all independent nations are equal before the law, and that there is

no right which we possess which is not equally a right of Venezuela, or Bolivia, or Mexico. But the administration of law and government in these countries is, in many and important respects, different from ours, — so different that in many cases, where the interests of our citizens are concerned, the methods and proceedings have occasioned dissatisfaction and complaint. The result of this, combined with the financial troubles of these States, has been that claims remain a long time unsettled, claimants become impatient, their claims grow large enough to be influential at home, Governments interfere, and a fleet appears in a Central or South American harbor, or a commission is appointed with a half century of old claims to settle which has not the means of satisfactory investigation, and strikes a doubtful average upon imperfect and often untrustworthy testimony. Would it not be better, more satisfactory to all parties, infinitely more convenient and comfortable, for the Governments to provide that in future all such cases should go for investigation at least to a mixed tribunal, of which one of our consuls — the consul-general if there is one — should be a member? This would allow the testimony to be taken at the time; such a joint tribunal would desire methods free from the objections of present local administration; the awards would in most cases be satisfactory; and if final reference to the Governments became necessary, they would be enabled to act with full knowledge and carefully taken testimony. This would in fact be only a commission, brought some degrees nearer to the cases it tries; and there is nothing in such an arrangement which would imply superiority, and there is no reason why it could not be asked and obtained in a spirit both amicable and honorable to all concerned. It would only be going back to the original object of the institution of consulates; for there can be little doubt that consuls in their first creation were judges in certain ports of the interests which the maritime customs of that early day regulated between the trading foreigner and the native merchant, or municipal authority. And without straying into the paths of speculative discussion, it may be added that this method of mixed tribunals is really a practical step towards that recognition of common legal obligations, and their enforcement by magistrates of international authority, which the more hopeful school of modern jurists declare will be in its full and final accomplishment the crowning glory of international law.

It would perhaps be only tedious to the general reader to discuss the details of this subject, and the object of this paper was rather the

suggestion of general principles than special means. It is a great mistake to suppose that our people do not take a just pride in the administration of their foreign affairs. They have no desire to play a less part in the history of the world than Providence has assigned them, and they have no intention to play that part badly or meanly. They know their own value ; and if they can be freed from the bitterness and unrest with which the cruel selfishness of political parties is poisoning the natural current of their lives, they will vindicate in its fullest accomplishment the prophecy of Mr. Evarts ; and in his language, with its happy transposition of familiar words, " this great people will put on its native hue of resolution and address itself to enterprises of great pith and moment," — enterprises to which his position, his patriotism, and his ability command and enable him, in the formula of his department, to put his hand and seal.

WM. HENRY TRESCOT.

RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

THE original publication of this important work¹ marked an era in the study and exposition of the Aristotelian philosophy, although Dr. Grote's conclusions did not command universal assent. It was seen, however, how deep and profound was the lore which the historian of Greece brought to bear upon his task, while the work also demonstrated the acuteness and great receptivity of his intellect in grappling with the subtle questions which a study of Aristotle involves. Had he lived to fulfil completely his intentions with regard to the great Greek philosopher, we should have witnessed a service paid to the founder of a system in many respects unparalleled. As it is, Aristotle is here expounded in such a manner that those who are inexpert in his philosophy may become thoroughly versed in its method and in its details. The learned editors of this work—Dr. Alexander Bain and Mr. Croom Robertson—observe that in 1856 Dr. Grote, having completed his *History of Greece*, “promised to follow out in a separate work that speculative movement of the fourth century, B. C., which upheld the supremacy of the Hellenic intellect long after the decline of Hellenic liberty. He had traced the beginnings of the movement in the famous chapter on Socrates, but to do justice to its chief heroes—Plato and Aristotle—proved to be impossible within the limits of the *History*. When, however, the promised work appeared, after nine laborious years, it was found to compass only Plato and the other immediate companions of Socrates, leaving a full half of the appointed task unperformed. Mr. Grote had already passed his seventieth year, but saw in this only a reason for turning, without a moment's pause, to the arduous labor still before him.” This instance of intellectual application on the part of one who had already passed the allotted span of human life is perhaps unexampled. He carried his study so far as to deal with the *Life of Aris-*

¹ Aristotle. By George Grote, F.R.S., D.C.L., etc. Second Edition with Additions. London: John Murray.

totle, the Aristotelian Canon *Categoriæ*, *De Interpretatione*, *Analytica Priora*, *Analytica Posteriora*, *Topica*, *Sophistici Elenchi*, *Physica* and *Metaphysica*, and *De Animâ*, etc., — which were arranged by the editors into twelve chapters. There was also a long Appendix, consisting of several very important sections, all written subsequently to the year 1865, and having a bearing upon the author's general design. The first section, concerned with ancient theories of Universals, collects together all the chief references to the doctrine of Realism in Plato, and exhibits the directly antagonistic position taken up by Aristotle towards his master. In the second section, besides a statement of Aristotle's doctrine of First Principles, there is a critical examination of Sir William Hamilton's views on Aristotle. The Scotch philosopher having claimed the Greek as a supporter of his Philosophy of Common Sense, Mr. Grote very trenchantly criticises this claim, and exposes the baseless authority of Common Sense. Among the other sections of the Appendix are two separate accounts of Epicurus and the Stoics, the latter being merely fragmentary. With regard to this sketch, the editors remark: "Since it formed part of his entire design to add to the treatment of Aristotle a full exposition, both of Stoic and Epicurean doctrines, considered as the outgrowth of the Cynic and Cyrenaic theories already handled at the end of the 'Plato,' the two fragments may not unfitly close the present work." So much as regards the original issue of a work which is most justly claimed as a very important contribution to the history of ancient thought. The second edition is a reprint of the first, with the addition of two important essays on the Ethics and Politics of Aristotle, which were found among the author's posthumous papers, and which will be read with as keen a relish as any thing which proceeded from the writer's pen. They would have been included in the first edition of the work had they been discovered in time. The essays embody Mr. Grote's matured views upon the Ethics and the Politics, and are the last fruit from the great Aristotelian tree. The essay on the Ethics treats of Happiness and Virtue; while that on the Politics, which must be studied in connection with it, "is remarkable for the insight which it affords us into the most consummate political ideal of the ancient world." We must now content ourselves by leaving this invaluable work with our readers. It is an enduring monument of the author's labor and devotion, revealing at once his quickness of apprehension, his intrepid intellect, and his profound knowledge of Aristotle and his philosophy.

In "Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand," from the papers of the late Mortimer Collins, edited by Tom Taylor, with Notes by the editor and Mrs. Collins (Bently & Son), we have the gold-dust from the mind of a man who turned out from the factory of his brain some fifty volumes in the course of eight years. The brief articles contributed by many writers to newspapers and magazines, in the intervals of more serious literary occupation, are certainly not worth publishing; but in the case of Mortimer Collins it is wholly different. In these sketches we very frequently see him at his best, scattering his wealth of classical and other knowledge about him on every hand, and reveling in the contemplation of Nature. Mortimer Collins was too clever a man to take first grade in any one field of effort. There are passages in his novels which have rarely been surpassed by any living writer, and yet he had not the secret of popular success as a novelist. On the other hand, he wrote lines occasionally of which no living poet need be ashamed, and yet we cannot class him with our best poets. It would be difficult to point to the reasons for his failure to take a higher rank in literature. He was of an aggressive type, yet lacked concentration for long enterprises. His brilliancy was observable in flashes,—it was not a steady flame. But he had a strong power of satire, as amply proved by his lines on the Positivists, from which we quote two of the best stanzas:—

" There was an ape in the days that were earliest ;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curliest ;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist, —
Then he was MAN, —and a Positivist.

If you are pious (mild form of insanity),
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
Other religions are buried in mists,
We're our own gods, say the Positivists."

The character of our deceased author (who was well known to the present writer) has been well described in these few words: "He was a man who in an unconventional way deeply believed in God, and strove to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers, loving his family and friends; variously accomplished, happy under hard labor, and helpful to all he could help by word or deed." In politics he was a stanch Conservative, but he admired Mr. Gladstone as a man of letters, having, in common with that distinguished statesman, a thorough acquaintance with Greek literature. Visitors to Mortimer Collins's little rural retreat in Berkshire never had to re-echo Byron's

complaint of the author who was all author, for he was ready to discuss all questions and to enter into all pursuits. He had something of Thoreau's fondness for the animal creation, and made pets of the feathered tribes in his neighborhood. He was up early feeding his pigeons, yet midnight found him busy in his study, for he could do with much less than the average amount of sleep. "Whether he made the most of his power is doubtful. He certainly made no attempt to reserve it. Both physical and mental strength were extravagantly wasted. He would never take the trouble to alter or polish any thing he had written, because, he said, it was less trouble to write something fresh. He seldom made memoranda or notes for his literary work, but carried all in his brain." With James Hannay he was one of the prominent wits of Bohemia, and at a later date he was one of the chief contributors to "The Owl," a satirical Parliamentary journal. He was full of *bonhomie*, and loved a good dinner, as the thousand and one references in his novels to the joys of the table prove. Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," said Collins reminded him of "one of the Homeric heroes, who had just put off his armor and was thinking of his oxen at the plough or his golden cornfields." He had little thought for fame as fame; but he knew the value of it in a commercial sense, and he was only just beginning to obtain wide recognition at the time of his death. We have mentioned some of his chief pleasures; but for the dinner parties, balls, and garden parties that the minor county magnates give he had no taste. As he himself observed, "I would rather, like Charles Fox, sit with my back to a haystack on a summer afternoon, reading the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus, and watching the blackbirds eat my cherries." We must now part from these memorial volumes. The reader will find in the desultory papers by Mortimer Collins much to interest him, and much to throw light upon the character of the man. He cannot rise from their perusal without having his respect for the talents and the personality of the author considerably heightened.

Under the imposing title of "England, its People, Polity, and Pursuits" (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin), Mr. T. H. S. Escott has endeavored to present us with a comprehensive survey of the life and activities of England at the present day. Of much of Mr. Escott's work we entertain a high opinion, but some portions of it appear to be inadequate and superficial. This is no doubt owing to the largeness of the subject, which cannot be grasped in all its bearings and

fulness by one man, or even half-a-dozen men. The author himself has felt that there were certain branches of English polity which naturally demand a broader and deeper treatment than he could give to them, and in these matters he has wisely sought the aid of specialists. For example, he states that the chapter on Commercial and Financial England is the work of Mr. J. Scott Henderson ; that on Criminal England is by Major Arthur Griffiths, Her Majesty's Inspector of Prisons ; the chapter on the Law Courts has been contributed by Mr. W. D. I. Foulks, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple ; the Review of Modern Philosophical Thought is from the competent pen of Mr. W. L. Courtney, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford ; while in the chapter on the Services he has been largely assisted in the naval portion by Captain Cyprian A. G. Bridge, R. N. In political and social matters Mr. Escott has an obvious leaning to "the powers that be," on the principle enunciated by Pope, that "whatever is, is right." He is no violent innovator or supporter of radical changes in the Constitution, and sometimes we could wish that he were a little more friendly in his remarks upon the lower classes. It is strange that he should not have taken account of the Universities, so important a feature of English life, when we remember the part they play in moulding the character and opinions of most of our public men. Perhaps the least satisfactory section in this large and important work is that devoted to literature. Mr. Escott's judgments need considerable revision. He brings into undue prominence the names of writers who have added very little of permanent worth or value to our literature, while the claims of others far more deserving of mention are altogether ignored. Such a subject, if dealt with at all, is entitled to fuller treatment than it receives here. We would close this notice, however, by observing that there is an immense mass of valuable material in these two handsome volumes ; and if in some respects it might have been better handled, on the whole Mr. Escott deserves great credit for what he has actually accomplished.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who is very favorably known on this side the Atlantic for his able criticisms upon the Victorian poets, has just published in England a volume entitled "Lyrics and Idylls, with other Poems" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.). The work is compiled from the latest American editions of the author's volumes ; and, at the publisher's request, Mr. Stedman has selected for this edition those poems which he desires to set before the English public. The combination of the poetical with the critical faculty in a high

degree is very rare, though we have a living example of this felicitous union in the person of Mr. Matthew Arnold. We may at once admit that Mr. Stedman has made good his claim to a high share of regard in this respect, though as a poet there is some difficulty in classifying him. He has an evident love of Nature and no small power over human emotions, but we could desire more spontaneity in his method. His verses give us the impression that the critic has had a considerable hand in moulding them; and however valuable this aid may be in securing correctness, it is apt to interfere somewhat with warmth, light, and color, — those free characteristics of the true poet. Still, many of these poems demand recognition for their originality of conception and execution. That in memory of Hawthorne not only shows great susceptibility to the salient points of that remarkable writer's genius, but proves that he has become thoroughly *en rapport* with the spirit of the man. There are many lines in this poem well worth remembering. Mr. Stedman can also discourse sweet music, as his stanzas on the heliotrope unquestionably testify. In what we should call his patriotic verse the author is very spirited. This volume has given us unfeigned pleasure in its perusal; it is the excursion of a gifted man into the field of poesy, and the flowers gathered have both beauty and freshness.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

- I. Freeman's Historical Essays.
- II. Townsend's Art of Speech.

I.

IT is a fair question to ask of any author, what public he had in mind in writing his book. Only when that question is answered can criticism be fairly applied to it. Now in the volume before us,¹ the third series of Mr. Freeman's Historical Essays, we find it impossible to imagine an audience to which it would be especially adapted. Is it intended for the general reader? Then perhaps we may understand the straining after the picturesque and striking in expression; but in that case why this mass of learned allusion, which none but a scholar can be expected to follow? It is as if the author were incapable of a direct statement. Nothing happens at a given time, but at the time of something else, with which it may have no connection. Not a sentence that must not explain itself by reference to a series of events which, the more obscure they are, seem the more to recommend themselves to the author. For instance, the Emperor of Austria is called within a few lines by two other such suggestive titles as "Austrian Arch-duke and Hungarian King" and "Apostolic King," and that in connections where these peculiar elements of his sovereignty were matters of no importance whatever, and where nothing showed that he was the person referred to. No doubt this displays in a ponderous and knock-down sort of fashion the great information of the writer; but the average educated man would find himself soon in a mingled state of despair and disgust, and would probably throw aside the book altogether.

If, on the other hand, the historical scholar is the person here addressed, he must feel himself still more deeply disappointed and offended. What he wants is either exact information or fruitful suggestion, and he objects to a form of presentation which forces him to put himself through a continual examination in his knowledge of

¹ Historical Essays, by Edward A. Freeman. Third Series, London: Macmillan & Co.

obscure facts in universal history. If, as the reward of success in his endeavor to keep the frail thread of this labyrinth in his hand, he were to find helpful direction in new ways of thought and inquiry he might be content ; but in this expectation, too, he would be disappointed. His feeling would be that of having spent some time with a man of great learning, who had been doing his best to cover up solid treasures of thought with a veil of speculation and elaboration, until the final picture was a haze of color in which all outlines were effaced.

Passing now from the method to the matter, we find here eleven longer and four shorter essays, the latter appended as a sort of commentary to certain of the longer ones to explain some subject alluded to in them. All of these have appeared before in various periodicals, at dates ranging from 1855 to 1879, and have undergone such changes of revision and concentration as would serve to throw them into a more or less connected whole. The thread of this connection exists both in space and time. The period and the territories here treated of both partake of the nature of a borderland, or to use Mr. Freeman's endlessly repeated phrase a "march-land." It is the period lying between the great Roman dominion on the one hand and the new Germanic kingdoms on the other. In the same way the territory is that involved in the struggles of Roman and German, Latin Church and Greek Church, Slave and Mongol, Christian and Saracen. It will be seen that such a subject presents the inevitable temptation to treat it by the method of contrasts, — a method undoubtedly one of the most vivid and picturesque in narrative writing. Yet the effect of these endless contrasts and comparisons is to break the unity of history and to blunt the keenness of its own edge. If the territories here treated of will bear grouping at all, we might describe them as the valleys of the Rhine and Danube, the latter including those of the Drave and Save, and such points of the Mediterranean shore as have most distinctly a border character, — Ravenna, Dalmatia, Sicily, Athens.

Two essays, entitled "First impressions of Rome" and "First impressions of Athens," strike us as being any thing but first impressions, — rather the overflow of wide reading and long reflection, though there is just enough of reference to personal observation to justify the title. The conclusion of the former is that the causes which led to the "œcumenical" importance of Rome have now passed away, and that therefore there is no more room in the world for the

universal dominion of a Roman Pontiff than of a Roman Emperor, — an optimistic conclusion which we would gladly follow, if all signs of the times did not seem to us to point the other way.

Two other essays deal with the fortunes of two great outposts of Roman civilization, Ravenna and Treves. Each of these is a sketch of the development of the city, politically and architecturally, from its foundation down through the period of its great influence to its decay. The notice of Treves is founded upon three local histories which appeared between 1845 and 1859, and upon the personal observation of the writer. That of Ravenna is at the same time a treatise on the Gothic dominion in Italy and the character of Theodoric especially. In dealing with the Byzantine empire Mr. Freeman is moved to great enthusiasm, and seeks to inspire the same in his readers, for the part played in history during the centuries from the eighth to the thirteenth by the power which had its seat at Constantinople. We confess to being left entirely cold by the effort. An empire whose record for five centuries is that of a mere struggle for existence, which contributed practically nothing to the progress of the race, which failed utterly in its mission as the advanced guard of Christianity, could hardly rouse enthusiasm in any one who believed that a live dog was better than a dead lion. The fact that the name and tradition of Rome were preserved in their outward forms while new powers were assailing them on every hand may arouse our sympathy, but can hardly blind our eyes to the far greater interest of young and sturdy nationalities, developing steadily into self-consciousness and therefore into power. What to our own mind would go further than any thing else to explain philosophically the longevity of the Lower Empire — the magnificent commercial and strategic situation of Constantinople — is passed over with scarce a notice in oft-repeated raptures over the might of the ancient Roman name.

Three essays on "Race and Language," "Mediæval and Modern Greece," and "The Southern Slaves" bring our author into his favorite field, the "Eastern Question." The object of the first of these is to show by elaborate argument that language is the only practicable test of the unity of a nation. Not that language proves purity of race, since one race might adopt the language of another; nor does purity of race prove community of blood, since the principle of adoption has weakened the continuity of descent: but language does in the common understanding bind men into great groups, which then appear as political entities. An exception to this, used with some

adroitness by Mr. Freeman to prove the rule (the Swiss Confederation), suggests a singular omission, — the power of physical circumstances to create a national feeling. The men of the Alps, whether they speak French, German, Italian, or neither, are Swiss; yet Mr. Freeman does not dwell upon this fact. He calls the Swiss an "artificial nation," as if centuries of a common effort did not bind men with as close a tie as community of language. The burden of the whole argument comes out at the end, — that between the Slave of Russia and the Slave of the Southeastern land there is "a flow of natural and generous feeling" which ought to count for much in the solution of the momentous Eastern Question. "The Southern Slaves," dealing especially with Bulgaria, was written in 1877, before the establishment of the province of Bulgaria on a freer footing: a note urges the Powers of Europe to go on in the work of delivering the Christian provinces from the rule of the Turks. "Mediæval and Modern Greece" is an essay made up of materials composed in 1856, 1864, and 1878. It is mainly a review of Finlay, and has an argument similar to that of the related essays; namely, that Greece should be given more territory as the condition of self-elevation and effectual resistance to oppression.

"*Sicilian Cycles*" and "*The Normans at Palermo*," both of recent composition, deal with another phase of the problem of races; they describe a condition of things in which the position of Christian and Mussulman in the Eastern provinces is reversed, and which furnishes to the author the opportunity for a conclusion that the two faiths may continue side by side, provided they are under the just control of a common master, who shall not be a bigoted follower of either. This last seems to us one of the most interesting of the series.

II.

THIS first volume of Dr. Townsend's "*Art of Speech*"¹ is a very good little book. In very small compass it collects a number of excellent rules and pertinent illustrations which cannot fail to be of service to the student. Not the least of its merits is its brevity. Brevity is, of course, an advantage so far as it has to do with the rules; and it is well, too, that the historical part is not spun out. Dr. Townsend's analysis of what has been done in the science of linguistics is very

¹ *The Art of Speech*. In two volumes. I. *Studies in Poetry and Prose*. By L. T. Townsend, D.D., Professor in Boston University, Author of "*Credo*," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

good, and a vast amount of information has been condensed into a few pages. Nevertheless, there are a few sentences that might leave a false impression on the student. For instance, it is hardly exact to say (p. 11) that Leibnitz "introduced the world to the modern science of language." The debt which Philology owes that wonderful man is indeed great, but more for his interest in the subject than for actual establishment of the science. Halhed, too, hardly deserves to be mentioned along with Bopp, Grimm, and the other early workers.

In the chapter on the history of speech the author follows the recognized authorities, and gives his views very clearly. In discussing the origin of speech, after stating the different theories, he goes on to say: "The original tongue with which the first man was endowed was bequeathed to his descendants, and was the only speech known on earth until within a few thousand years. Time enough has elapsed since the dawn of history to account for the differences found in Aryan speech, but not enough to account for the differences existing between the Aryan and either the Semitic or the Allophylian tongues. It follows, therefore, that resort must be had to a wholesale rejection, or reconstruction, of the generally received chronology; or else there must be found some direct agency which, in comparatively recent times, has wrought sudden and radical changes in human speech. In the only history extant upon this subject is the record of an event which answers all the conditions demanded by the facts in the case. It took place within a few thousand years; it was sudden and violent, shattering through a modification of the vocal organs." It was, in short, the confusion of speech after the building of the Tower of Babel.¹ This hypothesis is not one that can be commended, because it is wholly unscientific and uncalled for. In the first place, are the differences between, say, the Aryan languages and those of the North American Indians to be accounted for by differences of the vocal organs? Is there any reason to suppose that the old mound-builders once spoke the same language as the early Egyptians or the native races of Australia? Can we say with any confidence that within a few thousand years the native inhabitants of Spain, the hairy men of Japan, the native tribes of East India, the Etruscans, and the African negroes were all of one race and spoke the same tongue? Fortunately linguistics does not stand alone, and Dr. Townsend's theory is supported neither by the authority of the leading men in

¹ For a brief discussion of this myth see Benfey, "Geschichte der Sprachwissenschaft," pp. 26-33.

this science, nor by the application of other tests. In a word, this hypothesis is a curious instance of the survival to this late day of the same spirit that led to the assertion that there were but eighty-two languages in the world, because eighty-two disciples were sent out to preach the gospel!

Dr. Townsend says a good many sensible things when he comes to speaking of the English language. There are, however, a few slight matters in which he is open to criticism. He says (p. 41), "Nouns, with scarcely an effort, become verbs: 'When the first sin *volcanoes*;' . . . 'please *spoon* my coffee.'" These surely would serve better as examples of phrases to be avoided. On the same page he says, "Nouns, also, are easily converted into participles: . . . *gadding*, etc." Is *gadding* any thing but the present participle of the verb *to gad*? We agree, however, with Dr. Townsend (p. 42) that "it is a linguistic barbarism to present an English-speaking people, at a public dinner, with a bill of fare from which one is forced to read, . . . *Casseroles a la Pompadour* for soup." French-speaking people would probably, under these circumstances, maltreat the waiter.

Is it exact, as is done (p. 44), to call *love-child* a French word? Is one quite justified in saying that "*old, elder, eldest* have yielded to *old, older, oldest*; *late, latter, last* to *late, later, latest*; *near, nigh, next* to *near, nearer, nearest*"? When was *nigh* the comparative of *near*? Are not the phrases *last week* and *next week* still in current use? Does not one still say, "he was the *last* to arrive"? The author quotes both *latter* and *last* on p. 112. To add to the statement above-quoted that "*bad, good*, though irregular in many of the most finished languages, will ultimately adopt the regular formations," and to say, on the same page (56) that "*backwards* and *forwards* will soon be dismissed, or give place to *backwardly* and *forwardly*," are examples of hasty speech, and are sufficiently answered by what the author himself says in his fourth chapter on diction and idiom.

In this chapter Dr. Townsend goes further than many will consent to follow him, although they will feel that he is erring in a good cause. "Were Americans as loyal as Germans," he remarks (p. 73), "they would say . . . *water-stuff* instead of *hydrogen*, *sour stuff* instead of *oxygen*, . . . *middle life* instead of *mesozoic*," etc. The question of comparative loyalty, one would think, has but little to do with the matter, which is one of practical convenience. At times it would be confusing to speak of the *middle life* period when *mesozoic* period will do, and it is a writer's or speaker's first duty to avoid ambiguity.

On page 75 we have a list of words which, Dr. Townsend tells us, "neither law nor reason does not allow to have at least equal rank with their foreign competitors." Several of them have indisputable right of citizenship, as *outdo* (excel), *outbreak* (eruption), *outcast* (degraded), *outlay* (expenditure), *outline* (delineation), and, in their proper places, certain others ; but one cannot be so positive about the *again-bite of inevit.* Possibly, if the author uses this phrase in a sermon or address he will see in the amazed, and perhaps amused, faces of his hearers a good reason for clinging to more usual forms of expression.

On the next page we find Henry Newman mentioned ; this might puzzle a reader who was unfamiliar with John Henry Newman. In the next paragraph it is asserted that "several of the laws of language call for the restoration of certain idiomatic phrasings which have fallen into practical disuse. For illustration : 'Did you ring ?' (indefinite) should give place to 'Did you bell ?' (definite) ; and 'It blows' (indefinite) to 'It winds' (definite)." Besides the impossibility of ever making such a change as this, and the inaccuracy of saying it would be a restoration of an old expression, there would be no gain in substituting a phrase that means "to bellow" for one that is exact ; and the second change would be simply pedantic, and does not need a moment's thought.

On page 139, the sentence "We have met the enemy and they are ours" is called "General Grant's announcement." Is this part of the Grant "boom" ? It should, of course, be credited to Commodore Perry.

On page 106, the expressions *had rather* and *had better* are called incorrect. They are perfectly correct ; *had* in these phrases is subjunctive, and means "would have." The phrases are old, being found in Chaucer, and even earlier ; in Shakspeare and Milton, as well as in a vast number of later writers. The alleged correction is wholly against the spirit of the language and without a shadow of reason, as students of the language should know.

All of these mistakes are slight, and many of them are but the result of what we may, with all respect, call Dr. Townsend's hobby ; but it is a hobby which, when ridden with a curb, is pretty sure to take its rider in the right direction. They could all be corrected without difficulty. They do not seriously mar, or, to use the infelicitous word we find on page 29, they do not *antagonize*, the real merit of the book, which is its earnest and forcible appeal in behalf of simplicity and clearness.

When there are so many examples about us of bad English, a man who raises his voice against it, as Dr. Townsend has here done, deserves success; and we cannot close without commending the general tone and execution of his handy little volume. It cannot fail to do good. The author has put his wide reading to a very useful service; and, in pointing out what seem to be mistakes, it is hoped that the way is shown in which, in some slight degree, the value of the manual may be augmented. It would also be well to correct the few misprints of proper names on pages 11 and 131.

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- AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Part II. Dor-Lit. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.
- PARRHASIUS: A DRAMATIC POEM. By Espy W. H. Williams. New Orleans: Southern Publication Co. 1879. Pamphlet.
- GREAT LIGHTS IN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING. By S. D. Doremus. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.
- CAUSERIE. From the "Boston Evening Transcript." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1880.
- THE STONES OF VENICE: FOR THE USE OF TRAVELLERS. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Vol. I. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1880.
- GREAT SINGERS. By George T. Ferris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.
- LORD MACAULAY: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS. By Charles H. Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.
- THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE. By the late James F. W. Johnston. A new edition, revised and brought down to the present time, by Arthur Herbert Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.
- HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART. Translated by Wm. M. Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.
- CIVILIZATION: IS ITS CAUSE NATURAL OR SUPERNATURAL? By a Wayfarer in Search of Truth. Philadelphia: Chas. H. Marot. 1879.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1880.

MR. GLADSTONE.¹

TO write the memoirs of a statesman who is not only living, but in active public life, is a most difficult task ; and we can imagine no life which would present a more difficult one than Mr. Gladstone's. Although seventy years of age, and although he has nominally retired from the leadership of a party, his intellectual and political activity is greater to-day than that of any other man in the United Kingdom. His character and career still divide the judgments and stir up the passions of his contemporaries to an almost unparalleled degree ; and it will be many years before they can be discussed in England with that coolness and moderation essential to an impartial and just consideration of them.

Great allowances must therefore be made for any one who undertakes to write his Life ; and, independently of this, it is but just to say that Mr. George Barnet Smith's book shows great industry, an honorable desire to do justice to men of all parties, and a warm admiration of Mr. Gladstone's many great qualities, without the alloy of extravagant and fulsome eulogy. He gives us much valuable and some curious information, and his work is far more truthful, more impartial, and historically more valuable than Mr. Hitchman's *Life of Lord Beaconsfield* ; but on the other hand it is less entertaining. The narrative is often confused and sometimes chronologically inaccurate ; the style is prolix and heavy ; the rules of historical perspective are not always

¹ *The Life of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., D.C.L.* By George Barnet Smith. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

Gleanings of Past Years. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Seven Volumes. London : Murray. 1879.

regarded, and the whole work is uninviting to the general reader. The *Life of Mr. Gladstone* which is required to-day is not a book for the scholar, but for the public. It should therefore be readable,—a book which busy people will buy and read in the midst of varied vocations, and which will enable the average English elector better to understand and more justly to appreciate Mr. Gladstone's character. Such a biography we cannot say that Mr. Smith supplies.

A few weeks ago Mr. Gladstone's seventieth birthday was celebrated throughout England by numerous bodies to which he is a political idol, with an enthusiasm and admiring devotion which it is seldom the lot of a statesman to inspire, and still more so of a statesman who has been six years out of office, and whose return to office is extremely problematical. This event, and the almost simultaneous appearance of Mr. Smith's book, would seem to make it appropriate to devote a short space to the career and character of a man who, with all his faults, is in many respects the greatest man living. As a public speaker and Parliamentary debater he has had no equal in England since the days of Fox and Pitt, except perhaps Brougham.¹ He combines as no one else has done a fervid eloquence, a copious and inexhaustible command of language, marvellous knowledge, a ready and retentive memory, and great and varied powers of reasoning. He has, too, a moral force to which Brougham could lay no claim, and which is probably more effective than all the latter's terrible powers of sarcasm and invective. But besides this he is unquestionably the greatest financier of the day ; his legislative achievements surpass those of any other statesman ; he is a great administrator and a deep political thinker. He is also eminently a political leader, not a party leader,—for in that capacity he has been often surpassed,—but a great leader of the people on political questions, a leader who can arouse the popular conscience and guide popular opinion. Whatever may be the faults of his Eastern policy, it is, as his admirers claim, his own ; and he has “educated,” in the best sense, his party up to it. When to these qualities we add his brilliant scholarship, his studies in Greek history and literature, and his numerous essays on ecclesiastical, historical, and metaphysical questions,—enough of themselves to give him an honorable position in the literary history of the times,—we perceive an intellect which has seldom been equalled.

¹ In a manuscript diary left by Mr. Sumner of his visit to Europe in 1857, he records that Lord Granville told him that Lord Palmerston, who sat in the House of Commons during nearly sixty years, said Brougham was the greatest speaker he had ever heard.

Many defects are joined to all this greatness ; but what adds lustre to it is that these defects are only intellectual. Unlike many great men, we find in him no vices to apologize for or to conceal. Not only has his private life been stainless, but his deep religious nature and high moral convictions have had such influence, that, as has been justly remarked, he has perceptibly raised the standard of public life and political morality in England. His faults are the faults of an austere earnest nature struggling for the right, but not always perceiving the complex character of political problems and the strength and tendency of popular feeling, and at times doing too little justice to the conduct and motives of opponents whose characters are unlike his own, and the honesty of whose opinions he cannot comprehend. And it speaks volumes for the purity of his character, that sometimes his want of vices is ridiculed by his opponents ; and at other times the faults we have spoken of are dwelt upon and urged against him as vehemently and persistently as they might be if they were great moral delinquencies.

Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809, the younger son of a successful and wealthy merchant subsequently raised to a baronetcy. Both his parents were Scotch,—his father of a Lowland family whose name was originally Gledstones ; his mother of a Highland family from Dingwall. With his Scottish blood he has inherited many of the virtues and some of the faults of the Scottish character. He received his education first at Eton and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where after a brilliant career he took a double first-class degree,—Mr. Smith says in 1831, but the Oxford calendar says in 1832. In the latter year, and at the early age of twenty-three, he was returned through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle to the first Reformed Parliament as the Conservative member for Newark. His father had been one of the warmest supporters of Mr. Canning when member for Liverpool, who was frequently his guest ; and the influence of that most brilliant and fascinating statesman was very perceptible in forming the opinions and character of the son of his friend. Though liberal in his opinions and policy, Canning was like Burke a strenuous opponent of Parliamentary Reform ; and some things Mr. Gladstone has recently written would seem to indicate that, warmly as he now supports an extension of the suffrage, he does not look upon the old constitution of Parliament with the hostile eye with which Fox, Grey, Russell, and Macaulay regarded it, but thinks that the arguments in favor of its retention were very strong.

It is a somewhat curious fact that Mr. Gladstone's first speech in the House of Commons was in defence of the West India interest, when the bill abolishing slavery was before Parliament in 1833. His father was a West Indian proprietor, and Lord Howick (now Earl Grey) had charged that a great mortality had taken place among the negroes on one of his estates in Demarara, under circumstances which indicated overwork and ill usage, — to which Mr. Gladstone made a spirited reply, while he also urged that full justice should be done to the planters. The fluency and ability of the young member, whose academical reputation was already well known, made at once a favorable impression and gained for him the ear of the House, and they attracted to him the attention of the Conservative leader, Sir Robert Peel, one of whose highest qualities was the sagacity with which he detected and promptness with which he promoted the able young men of his party. During the short Conservative administration of 1834–35 Mr. Gladstone had a taste of office, first as a Junior Lord of the Treasury and afterwards for a few weeks as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. From this he was relegated for six long years to the Opposition benches. His reputation for debating ability and political and general knowledge steadily increased, but he gave so little promise of his future liberalism as to justify Macaulay's well-known remark that he was "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor."

The general election of 1841 having resulted in a large Conservative majority in the House of Commons, the Whig Ministry resigned and Sir Robert Peel came into power. He gave Mr. Gladstone the post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. The position was of great importance in consequence of Sir Robert Peel's intended revision of the Tariff, the bills for which were prepared at the Board of Trade; and as the President of the Board was then a peer, Mr. Gladstone was its representative in the House of Commons. It was at this time that he received his financial training, and in this as in many other branches of political science he has been eminently Sir Robert Peel's pupil. By him he was promoted two years later, when but thirty-three years of age, to the Presidency of the Board of Trade and a seat in the Cabinet, — a position which he held but a short time, and left under eminently characteristic circumstances.

He had some years before written a work on Church and State,

now chiefly known by Macaulay's review of it. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel determined to increase and make permanent the State-grant to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth. Such a grant was entirely inconsistent with the theory of the relations of the State to the Church which Mr. Gladstone had earnestly advocated; and although he had become convinced that his theory was impracticable in those times, and was in favor of the Prime Minister's policy, he yet felt it his duty to support it out of office, rather than by retaining his place in the Cabinet to give the opponents of the measure reason to think that he had changed his views from interested motives. Before the end of the same year, when Sir Robert Peel reconstructed the Ministry after his determination to repeal the corn laws, he again accepted office, succeeding Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) as Secretary of State for the Colonies. By so doing he lost his seat for Newark, and was not a member of Parliament during the heated debates on the new fiscal policy of the Government, and he resigned with the Ministry at the end of the session. In 1847 he was elected to represent the University of Oxford. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen in 1853-55, and after holding a debatable position between the two parties for four years, by accepting the same place in Lord Palmerston's second Ministry he finally gave in his adhesion to the Liberal party.

For seven years he held this place, and determined what for a long time to come will be the financial policy of England; while from being regarded as at heart a Conservative, he ultimately became the especial pet of the Radical party. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his changes of opinion on the many questions which divide Conservatives and Liberals. They were often however, from peculiarities of his mind, extremely sudden and unexpected; the reasons he gave for them were not always very intelligible, and they have caused a certain want of confidence to be felt among a large class of public men in his political sagacity and steadiness of conviction which is not without some justification. On the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865 he became the Liberal leader in the House of Commons, and has been the most prominent figure there ever since. His career as Prime Minister from December 1868 to February 1874, and since, is too recent and too familiar to require particular notice.

Mr. Gladstone's distinguishing characteristic as a statesman is the speculative character of his mind. It is Celtic rather than English, and causes him to apply to politics a scholastic logic, and to base his

political opinions and action upon general principles, which is contrary to English habits and English instincts. To most English statesmen, whether Conservatives like Lord Salisbury or Radicals like Mr. Bright, the application of abstract principles to political questions is distasteful. Unless institutions and measures can bear the application of this test, Mr. Gladstone seems to lose a good share of his faith in them. It was thus with the Irish Established Church. That was no more an anomaly in 1845 or in 1868 than it was in 1832 and 1835. Indeed its most glaring abuses had been removed in 1833. But the Temporalities bill of 1833, and the appropriation clause two years later, found in Mr. Gladstone a strenuous opponent. His first doubts in respect of it arose, when, in considering the Maynooth grant, he found that his favorite theory as to the relations of Church and State was impracticable if not untenable. To this circumstance is probably due the fact that he speaks in somewhat uncertain tones about the English and Scotch Church Establishments. That practical view which even many Nonconformists, of whom Mr. Forster is the representative, take of them,—that they are venerable institutions interwoven so closely with the history and life of the nation that the disestablishment, especially of the former, will give a shock to English institutions from which they may never recover; that the good resulting from them outweighs all the evils attending them, and that without taxing the people they are the vehicles not only of religious instruction but of vast and systematic charity to the poor and destitute, which it would be most difficult if not impossible to replace,—is probably to him unsatisfactory. Not that these arguments have no weight with him, for he is a practical statesman and not a mere *doctrinaire*; but his cast of mind is such that he is not content with expediency or the “let well enough alone” policy as the governing rule in politics. The consequence of his reasoning thus is that his logic is often of a Radical if not Democratic character, and makes him appear more Radical in theory than he is at all desirous of being in practice. In his speeches and papers on the extension of household suffrage to the counties, his reasoning seems to us, although he will not admit it, to lead necessarily to manhood suffrage, and indeed to woman suffrage, which he has always opposed; and the distinction between the extreme Democratic theory that the electoral franchise is a “right,” and his main argument that the *presumption* is in favor of extending it to every male who contributes to the support of the government either by direct or indirect taxation, is too fine for practical use.

Compare his reply to Mr. Lowe on household suffrage with Mr. Bright's speech on female suffrage, and the latter would seem to be the more Conservative man. He does not indeed expect the extension of the suffrage to cure all political defects and evils. He admits with Mr. Lowe the decline in the *personnel* of the House of Commons during the last few years; laments the growing difficulty of young men obtaining seats there, and sees the great danger now imminent of its being filled by a vulgar, uneducated plutocracy. "The longer I live," says he, "the less do I see in the public institutions of any country even a tendency to approximate to an ideal standard. Turning to our own, amidst all our vaunted and all our real improvements, I perceive in some very important respects a sad tendency to decline. It seems to me that as a whole our level of public principle and public action was at its zenith in the twenty years or thereabout which succeeded the Reform Act of 1832, and that since then it has perceptibly gone down. I agree with Mr. Lowe that we are in danger of engendering both a gerontocracy and a plutocracy."

Mr. Gladstone contends that the extension of the suffrage did not create these evils, which is true; but it has certainly aggravated them. Many of the evils arising from an enormous constituent body are caused by its cumbrousness for political action. It has thus a natural tendency to the one-man power. The Whig ideal of government — by an Assembly of able and independent representatives deliberating on public questions and deciding them by their combined wisdom — is impossible under it. The electorate, too unwieldy for deliberation and too busy for much thought, pins its faith on one man, and gives him for the time almost despotic authority. It has been so in this country, with General Jackson, President Lincoln, and General Grant; and in England this tendency is shown in the recent careers of Lord Palmerston, of Mr. Gladstone himself, and of Lord Beaconsfield. When there is no man or decisive question to attract the public attention, there remains the worse alternative of the caucus. There seems to be a growing danger in England that the statesmen of the future will not be well-trained and experienced ministers and powerful Parliamentary speakers like Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, nor tribunes of the people like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, but men of the type of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who get their political training in petty municipal contests, and who understand "the mechanism of politics," the way in which to "run a caucus," and all the intricate principles of electoral manipula-

tion. The present attempts to introduce Tammany machinery into the English political system has received too much countenance from Mr. Gladstone himself. It is a pity to lose seats by party divisions, but it would seem to be better for the Liberal party to lose a dozen seats in that way than to do away with the healthy practice of nomination which has so long existed, and choose by a Tammany Hall system of selection a House of wealthy, local celebrities, ready in order to get seats there to pledge themselves to the lips on every question, and to vote as the party leader, or in time the Parliamentary caucus, may direct, and without political education or political independence.

Mr. Gladstone's mode of treating political questions at times throws him out of harmony as it were with English statesmen and that portion of the English public which takes the most interest in politics, while he often startles and alarms them by advancing arguments and throwing out suggestions which they look upon as almost revolutionary. His disposition and temper are eminently uncompromising, while English institutions are a bundle of compromises; and in applying what some one of his admirers has not inaptly called his merciless logic, he takes too little into account the intense natural Conservatism of the English character. His extreme subtlety of mind also frequently perplexes his countrymen, and sometimes makes his reasoning appear to them insincere and Jesuitical, and his conduct incomprehensible. This subtlety appears in his style both of speaking and writing, and his wonderful wealth and command of language increase the obscurity often caused by it. His speeches sound better than they read. His effective delivery throws light upon many involved and intricate sentences which are so difficult to comprehend in print. When he has not wished to be explicit, some parts of his speeches will bear comparison with Cromwell's address to Wildrake, in "Woodstock." These defects are much greater in his writings. Sometimes his sentences are not only obscure but confused, as in the passage we have quoted, in which he speaks of a level reaching its zenith! We should have thought that a zenith presupposed a sphere.

We think that it is to this subtlety of mind, and a consequent failure to perceive that plain people cannot thread the windings of the reasons which occasionally govern him, that we must chiefly ascribe political conduct of his on various occasions which has been severely criticised and has sometimes hardly seemed to the outside world to be defensible. His resignation of office in 1845, because the Ministry proposed to Parliament a bill of which he approved and which he afterwards sup-

ported, although highly honorable to him, puzzled a hard-headed assembly like the House of Commons, to whom it appeared unnecessary if not Quixotic. His resignation ten years later was severely censured, and gained for him and those who went out of office with him a great deal of unpopularity. The Aberdeen Ministry had resigned in consequence of the House of Commons having adopted Mr. Roebuck's motion for a committee of inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean war. After a fortnight without a government, Lord Palmerston succeeded in reconstructing the Ministry, Mr. Gladstone and the other Peelites agreeing to continue in office if the appointment of the committee was not insisted on. But the House did insist on the committee, and they consequently resigned, bringing on another ministerial crisis within three weeks. There was no complaint of bad faith; no man could have liked the idea of such a committee less than Lord Palmerston did. But statesmanship and patriotism demanded that all minor matters should be sunk in the vital necessity of a strong government to carry on the war, and finding the House immovable the Premier with good grace gave way. Under these circumstances the explanation of the retiring ministers, that they regarded the committee as unconstitutional, and had only continued in office on understanding that it would be abandoned, was regarded as inadequate and unsatisfactory. Another action of a different kind which is too recent to need more than mention, — the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to a place on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, — seriously weakened Mr. Gladstone's Ministry.

Many of the limitations of his mind and many of his defects as a practical statesman, as well as much of his unpopularity, grow out of the fact that like Burke, like Romilly, and like two of his contemporaries who have attracted much attention, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Sumner, he has little or no sense of humor. There is no sign of it either in his speeches or writings. The lack of this quality often prevents his seeing the due proportion of things and events, and his judging accurately of the appropriateness of time and place for much of what he says and does. His intense earnestness of nature drives out of his mind every thing but the great cause in hand; and he dwells upon it with a disregard of time and opportunity, and with a prolixity which injure rather than advance what he has so much at heart. It was thus with his tour last autumn in Scotland. In many respects the intellectual and physical vigor which he then displayed was simply marvellous. We do not believe any other man living could have

spoken as he did six columns in the "Times" newspaper every day for a week or more, dwelling upon one subject,—the short-comings of the present Ministry,—and without repeating himself, displaying the lofty eloquence, the exuberance of diction, and the closeness of reasoning which characterized all his speeches. Yet great as they were, they would have sadly wearied any people but the Scotch ; very few indeed have read the reports of them all as they appeared in the "Times" and "Daily News ;" and if one half as long and one half as numerous they would have been equally if not more effective. Still more marked was the inappropriateness of again arraigning, as vigorously as if he had never before attacked it, the policy of the Ministry in his reply to an address presented to him on his seventieth birthday by residents of his native town, in which many Conservatives had joined.

This lack of a sense of humor has led men of genuinely kind natures to judge most harshly and unreasonably of their political opponents. We see it in the vehemence with which Burke attacked Warren Hastings and those who differed from him about the French Revolution ; in Romilly's breaking off his friendship and intercourse with so honorable and amiable a man as Perceval, because of their political antagonism ; in Mr. Cobden's unreasoning hatred of Lord Palmerston ; and in the unmeasured abuse which Mr. Sumner poured upon poor President Johnson. It is thus with Mr. Gladstone's denunciations of the present Ministry. Admitting his criticisms on their policy in the main to be sound, it is impossible to believe that (leaving Lord Beaconsfield out altogether) the policy of a Cabinet containing men like Lord Cairns, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Cross can be so entirely without excuse and so wantonly wicked as Mr. Gladstone's speeches would lead one to suppose. Although never giving way to personalities, or to that license of language in which Mr. Bright still occasionally indulges, he seems to have wrought himself up to a white heat of indignation which will admit of no other side to the question, of no excuse or palliation for what he almost regards as political crimes.

This unrelieved earnestness and energy of opinion leads him at times into indiscretion. His speeches and writings appear sometimes as if he were thinking aloud, and contain thoughts which it would be wiser to conceal. He also takes too seriously small matters hardly worthy of attention, while he is too much absorbed with graver subjects to cultivate sufficiently the courtesies and amenities of manner

and personal intercourse so important in public life. Few parliamentary leaders have had so little tact. This was once singularly shown in his quoting from one of Bradlaugh's books at a public meeting, whereby he unconsciously but seriously offended not only the social but the religious prejudices of two thirds of the English people. We also regard his pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees" in the same light. What reason was there for its publication? Mr. Gladstone did not advocate repressive legislation. As for warning his countrymen against the Papacy, the English hatred of every thing like Popery is now so intense as to amount to a disease which has brought on the land no little disaster. It is perhaps more responsible than was the misgovernment of Charles the First for the civil wars; it caused to be written that ghastly chapter in English history, the Popish plot; it seconded George the Third in his impolitic intolerance, the evil consequences of which are still deeply felt; and to-day it makes the government of Ireland almost an impossibility. When we consider this, and that the chances of England becoming Roman Catholic are so small as not to admit of serious discussion, it would seem to have been far more the part of a great statesman to endeavor to assuage rather than in any way to inflame the feeling; and we cannot but look upon the publication as an error.

A man with so earnest a disposition is likely to stir up a great deal of passion. His intensity and vehemence provoke equal intensity of feeling and vehemence of language on the other side, and have had a tendency to increase the bitterness of political warfare in England beyond what it was ten or fifteen years ago. They repel from him, too, that great body of men of moderate opinions and cold, unenthusiastic temperament upon whom party ties have but a slight hold, and to whom exaggeration or extravagance of language is disagreeable. While, however, he is thus very unpopular with large classes in the community, these characteristics rather increase than diminish his influence over other classes in whom he inspires such warm admiration and confidence. The Scotch people and the English middle classes have little sense of humor. Puritan thought and Puritan manners have still vast influence among Presbyterians and Nonconformists, and widely as Mr. Gladstone's religious opinions differ from theirs they feel strongly attracted by his deep religious character and his uncompromising advocacy of what he regards as the truth for truth's sake; and he wields an influence among them such as neither Wilberforce nor Brougham, in the days of the great moral and political conflicts at the beginning of the century, ever equalled.

Mr. Gladstone's strength as a statesman lies in his mastery of financial questions, and in his ability and comprehensiveness as a legislator. As a financier his policy is but a development of the principles of free trade as they were taught him by Sir Robert Peel, and which he, in turn, has taught to Sir Stafford Northcote, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was formerly his private secretary. Hitherto his policy has been eminently successful; and heavy as the taxation of England is, thanks to him it is less felt than it has been at any former period, and than it is in many other countries which raise a smaller revenue. In expenditure he is a rigid economist; and he and Mr. Lowe, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, enforced economy in a manner which caused much discontent, for with few classes in England is an economical government any more popular than an economical nobleman is. His legislative achievements have been remarkable. Besides his annual budgets while Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's and Lord Palmerston's Ministries, which radically changed the English financial system, his great reforms while Prime Minister have no precedent in either their number or their sweeping character in any former five years. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish Tenant-Right Law, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, the Ballot Act, the Abolition of Tests in the University, and Mr. Forster's great Educational bills — all carried against an intense opposition, and, in more than one case, only by his personal persistency and disregard of what many would have thought insuperable obstacles — will give him an enduring fame as one of the great statesmen of all time. No statesman since Burke, except perhaps Sir Robert Peel, has shown such a capacity to master the most intricate and complicated subjects, and to bring order out of seeming chaos.

As Prime Minister and head of the administration he was not so successful as some of his predecessors have been. A remark he makes of Dr. Chalmers might be not untruthfully applied to him; that although not a man of one idea, he is a man of one idea at a time. Engrossed with great legislative schemes and with their defence in Parliament, the details of administration received less attention at his hands. That first great duty of all Ministries, the government of the country, he seemed to leave to a great extent to his colleagues, and did not supervise the several departments of government as some other great Premiers — as for instance Sir Robert Peel — have done. It should be said however, in comparing him with Peel, that he labored

under the disadvantage, which has attended all Liberal ministers in the present century, of not having a majority at his back in the House of Lords ; and in his case the Conservative majority there, angered by his unceasing legislative measures, opposed him and his administration, and impeded them whenever it dared, with a recklessness and vindictiveness such as no other Prime Minister, except perhaps Lord Melbourne for a short time, has ever had to endure.

In the selection of his colleagues and his various appointments he was not so successful as Sir Robert Peel or even Lord Beaconsfield. He promoted some to high places which their subsequent careers did not justify, while abler men were kept in comparatively subordinate positions. Some of his appointments too, as for instance Mr. Ayrton's, were extremely unpopular. Even in his ecclesiastical nominations, earnest and devoted churchman though he is, it may well be doubted whether on the whole he has been so successful as Lord Beaconsfield, whose selections have generally received almost universal commendation.

Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, though of late years it has had warm defenders, brought upon him at the time no little unpopularity ; and it seems to us useless to deny that, either justly or unjustly, from the time that Lord Palmerston's health began to decline during his last Ministry until the accession to office of the present Cabinet, the influence of Great Britain abroad was on the decrease, and especially during Mr. Gladstone's administration. Except on special occasions Mr. Gladstone has never seemed to show much taste for foreign affairs, or to exhibit a great mastery of them. His policy is substantially the policy of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen ; for during the thirty-four or five years which followed Lord Palmerston's appointment to the foreign office in 1830, the Whigs represented the spirited and energetic, and the Conservatives the peaceful and non-intervention, foreign policy. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen would probably have opposed Lord Palmerston's policy on the Eastern question in 1840, had it not been for the support given to it by the Duke of Wellington ; and they and Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright all united in a grand attack upon him in 1850. In this respect, therefore, Mr. Gladstone has not changed his early opinions. Personally disliking war both on humane and on economical grounds, and showing little conception of the nature and strength of national pride, he has sometimes given offence and caused alarm by the principles of foreign policy which he has

incautiously seemed to advance, and he has been more than once charged with an indifference to the national honor. His strong feelings about war are perhaps the chief reason why he had so little sympathy with this country during our civil war, and could hardly understand why the seceding States should not be allowed to separate from the Union. In the Franco-German war, and in dealing with the repudiation by Russia of the clauses of the Treaty of Paris respecting the Black Sea, the kingdom under his Ministry did not appear to advantage, and the nation chafed under this conviction. The Treaty of Washington, too, which was a great diplomatic success for England and a serious disaster to her European opponents; which settled, without dishonor and for a comparatively trifling indemnity, a most dangerous and festering controversy that heavily handicapped Great Britain in all diplomatic negotiations, and thus relieved the Empire from danger at its most vulnerable point, — instead of being vindicated by his Ministry with spirit, was defended, as it seemed to us at the time, in a feeble and apologetic manner, likely to give the country an idea that it was really a national humiliation. But what probably most affected Mr. Gladstone's popularity in this respect was a change in the prevailing feeling of the country upon all colonial and foreign questions.

Imperialism is no new development of public opinion in England. The repeated attempts in the Middle Ages to establish a great Empire on the continent were unquestionably popular movements. So were the conquests of Ireland and Wales, and the attempted conquest of Scotland. That man, too, has but a superficial knowledge of English history who supposes the prosecution of the American Revolutionary war not to have been popular. It was in fact a war of the King and the People, earnestly opposed by the Whigs, then the most aristocratic of parties. The same is true of the long wars with Napoleon, and especially of the Crimean war, which was a national war opposed only by a very small minority, consisting in about equal proportions of Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals. A theory of foreign policy which amounts to international self-effacement, such as that advocated by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright and a few others, or an actual foreign policy which seems to weaken the influence of the country abroad, or to endanger its Colonial or Indian dependencies, has received in times past and is likely to receive in the future little countenance from the great majority of the nation.

The recent outburst of this feeling may be traced to several causes.

In the first place this is in many respects a very brutal age. Since 1854, after the longest peace the modern civilized world has known, there has been a succession of great and bloody wars. The Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the Italian war, the American civil war, the Danish war, the Austro-Prussian war, the Franco-German war, and the Russo-Turkish war have followed each other with distressing rapidity, and they can have had no other than a most deteriorating influence on the generations then growing up. Joined to this is the effect—very different from what they intended—of the peculiar morality taught by a large class of Liberal writers and speakers in England, who, while preaching non-intervention on her part in foreign affairs, have been enthusiastic champions of Prince Bismarck and his policy. The dismemberment of Denmark, the seizure of the independent German States, the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, the extravagant indemnity wrung from France and the threats extended to her since, his unconcealed contempt for the rules of international morality and for every principle of action except force; nay, even the designs he is supposed to meditate against the rest of Denmark, against Holland and Belgium and the German provinces of Austria,—all have found no more vehement defenders than among English Liberals. So, too, has the right of Russia to seize Constantinople simply to give herself an outlet to the ocean. The influence of such doctrines with the inevitable reaction which would follow from too little attention to foreign policy and too little regard for the position of the nation as one of the great European powers, has brought to the surface that phase of imperial feeling which in its exaggerated form has been denominated “jingoism.”

We have dwelt upon this because we think it tends to explain the great prominence which foreign politics have lately attained in England, and why all questions of foreign policy are now so eagerly debated; and also because the leading part Mr. Gladstone has taken on these subjects, and especially in respect of the complications growing out of Eastern affairs, has made him more widely known outside of England than he ever was before. With the admiration of Prince Bismarck's policy so prevalent in England Mr. Gladstone has never shown any sympathy, and he certainly does not desire to see Russia in possession of Constantinople, to which he would probably say that she had no more right than Austria has to Venice or Genoa. His sympathies have been with the oppressed nationalities of the East. This arises from the noble humanity of his disposition, which inspired in for-

mer days his ardent sympathy for Italy, and is intensified in the case of the Christian populations of Turkey by his religious feelings toward the Oriental churches, of which we shall speak hereafter, and by the enthusiastic love which he has ever felt for the Hellenic literature and history, and the interest he takes in every thing relating to the country and people of Greece. It is doubtful whether the policy which he advocated was ever feasible. It was not the non-intervention policy of most Liberals, but the policy of joint intervention of all the European powers; and although now generally accepted by most of his party, as having been the true policy, it had at one time but few supporters, and even if it had been proposed by Great Britain it is doubtful whether the other great Powers would have agreed to it.

In urging his policy, however, we do not think he has always been wise or just. The Turkish question is not so easy an one, or capable of so simple a solution, as his speeches might seem to assume. The Turks have been in Europe longer than Europeans have been in America, and the Mahometan population has certainly some rights. In his recent attacks on the Ministry for not accepting the famous Berlin memorandum of 1876 we think he is also wrong. The merits of that proposal were no more the question at issue than would be the merits of a money bill sent by the House of Lords to the House of Commons. It was an attempt radically to change the diplomatic usage of Europe, and to confine the initiation of great measures to three Powers instead of consulting all the great Powers as formerly. For this reason its rejection was proper and necessary, although Lord Derby, surprised by his own unwonted decision of action, hastened to disclaim the most intelligible argument in its favor, —

“And back recoil’d, he knew not why,
E’en at the sound himself had made.”

Mr. Gladstone seems also to leave too much out of sight the facts that Russia was acting according to her traditional policy, never lost sight of during a century and a half; that she was no more disinterested than she was at the time of the Crimean war, the justice of which he defended in 1876, and we are not aware that he has since expressed a different opinion about it; that the troubles which have produced the recent wars in the East were fermented, if not immediately caused, by her intrigues; and that the Treaty of San. Stefano created in the proposed Bulgaria a Slavonic State which

cut Constantinople completely off (and it would seem purposely so) from Greece, and thus prevented that development of the Greek race which is the cardinal principle in Mr. Gladstone's Eastern policy. Nor can we regard the Anglo-Turkish convention by which Cyprus was ceded to Great Britain in the light in which Mr. Gladstone does. Objectionable as were many of the circumstances connected with its inception, we think it can be made, when Turkey goes to pieces as she inevitably will, the basis of a great policy, at once an honor to Great Britain and a blessing to the East.

As we have said, he has converted large classes to his policy, but we doubt whether they constitute the majority of the nation. Except that portion of the High-church party which follows him as its natural leader without much regard to his party affinities, those who so warmly support him have always been Liberals, and constitute to a great extent those classes who feel most keenly the consequences of any war, and who are generally opposed to it. In the recent elections parties seem pretty evenly divided, and it is remarkable that after six years of office, amid great commercial and agricultural distress and the untoward circumstances of the Afghan and Zulu wars, the Conservatives so nearly hold their own, and lose so little in the casual elections.

No account of Mr. Gladstone, be it never so brief, can omit notice of his religious opinions; for they are so strong, and exert so great an influence in shaping his conduct, as to be at times matters of great political, and in some respects even of international, importance. They are and ever have been the doctrines of the Anglican or High-church party in the English Church, of which he is the most distinguished lay-champion; for although Burke held substantially the same opinions, he was not called upon to vindicate them. The great religious revival known as the Tractarian movement began in Oxford about the time he left the University, but while he was still connected with it as a Student of Christ Church; and it permanently settled his religious convictions. He belongs to what in his remarkable paper on the Courses of Religious Thought he calls the Historical School, — believing in a divinely established visible Church, with a ministry descended in perpetual succession from the Apostles, not infallible, but teaching *ex cathedra*, and the repository of the Faith, of which the essential articles are contained in the ancient creeds and shown by the consensus of Christendom. He is a strenuous opponent of what he regards as the Papal usurpation, and of the dogmas suc-

cessively created by Papal authority ; and he feels a warm sympathy for the oppressed churches of the East, one of whose cardinal virtues is their uninterrupted rejection of the Papal claims and their resistance to Papal domination,—and these with the Anglican Church, the old Catholics of the Continent and some smaller communions, he classes together as representing one great Christian school in contradistinction to the Ultramontane, the Protestant Evangelical, the Rationalistic, and the Negative schools of thought.

These opinions he has constantly asserted in numerous publications during his entire life. Questions of doctrine, of casuistry, and of technical and scholastic theology have always had a great attraction for him, and are the subjects of a large number—we should say of the majority—of his essays. But while holding his creed tenaciously, he has a remarkably catholic spirit for those who dissent from it, and can see and allow the merits of theirs. He has always had a sympathy for free thought and free investigation, and the main cause of his antagonism to the Papal system is its tendency to enslave the mind. On the other hand, the deep piety and devout life exhibited in the Evangelical or Calvinistic denominations have constantly called forth from him expressions of admiration. But at the same time he laments the spread of modern scepticism, and has always been the advocate of religious education ; and, much as he admires their piety, he is repelled by the theory of Biblical inspiration and the metaphysical creed of the Calvinists. “Most men,” says he, in speaking of the rationalistic movement in the Scotch Kirk, “will regard with an indiscriminating satisfaction the relinquishment of grim and dreary tenets, which when taken in their rigor seem to impair the great moral base of the Divine character. The rather Judaical Sabbatarianism of Scotland, like the Calvinistic formulæ, was simply a form of Protestant tradition, founded neither in the Word of God nor in the general consent of Christendom.”

Like Burke, he has no great liking for historical Puritanism. Had he lived in the seventeenth century he would almost certainly have been a Cavalier ; and one of the most vigorous passages he ever wrote is that in which he sums up most unfavorably the character of John Milton, the great apostle of Puritanism, and in which he says that “never, perhaps, as in him, were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined, we cannot say united, with a fierceness of opinion and language

that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irreflective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women and the laws and institutions affecting them which descend below historic heathenism and approximate even to brutality."

His ecclesiastical opinions have rendered Mr. Gladstone's position in the Liberal party at times somewhat difficult. Partly from the spread of scepticism and indifferentism, but chiefly from the excesses of Ritualism, the High-church party—although its main doctrines were taught by almost all the great English divines from Hooker to Butler, and although, unlike the Evangelical and Latitudinarian parties, it is in harmony with the order, liturgy, and offices of the Anglican Church—is just now the most unpopular one of the three. The old Whigs, too, whose attachment to the Established Church often arises, like Lord Thurlow's, solely from the fact that it is established, have always disliked excessive ecclesiasticism; and, in addition to these, a large number of the younger and more Radical leaders in the Liberal party are in religion Agnostics and bigoted Secularists, to whom Mr. Gladstone's theological opinions and tendency of mind are simply odious, and who distrust and dislike him. During his Ministry no man on the conservative benches showed more personal animosity toward him than Mr. Fawcett constantly displayed.

We cannot close without some speculation as to Mr. Gladstone's future. He voluntarily abandoned his position as leader of his party, and there is no proof that he has any desire to resume it, although circumstances may compel him, should his life and health be spared, to do so. As things look to-day, the Home-rulers seem likely to hold the balance of power between the two great political parties in the next House of Commons, and such an event would make the seats of any Ministry anything but desirable. The most dignified position for Mr. Gladstone would, perhaps, be not to accept office at all, but to support a Liberal Ministry out of office; though it may be doubted whether he has the temperament to take a *rôle* so difficult for a man of his overshadowing experience and reputation. While we do not believe he is capable of that petty jealousy (so unworthy of his otherwise high character) which caused Lord Russell to be at first a carping critic and at last a factious opponent of Mr. Gladstone's own Ministry,

he might find it very difficult to restrain the natural eagerness and energy of his disposition, and to play the part of the guardian angel of a Ministry which could not exist without his support ; to excuse their errors, condone their occasionally seeming incapacity, and help them out of difficulty ; to exert his great authority to suppress insubordination or assuage discontent ; to defend their measures, be ever ready to assist them with counsel and advice in private, and never to show open disapproval except by absence or silence. Unless he could do all this, his presence in the House of Commons might any day be fatal to a Liberal Government. Could he do this, it would seem to be a most honorable termination to his great career.

CLEMENT HUGH HILL.

THE LETTERS OF EUGÈNE DELACROIX.¹

IT is probable that few people would contest the proposition that, of the modern schools of painting, the French is the most complete ; but, on the other hand, there would probably be many dissentients to the idea, that, of this brilliant school, Eugène Delacroix is the most eminent member. He has passed into the rank of one of the "glories" of France, and yet he belongs to the class of artists who gratify the few rather than the many. We may believe that no small part of the patriotic amateurs who boast of him as a national genius take him upon trust. Like Turner, he enjoyed during his life but a moderate share of his meed of honors ; he profited less by his reputation than those have done who, since his death, have gathered the emoluments, both intellectual and financial, of having appreciated him. Comparisons are odious, and it would profit little to say that Delacroix did better work than this one or that among his contemporaries. They were a band of resolute workers, and it should be borne in mind of them — as it should always be of the representative members of any school of art — that they helped each other, owed much to each other. Nothing tends more to make an observer doubt whether human nature be worth his hopes than the absence, among men engaged in a common undertaking, of a certain mutual respect. Art is really but a point of view, and genius but a way of looking at things. The wiser the artist, and the finer the genius, the more easy will it be to conceive of other points of view, other ways of looking at things, than one's own. At any rate, a person whose sole relation to pictures is a disposition to enjoy them can rest upon his personal impressions ; and in the case of the writer of these lines such an impression has been conscious of no chilling responsibilities. I have felt no obligation to determine for my own comfort Delacroix's place in the hierarchy of painters, or to ascertain the figure he would present if he should be made to constitute the apex of a pyramid of prostrate

¹ *Lettres de Eugène Delacroix, (1815 à 1863), recueillies et publiées par M. Philippe Burty. Paris : A. Quantin. 1879.*

rivals. I have not lately had the opportunity to refresh my memory of his works; but as I recall, one by one, those which I knew at an earlier time, a vivid sense of the rare quality of his genius comes back to me. He belongs to the family of the great masters of the past, — he had the same large, liberal way of understanding his business. He was far from being their equal in skill and science, — he was not another Titian, nor another Tintoretto; he was not even a modern Rubens. But he was of the same artistic strain as these great painters; for him, to do a thing at all meant to do it grandly. He had an imagination which urged and inflamed him, and never allowed him to rest in the common and the conventional. He was a great colorist and a great composer: in this latter respect he always reminded me of Tintoretto. He saw his subject as a whole; not as the portrait of a group of selected and isolated objects, but as an incident in the continuity of things and the passage of human life. Like Tintoretto, he must be judged as a whole; like Tintoretto, too, he must be judged with the imagination. What it is the imagination finds in him I do not pretend always to settle; but the burden of his message to it is almost constantly grave. He intimates that life is a perplexing rather than an amusing business; and it is very possible that in so doing he is unfaithful to his duty as a painter, — the *raison d'être* of these gentry being, constructively, the beautifying of existence, the conservation of enjoyment. But there is plenty of beauty in Delacroix, — woe, indeed, to the painter in whom there is not! His vision of earthly harmonies leaves nothing to be desired; only his feeling about it, as he goes, is that of a man who not only sees, but reflects as well as sees. It is this reflective element in Delacroix which has always been one of the sources of his interest, and I am not ashamed to say that I like him in part for his moral tone. I know very well that I appear to be uttering a grievous solecism, and that in the opinion of many people a painter has no business with a moral tone or a sentimental intention. Such people are very right in one sense, and there is no doubt that every artist's first and bounden duty is to be an artist. But an artist, after all, has some of the common attributes and privileges of humanity, and it were a pity to multiply the negative points of his function. A painter is none the worse for being of a reflective temperament, or for having a good deal of feeling about the things he represents. In such questions as this, it is easy to say more than one intends, or than one is sure of. So it is enough to express the belief that a large part of the legitimate value

of the pictorial power of such painters as Tintoretto and Delacroix lies in their having felt a good deal about the things they represented. In the arts, feeling is always meaning, and so I think we do not go too far if we permit ourselves to allude to the moral and psychological side of Delacroix. It is very true that people who are jealous of the rights of "execution" have a tolerably easy reply to this. "Oh, very well," they may say, "we concede that a painter may mean something, so long as no one can tell what he means. ~~WE~~ that is your idea, you are welcome to it, and much good may it do you!"

I am afraid that this is my idea to a greater degree than this meagre expression of it can hope to rescue from ridicule. I remember that when I had occasion to see the productions of Delacroix more frequently than I now do, it seemed unnecessary to go further than to say that he made his reflections: it seemed beside the mark to try and give a name to this metaphysical emanation of his work. I had a vague sense that it proceeded from a serious mind, — perhaps even from a melancholy nature. By contrast this gave an air of the trivial and superficial — almost of the vulgar — to the work of some of his extremely accomplished companions. I think there is no question that, on the whole, the artist we value most is the artist who tells us most about human life. This large reference to human life appeared to be the merit of Delacroix, so that he became, to my perhaps rather too fanciful vision, the most interesting of contemporary painters. Delacroix was not fond of Ingres, and there is a passage in one of his letters in which, in indicating (it must be admitted rather contemptuously) the limitations of this refined but shallow genius, he points out the reasons of his own effectiveness. "You have made a perfect article upon Ingres," he writes to a critic; "you have touched the real chord. No one up to this time had indicated that radical vice, that absence of heart, of soul, of reason, of everything that touches *mortalia corda*, that capital defect which leads only to the satisfaction of an empty curiosity, and to the production of Chinese works, which his are, *minus* the *naïveté*, — a quality still more absent than all the rest."

It is the presence of heart, and soul, and reason, of something that touches *mortalia corda*, which constitutes half the charm of Delacroix. For the rest, he is a magnificent executant, — a singularly powerful and various colorist. If it were not for the fear of seeming pedantic, I should risk the assertion that he belonged to the class of synthetic rather than of analytic painters; but I instantly withhold it when I remember what beautiful parts, what splendid details, are to be

found in many of his pictures. If he poetically describes himself in the passage I have just quoted, he may be said to complete the description in the following short extract, which occurs in a letter addressed to another critic : —

I am afraid to say that what you have written in your article is extremely just, because it redounds to my benefit. What you say of color and colorists has never been much said. Criticism is like many other things, — it dawdles about over what has been already said, and never gets out of the rut. That famous “ Beautiful,” which some people see in the winding line, and others in the straight line, — they have all made up their minds to see it in nothing but lines. I am at my window, and I see the most beautiful landscape ; the idea of a line never comes into my head. The lark sings, the river glitters, the foliage murmurs, but where are the lines which produce these charming sensations ? They can see proportion and harmony only between two lines ; the rest, for them, is chaos, and the compass only is judge. Yes, Rubens draws, — yes, Correggio draws ; but neither of these men have any quarrel with the ideal. Without the ideal there is neither painting, nor drawing, nor colors ; and what is worse than being without it is to have that second-hand ideal which those people go to school to acquire, and which would make us hate our very models.

Delacroix had, with the highest degree of spontaneity, the ideal. I do not pretend, however, to describe or definitely to estimate him as an artist. It was because the man was distinguished, as well as the painter, that there was a promise of lively interest in these letters. They are, indeed, interesting ; but they are perhaps at the same time a little disappointing. Almost any clever Frenchman is a good letter-writer : of the many functions to which his admirable tongue easily adapts itself, there is none in which it appears to greater advantage than in the play of epistolary conversation. The letters of Delacroix have the generic quality ; as regards vivacity and natural grace they would be very good letters for an Englishman. But one expects a good deal from a French letter-writer who is at once an illustrious artist and a man of general ideas. Delacroix was a colorist, but his letters are less pictorial than might have been expected. They have little humor, little jocosity, little of that charming brightness which made the feature of those of Henri Regnault, published a few years ago. He was a man of imagination, — of the richest ; but he had not high spirits. He guided the chariot of his invention with a powerful hand, but he was not addicted to cracking his whip.

His life bears the stamp of that Parisian monotony which in the career of distinguished Frenchmen is always so striking to English readers. Paris, and Paris alone, is the world of their celebrities ; they

find it sufficient, and they know nothing else. Most Englishmen, in the process of acquiring a reputation, make the acquaintance of a considerable part of the globe; they travel, and compare, and lay foreign lands under contribution. The same, for stronger reason, is the case with Americans of corresponding rank; both of our English kinsmen and of ourselves it may be said that we often become conspicuously national only by leaving home. Of course, in this matter a great deal depends upon the character of this home; and if it is a question of being tethered forever in the same pasture and making one's world of a single town, there is no doubt that Paris serves the purpose wonderfully well, especially for an artist. Delacroix, strange to say, never went to Italy, and never saw the great gallery at Madrid, and yet he could say to himself that he knew a good deal about Titian and Velasquez. There remains, however, something almost displeasing to an Anglo-Saxon mind in the fact that he should have lived to the age of sixty-five, and attained to the enjoyment of emoluments and honors, without having thought it necessary to cross the Alps and enlighten his eyes with the supreme examples of the art he so robustly practised. He made, indeed, two or three journeys. At the age of twenty-seven (in 1825) he went over to London and spent a portion of a summer. Later, in 1832, he accompanied a French commissioner upon a diplomatic errand to Morocco, where he gathered in a few weeks those impressions of Eastern life which during the rest of his career were so frequently reflected in his work. He continued all his life to paint the East, and one might easily have supposed he had lived there, or that he had often returned to Africa. But he never renewed his impressions. He had laid in his stock of notes and visions once for all, and it served him to the end. It must be added, that, amid all the elaborate Orientalism with which we are deluged nowadays in painting, few pictures strike us as containing more of the essence of the matter than the best Eastern subjects of Delacroix. Several other painters may have done more justice to draperies and pottery, to palm-trees and minarets; but no one else has touched us so with the feeling of the Mahometan world,—as any one will admit who vividly recalls those admirable things now placed in the Museum of the Louvre,—the "*Femmes d'Alger*," and the picture representing, in a sort of well-like, white-washed room, with wood-work painted in green, a congregation of wedding-guests, muffled in frowsy festive array. This latter production is a marvel of local color. Such a painter as Gérôme gives us most skilfully the

surface of Eastern life ; Delacroix gives us its substance. Later still in life he made a little journey into Holland and Belgium, and in his later years he bought a small property in the country, — the estate of Champrosay, near Paris, where, after this, he spent much of his time. He suffered all his days from a painful affection of the throat, and it was to a malady connected with this ailment that he succumbed, in Paris, in the year 1863. He was sixty-five years old ; he had never married.

The editor of his letters is M. Philippe Burty, the well-known critic, who has performed his task with excellent judgment. M. Burty was one of several persons appointed by Delacroix, in his will, to sift and classify his enormous accumulation of studies, sketches, and drawings, and prepare them for a public sale. Of this sale, which was held at auction six months after the artist's death, M. Burty says : "It was an intoxication and a rehabilitation. The world saw and loved Delacroix. The sale, estimated beforehand at 100,000 francs, produced more than 360,000." And he adds that speculation had nothing to do with it ; the competition was wholly between passionate amateurs. He reproduces Delacroix's will, which is touching in the number and minuteness of its personal bequests, but which I mention only in order to quote a special paragraph, which I leave, for the sake of its suggestiveness of expression, in its native French : —

Mon tombeau sera au cimetière du Père la Chaise, sur la hauteur, dans un endroit un peu écarté. Il n'y sera placé ni emblème, ni buste, ni statue. Mon tombeau sera copié très-exactement sur l'antique, au Vignoles ou Palladio, avec des saillies très-prononcées, contrairement à tout ce qui se fait aujourd'hui en architecture.

"Art and friendship," says M. Burty, "had been the motive and the constant main-stay of his life ;" and in fact Delacroix strikes the reader of these letters as having had a genius for this latter sentiment not inferior to his more technical gift. His father was a man of some distinction, who had been, under the first Republic and the Empire, both a prefect and a minister ; but the son inherited nothing but a law-suit which was decided adversely, leaving him, for all patrimony, "a pair of silver spoons and forks and a gilt water-jug." His father died in 1805, when he was seven years of age ; his mother survived a few years. The boy's vocation marked itself out from the first, and he began betimes the study of his art. He had many difficulties, but though he wanted money he appears not to have wanted friends. Better still, he appreciated those he had. "Yes, I am sure," he writes,

at twenty, to a cherished comrade, "great friendship is like great genius; the memory of a strong friendship is like that of the great works of genius. What a life it would be,—that of two poets who should love each other as we love each other! It would be too great for humanity." "Farewell, dear friend," he adds in the same letter; "I leave you for dinner. It is doubtless very wrong of me; but as we can't live without dining, and we can't love each other without living, I shall dine." There are passages in the letters of his younger years to his friends which read like speeches addressed to objects of the passion known more exclusively as the "tender" one: "I forget the principal thing. Answer me instantly, post for post. Send me another letter, and pass the night in making it long, long! Go to the stationers, and tell them to press you out some paper,—to press it fine, so that you can put more upon it. There is little time. Don't neglect this, I beseech you." That reminds us of one of the love-speeches in Beaumont and Fletcher. He rings all the changes upon the sentiment of friendship: "What do you think I take to when I wish to pass delicious moments? *Fe me recueille*; I forget everything that surrounds me; I think of all those who are still dear to me on earth. I am happy, really happy, only when I am with a friend." Two years later he begins a letter to the same friend in the following passionate fashion: "Holy friendship, divine friendship, excellent heart! No, I am not worthy of you. You wrap me about with your friendship; I am your vanquished one, your captive. Good friend, it is you who know how to love. I have never loved a man like you; but I am sure that your heart will be inexhaustible. How rare you are, for your equal is not to be found; how meagre my soul is, weighed against yours!" And again, writing shortly afterwards from the country to this same Pierret, whom he expected soon to find in Paris: "I embrace you already in idea. Oh, how my heart will beat when I come into the house! I will stop on every floor! Try that day not to have your face in soapsuds,—it is so good to kiss each other instantly, at the minute: do you hear?" Many years after (he was forty-four years of age), the same note is struck: "Preserve yourself, dear friend; let us above all preserve our friendship! Heavens, what a fragile thing it is to keep! How small a thing can blur the mirror in which two heads are reflected together! How little is needed to disturb or bedim one of these images! Up to this time I have seen you clear and sharp. Make this last, and may you always see me in the same way!"

It would appear, however, that the consolations of friendship did not exclude others of a still intenser sort. There is a letter written in his nineteenth year which is almost amusingly characteristic of what is supposed to be the normal attitude of Young France at this susceptible age. "I'm in a *drôle de position*. I don't know how it comes about, but I am always on the stairs, and all day long I go down into the court, only to come up again and then to go down. The voice of a certain door that you know sounds every moment in my ear. . . . I stick out my nose and I hear the rustle of a *sylphide*. . . . Honestly, too, it's worth the trouble. . . . The triumph of the head is its outline. Oh, the singular little woman! I don't know what to think." It must be added that this little romance appears not to have gone very far, — no farther than his passing the object of his admiration upon the public staircase and paying her the tribute of a *coup de chapeau*. Indeed, the most serious allusion to the tender passion which these letters contain is a passage in which the writer complains of the unoccupied condition of his heart. The fact that he utters his complaint with a candor which is much more natural in such matters to Frenchmen than to ourselves need not prevent us from finding something touching in it: "I am unhappy. I have no *amour*. This delicious torment is wanting to my happiness. I have nothing but vain dreams, which agitate me and do not satisfy me in any way. I was so happy to suffer in loving. There was a kind of stimulus even in my jealousy, and my actual indifference is not the life of a corpse. I am obliged, in order to live in the only manner in which I can live, — that is, by my feelings and my heart, — to seek these pleasures in painting; to try and wrest them from it. But nature cannot understand all this, and when I fall back upon my empty heart with all the weight of my artificially baffled and diverted *ennui*, I feel that a flame must have fuel, and that I should paint in a very different fashion if I were kept in spirits by the soft warmth of love." These lines were written in 1821, while Delacroix was still a very young man; but they are interesting as the mark of an artistic nature of the old-fashioned type, which rested upon the conviction, that, for successful production, the whole man must expand in harmony with a sort of flower-like freedom, and which included a perpetual love-affair in its personal scheme, just as it included the growth of knowledge and fame. Whether Delacroix obtained in the long-run the sum of affection which he desired, I have no means of knowing; but, as I have spoken of the warmth of his friendships in

early life, I may add that this source of sentimental satisfaction was not absolutely undisturbed. "People imagine," he writes in 1860, "that friendship is a peaceful divinity, whose gentle chains succeed to those of love when we have settled down to a time of life which gives us, or is supposed to give us, the taste for calm attachments. Nothing is more false. Friendship, dull-colored and pale as she is, has her storms, and unhappily reconciliations are more difficult."

Delacroix's short visit to England in his youth left its mark upon his mind and his work; it helped to initiate him still further into the possibilities of that "romanticism" which in France was about to become a great movement. We may doubt whether, without the impressions that he gathered on English soil, he would have conceived that admiration for Shakspeare, or even for another foreign genius, Goethe, which he subsequently expressed with so much pictorial power. It must, indeed, have been a great pleasure to an imaginative young Frenchman of "romantic" tendencies to see Shakspeare interpreted by Edmund Kean and Charles Mayne Young. He must have returned to the land of classic art on the stage and on canvas with a rich store of impressions and intuitions. Delacroix took a great fancy to Kean, and went to see him whenever he could. He took a great fancy, too, to English painting, of much of which he always retained a high enjoyment; his own eminently independent spirit found something congenial in the absence of that school-discipline which has always been at once the strength and the weakness of French art. His impressions of English life, however, were not exclusively favorable; and indeed, if the "intelligent foreigner" finds the London of to-day, in its superficial aspects, a depressing and uncomfortable city, we may imagine what such an observer must have made of the unregenerate metropolis of 1825:—

There is decidedly something sad and stiff in all this, which doesn't square with our own France. The cleanliness of some houses and streets is balanced by the dirtiness of others. The women are all ill-arrayed, with dirty stockings and ill-made shoes. What strikes me most is a kind of general paltriness which leads one to think that one is in a country of smaller and more contracted people than our own. I believe that people here are, if possible, bigger gossips and fools than ours,—a thing I couldn't have believed without coming here. I don't look at all this as an economist or a mathematician. In this respect they have all sorts of fine qualities, which I leave them. . . . I break a lance for France against every possible Englishman. There is in the blood of this people something savage and ferocious, which comes out horribly in the rabble, which is hideous. After that, it's a famous government. Liberty here is not an idle word. The pride of their nobles and the distinction of ranks is pushed to a point which shocks me infinitely; but some good things result from it.

He saw Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom he always appreciated highly. "He is the flower of civility and a real painter of great lords. . . . No one has ever made eyes — those of women especially — as he has done, or those half-open mouths, of a perfect charm." There is a charming letter about the English painters, written many years later, in 1858, to a friend who was about to go to London, and who had asked Delacroix for information. He speaks of the past and recalls the admiration of his early years : —

I have no desire to see London again ; I should find none of my old associations, and, more than that, I should not find in myself the same power to enjoy what is done there now. The school itself is changed ; perhaps I should have to break a lance for Reynolds and for that ravishing Gainsborough whom you are so right to admire. Not that I am the adversary of what is done now in English painting. I have been struck with the prodigious conscience which the English are able to introduce even into the things of imagination. . . . My impressions of that early time would perhaps be modified to-day. Perhaps I should find in Lawrence an exaggeration of those means of effect which savor too much of the school of Reynolds ; but his prodigious delicacy of drawing, the life that he gives to his women, who look as if they were speaking to you, give him, as a portrait-painter, a kind of superiority over Vandyke himself, whose admirable figures simply "sit" in tranquillity. The brightness of the eyes, the parted lips, are rendered admirably by Lawrence.

Delacroix speaks also very tenderly of Wilkie and of Constable, and in 1861 he writes an interesting letter to a critic who had asked him for some details about Bonington. This delightful painter, whose reputation has been touched by the distinction imparted, in the case of genius, by early death, may almost be said to have introduced the English art of water-color into France. The extreme brilliancy with which he used it had, at any rate, given it a vogue to which, after his death at the age of six-and-twenty, none of his successors or imitators so effectively contributed. Delacroix had known him well, having met him originally in England in 1825. "I knew him well, and I liked him extremely. His British *sang-froid*, which was imperturbable, interfered with none of the qualities which make life agreeable. We all loved him."

Delacroix's own apprenticeship to fame was, as I have said, no easier than that of most young artists ; and in a letter written in 1828, he expresses a state of feeling very familiar to waiting and struggling genius. In the long, steep staircase of success there is many a step like that on which, in this letter, we see Delacroix pause, wearily, in discouragement, and seat himself.

You seem to think I go out a great deal. Far from it. The few evening parties I go to, by habit, to lose myself and to try not to bore myself, do nothing, on the whole, but fatigue me physically. In most cases I am button-holed by some d——d fool who talks to me of painting, in a muddle-headed manner, thinking that I shall carry away a lofty idea of his conversation and his capacity. It leads to no relations with women. I am too pale and too thin. The great occupation of my existence — the one which holds in suspense and in check the high and powerful faculties with which, according to some good people, Nature has endowed me — is to succeed in paying my rent every three months and in keeping myself alive in a paltry manner. I am tempted to apply to myself the parable of Jesus Christ, who says that his kingdom is not of this world. I have a rare genius, which doesn't go so far as to make me live in peace like a clerk in a shop. Intellect is the last of the elements which lead to the making of a fortune, — and that without paradox, without exaggeration. Imagination, when unhappily this fatal gift accompanies the rest, completes the ruin, finishes the work of blighting, of breaking up in every way, the wretched soul. . . . I must expect no employment or encouragement whatever. Those who are most favorable to me agree to consider me as an interesting madman, whom it would be dangerous to encourage in his eccentricities and oddities.

Delacroix's work was, indeed, sufficiently unacceptable to the official taste of the day; as a painter he flew in the face of all the regular proprieties. To the day of his death he was an object of formal reprobation to the old-fashioned critics who endeavored to keep alive, like superannuated vestals, the fading flame on the altar of conventionalism; and he was elected to the Institute (Department of the Fine Arts) only after that process of reiterated application to which a stranger wonders to see a Frenchman accommodate the most finely-seasoned vanity in the world. Obscure and insignificant candidates for Academic honors were repeatedly preferred to Delacroix, and he was allotted a place among the official representatives of French art only after he had enjoyed ample opportunity to reflect upon the purely relative character of his merit. As the years went on, however, his reputation established itself, and his profession enabled him to live. Later, it brought him a good deal of honor and profit. He received various orders from the State; he decorated some of the ceilings of the new Louvre, and some of the chapels of the restored churches. His productions commanded high prices, and in the opinion of many judges he was the first painter of the day.

I have no space to trace the different stages of his career, — nor, indeed, do these letters, with their interruptions and desultory allusions, afford material for doing so. Delacroix had, at any rate, the satisfaction of living his life in a country and a society in which an artistic career is, on the whole, held in more honor than anywhere else, — in which the artistic character is more definitely recognized and more

frankly adopted. In France the artist finds himself, *ex officio*, a member of a large and various society of fellow-workers ; whatever may be his individual value, his basis or platform is a large and solid one, resting upon social position and public opinion. He has to make his work a success, but he has not, as happens in England, where the vivacity of the artistic instinct appears to have been checked in a mysterious manner by the influence of Protestantism, to justify and defend his point of view. His point of view is taken for granted, and it may be said that his starting-place is the point at which, after much superfluity of effort, the artist in other countries arrives.

I have spoken of Delacroix's journey to Morocco in 1832 ; he spent a few weeks in Spain on his way home. He was attached to a mission which had been despatched by Louis Philippe to the Moorish emperor, and in this capacity he enjoyed the sight of a great abundance of local colors. His letters denote an extreme relish of what he beheld, but they are not especially descriptive or demonstrative ; it is only here and there that his phrase is pictorial. "It has been one of the most delightful sensations possible," he writes, after touching on the coast of Spain on his way out, "to find myself, on leaving France, without having set foot ashore elsewhere, transported into this land of picturesqueness ; to see their houses, the cloaks worn by the veriest paupers, by the little children of the beggars, *ou tout Goya palpitait autour de moi.*"

Afterwards, at Tangiers, he writes : "I have moments of delicious laziness in a garden at the gates of the town, amid a profusion of orange-trees in flower and covered with fruit. In the midst of this vigorous Nature I am conscious of sensations like those I had in my childhood ; perhaps it is the confused remembrance of the sun of the South, which I saw in my early youth, coming back to me. The most that I can do here will be very little in comparison with what there is to be done ; sometimes I drop my arms in despair, with the certainty that I shall bring back but a shadow." He was wrong, — he brought back the substance ; no pictures of Eastern life, as I have said, are more expressive and suggestive than his. The latter half of his life — the thirty years that followed the episode I have just mentioned — was a long period of tranquil, uninterrupted production. As M. Burty says, it was taken up wholly with work and friendship. Work, with Delacroix, was a passion, — he says somewhere that, for him, the absence of it is equivalent to a sickness. There is an interesting passage bearing upon this point in a letter written in 1855, — a passage worth quoting entire. He is writing to a female friend : —

You ask me where happiness is to be found in this world. After numerous experiments I am convinced that it is to be found in contentment with one's self. The passions cannot give this contentment, for we always desire the impossible, — what we obtain fails to satisfy us. I suppose that people who have a solid virtue must possess a large share of that contentment which I make a condition of happiness. For my own part, not being virtuous enough to please myself on that side, I make up for it in the real satisfaction which is given by work. This gives one a genuine well-being, and increases one's indifference to the pleasures which are only pleasures in name, and with which *les gens du monde* are obliged to content themselves. Such, my dear friend, is my little philosophy, and, especially when I am in good health, it has a very certain effect. It must not, however, prevent the little diversions that one may pick up from time to time. A little *affaire du cœur*, when the occasion offers; the view of a fine country, travelling in general, — these things leave charming traces in the mind; we recall the emotions that belonged to them after they have passed away, and we can have no others like them. It is a little provision of happiness for the future, whatever the future may be.

There is evidence in other letters that Delacroix's "little philosophy" was not always absolutely successful, though one of them, indeed, offers an example of the practical application of it. "As to you, my poor friend," he writes in 1862 to M. Soulier, one of the oldest of his intimates, "you are in the same case as myself. The seasons may change, but the oftener they follow each other the more they increase the cause of those thousand afflictions which besiege us and await us still. Our season — ours — is that of old age, which makes us feel every hour of the day the wrong it does us. . . . Often, when I am sad and suffering, I make use of the same means as you do, to relieve myself. I think of the happy moments in which we have known each other and enjoyed so fully each other's society. Many an empty place has been made, but after all we are here still. We must say to ourselves, then, that, with all our pains, we are in the number of the fortunate ones."

Among the best of Delacroix's friends was Madame George Sand, who published, several years after his death, an interesting little reminiscential sketch of him. There is a charming glimpse of Madame Sand's life at Nohant in a letter of the year 1842. Delacroix writes from under this lady's roof: —

I lead a conventual life, — a life more and more like itself. No event interrupts its course. We have been expecting Balzac, who has not come, and I am not sorry. He is a chatterbox who would have broken in upon that harmony of doing nothing in which I slumber most agreeably. A little painting, billiards, walking, is more than enough to fill up one's days. There is not even the distraction of neighbors and friends in the country about; every one hereabouts stays quietly at home and looks after his oxen and his lands. . . . I have talks *à perte de vue* with Chopin, whom I like very much, and who is a man of a rare distinction. He is

the truest artist I have ever met. . . . The great event of my stay has been a ball given to the peasants on the lawn before the château, with the bagpipers of highest repute in the region. The people hereabouts are a remarkable type of gentleness and *bonhomie*; ugliness is rare, though beauty is not absolutely striking; but there is not the feverish look which you see in the country people in the neighborhood of Paris. The women all resemble those gentle figures which you see only in the pictures of the Old Masters. They are all Saint Annes.

The reader of this passage will venture to differ from the writer, and to regret that on this occasion Balzac should not have presented himself at Nohant. There would be a certain intellectual satisfaction in thinking of four such distinguished specimens of imaginative genius as Madame Sand, Honoré de Balzac, Chopin, and Delacroix spending the summer days together and talking "*à perte de vue*." It was among the "feverish populations" of Paris that Delacroix had been obliged to establish his own rural dwelling. Writing from the house of a friend in Champagne, with whom he was staying in 1862, he makes an invidious comparison between the scenery which surrounds him there and the suburban charms of Champrosay. "Here I am really in the country. Champrosay is a village in a comic opera. You see no one there but fine folks, or peasants who look as if they had dressed themselves for the stage. Nature herself seems tricked out: I am irritated by all those paltry little gardens and little houses arranged by Parisians. . . . Here in the midst of Champagne I see men, women, cows; all this gives me a gentle emotion and sensations unknown to little townsfolk and to artists who inhabit towns."

I have said Delacroix passed the later years of his life in the position of an acknowledged master; but it would appear that the assertion needs to be slightly qualified. "The Salon of 1859," says M. Burty, "was for Delacroix a veritable Waterloo. The critics on whom he could count the most, *romantiques* of the first or the second stage, abandoned him to the attacks of the triumphant classicists, or else gave him either fool's advice or piteous consolations. Delacroix, deeply wounded, never exhibited again." It is sad to learn that toward the end of a long, laborious, and distinguished career Delacroix found himself still obliged to "count upon" the critics; but M. Burty's whole statement (including his mention of Delacroix's "wounded" condition) is characteristic of the way such things take place in France. In that country criticism is not only a profession, it is a power. Whereas, in other countries, critics are, if I am not mistaken, a little ashamed of their trade, in France they rather pride themselves on it, take their stand upon it, and exercise it very frankly

and aggressively. They are often able to give their judgments the importance of literary and artistic events. It is only fair to add, that, in general, they do their work much more skilfully than among ourselves. At all events they carry standards and trumpets and great guns; they belong to camps and schools; they have dogmas, codes, strongholds, to defend. In 1859 they awoke, after a temporary slumber, to a sense of having something — I do not quite know what — to defend against poor Delacroix, an honored veteran and a national glory. It would be hard to imagine an English artist who should have attained to the rank of a master taking the strictures of the art-reviewers, as we of English speech are mainly acquainted with them, very much to heart; but once granted that in France their word carries weight, it was very natural in Delacroix to feel wronged.

• During the last years of his life, with failing health, he fell under the dominion, to an extent which appears unfortunate, of a person whom he had installed in his dwelling as housekeeper. She was devoted to him to the point of jealousy, but she was despotic and meddlesome; she allowed none of his friends save such as she herself approved to have access to him; and at the end, as M. Burty says, *elle fit le vide* around him. He left her in his will a large legacy. To the end of his life, we are told by a cousin of Delacroix, "he kept his taste for simple habits, and he liked to return to the manners of his youth. He was fond of dinners at the city gate or in the country, with a bottle of common wine; but he was fond of good things too, in a little circle of three or four friends, with the talk turning on painting, philosophy, or good stories." He was an interesting genius, and this record of his career, imperfect as it is, has a peculiar charm. He had a combination of qualities which are not often seen together; he united in his nature what may be called a masculine and a feminine element. He had a great imagination; he conceived things richly and comprehensively, and yet he was tender, grave, contemplative. He was reserved and delicate, and yet he had in a high degree what the French call *la fougue*, — a grand sweep and energy of execution. I have not pretended to enumerate or to describe his productions, of which the interest, increasing greatly on prolonged acquaintance, does not easily lend itself to analysis. As for those more accidental manifestations of the man, we may say in regard to them that the best thing a book can do for its readers is to give them the impression of a certain nobleness. That is what we find here, — the presence of a high artistic ideal, untouched by the vulgar or the trivial.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

NO careful observer of what is going on in Russia can avoid the conclusion that the absolutist *régime* there shows a Hippocratic visage. The spasmodic acts of terrorism by which Government tries to hide its internal weakness ; the unflagging boldness of the revolutionary party, in spite of the losses it has suffered through the execution, by court-martial, of a number of its leaders, and through the imprisonment, or transportation to Siberia and Saghalien, of many thousands of its adherents ; the quarrel between the Autocrat and his son, who fears the downfall of the dynasty if the present system be persisted in, — a quarrel only outwardly made up since the return of the Czarewitch to St. Petersburg ; the discovery of a considerable ramification of what is called the Nihilist conspiracy within the army, and the suspicion attaching in this respect even to the lower ranks of the police, — all these facts, and many others of a similar nature, are significant signs pointing towards the “beginning of the end.” It is merely a question of time. The country is in the very midst of the crisis. The final issue cannot be long delayed.

Now and then there comes, from the more intimate *entourage* of the Czar, a report containing hints which speak volumes, and the importance of which even surpasses that of the public events. Between the court of Hesse-Darmstadt and that of Russia there are close family relations, — the Czarina being by birth a Darmstadt princess. Confidential communications, therefore, often reach the higher circles of that German grand-duchy. One of these communications, which arrived there within the last fortnight or so, contains so remarkable a statement of a pathological character — pathological in a bodily as well as in a political sense — that I think the transcription of some of its passages may prove of general interest.

After having referred to the Empress's state of health, which recently seemed to render a catastrophe imminent, the Darmstadt recipient of a letter from St. Petersburg says :—

In the last report the possibility is expressed, that, with the utmost care, the physical forces of the august sufferer may yet be able to offer resistance to the ravages of the illness; but at the same time there is the greatest apprehension lest a repetition of the violent emotions to which the Empress was exposed within the last few weeks should produce an immediate dissolution. Unfortunately, news from St. Petersburg just received here through a direct official source indicates that it is not likely at all that the august lady will be spared fresh emotions of that kind. Even greater fears — it is added — are entertained in the Russian Imperial family, and in government circles, with regard to the condition of the Czar. Only a few days ago, he, without anybody understanding the immediate cause of the mysterious measure, ordered the guards who keep watch before his apartments to be relieved three times within a few hours. The same measures of precaution were extended to the Emperor's personal service. All dishes of which he partakes must first be tasted by his adjutants. At the banquets in which the Emperor felt it necessary to participate since the Moscow attempt upon his life, he neither touched food nor beverage. Only in giving the toast at the St. George's festival, he took the merest sip of the wine; and that wine had before been carefully examined. When the Empress became aware of the danger of her malady, she expressed by telegraph a desire to see the Czar. But the condition of affairs compelled him to reply that he would not dare to leave the capital, seeing that his departure might give rise to a rebellious outbreak. This explanation deeply shook the august patient. Together with the telegraphic message which called Dr. Botkin to the sufferer's bedside, the Czar was informed of the perilous condition of the Empress, and he immediately answered by wire that he was coming.

Nevertheless he did not, after all, stir from his palace in the capital.

Such a state of things is typical of the autocratic form of government when it approaches its dissolution. Turguenieff, who invented the word "Nihilism," and who has often been taken to task by men of the revolutionary party for what they considered his harsh judgment upon them, said, some years ago: "Even as the smell of musk cannot be got out of a room, so I feel surrounded in Russia by a smell of putrefaction,—by the tendency towards the Nothing." Since he penned those words the spirit of discontent has grown immensely within the educated classes, so much so that when Vjera Sassulitch was tried for her attempt upon the life of Trepoff, the chief of the Secret Police, she was in spite of her open avowal declared "not guilty," even by a packed jury of noblemen and dignitaries,¹ amidst the plaudits of the assembled people. Prince Gortchakoff and

¹ The jury whose verdict will, in history, be regarded as one of the most telling incidents of the Russia of our days, perhaps at the very turning-point in her political development, was composed of the following twelve men good and true: The Aulic Councillor Constantine Sergejewitch Alexejeff; the Collegiate Councillor Dimitri Petrowitch Petroff; the Titular Councillor Nicholas Wassiljewitch Dadonoff; the Aulic Councillor Alexander Ivanowitch Sergejeff; the artist Sergei Fedorowitch Werchowzeff; the College Registrar

other high officials were present at the trial, and might have learned a lesson therefrom. But though even that section of the press at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, Odessa, Kharkoff, and other chief towns, which usually sides with Government, clearly gave to be understood, in the face of the censorship and of the terrors of the press-law, that it approved of the verdict, the Autocrat and his nearest hangers-on — acting rather in the hangman's than in the statesman's style — went on their way as before, or rather increased their insane severity.

It cannot be said that the Russian Government did not receive the fullest warning, as regards the state of public opinion within the more cultured classes, by all that occurred during and immediately after the Sassulitch trial. The very judge who had presided at it, in his summing-up, showed plainly enough on which side public sympathies and his own were. "An accused person," he said, "could certainly not be looked upon as an infallible commentator on the event with which he or she was connected. At the same time it had to be noted that criminals were to be divided into two groups: those who are led by selfish impulses, and who therefore, in the majority of cases, try to mask the truth by lying statements; and those who commit an act from no motive of personal profit, and who entertain no wish to hide anything of the deed they have done. You, gentlemen of the jury, are in a position to judge as to how far the statements of Vjera Sassulitch merit your confidence, and to which type of transgressors she most nearly comes up." After further showing that the question was as to whether there had been an attempt at murder or "simply an act of wounding," and after suggesting that "the deed may have been done on the spur of passion, in a state of impulsive excitement," the judge finally made this remarkable observation: "It is clear that Vjera Sassulitch could only hope to *fulfil her mission of raising a question of general importance* if the case was brought before a jury." He only mitigated and modified this transparent hint by adding, in conclusion, that, "if the accused had wished to raise a question of public importance, her object might have been attained by a mere insult against the Chief of the Police."

No one would, in ordinary circumstances, expect a public prosecutor, in such a case, to say aught which could be construed in favor of

Dshamussoff; Michael Gavrilowitch Missloffsky, assistant at the Demidoff Asylum; the nobleman Igorowitch Schulz-Torma; the Aulic Councillor Athanasius Iljitch Lochoff; Alexander Ivanowitch Chalisen, B.A.; the Aulic Councillor Peter Stanislawowitch Kushinski; and the honorary citizen Wladimir Jakowlewitch Jakimoff. The Aulic Councillor Lochoff was chosen foreman.

the accused. Yet even he made an important concession to the prevailing public feeling. The court having decided that General Trepoff should not be called as a witness, the public prosecutor said he would refrain from either blaming or justifying the acts which had been charged upon the powerful head of the "Third Section;" and then continued thus: "I, for my part, believe the statements made by Vjera Sassulitch. I believe that facts appeared to her in the light in which they have been placed here by the counsel for the defence; and *I am ready to accept the feelings of Vjera Sassulitch as facts.* The court, however, is bound to measure those feelings, as soon as they are converted into deeds, by the standard of the law."

Can we wonder, when even the Czar's own officials indulged in such remarks, that the jury, composed though it was of titled dignitaries and noblemen, should have pronounced a verdict of "not guilty"? Montesquieu, the author of "L'Esprit des Lois," who under a despotic monarchy was president of the so-called Bordeaux Parliament (that is, of a court-appointed body for registering the King's decrees), and who also was a member of the French Academy, openly advocated the doctrine that the attempt upon the life of a tyrant who trod down all law was to be regarded as "a virtue which forgets itself, in order to surpass itself." Similar passages, and much stronger ones, are to be found in the writings of the philosophers, the poets, even the statesmen, of all nations and ages, from ancient times down to our own days. This is a fact which, however opinions may differ on the subject, must be kept in mind when we judge of what is going on in Russia. Human nature, after all, only bears a certain amount of oppression. When that measure is transgressed, and any spark of personal dignity is left among the cruelly-used victims, they are apt to seek redress in wild revenge, the path of legality having been blocked up and utterly destroyed by the tyrant himself. In such a condition of affairs, the noblest intellects seek refuge from downright despair in doctrines and deeds which they otherwise would fain leave unremembered and undone. To this frame of mind the best educated, the most wealthy, the most aristocratic classes in Russia have come; and all we can say is, if we are to speak within the limits of human nature, that so extraordinary, so unusual a phenomenon contains the severest condemnation of the Czar's rule which it is possible to imagine.

Years ago, Prince Dolgorukoff, a very moderate Liberal, who yet had to seek safety in exile, wrote in his valuable work ("La Vérité sur

la Russie”), “Russia has, from the time of the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century down to our days, been nothing but an immense pyramid of oppression. In this vast edifice slavish subjection and arbitrary force reign from top to bottom ; and from the bottom to the top there is developed, in formidable proportions, *the official lie, the lie erected into a political institution*, — the bitter and dreary fruit of the absence of all individual freedom, of all publicity, of all real and serious control. This despotism, hideous in itself, exercises a deleterious moral influence. It dries up the noble and elevated sentiments ; it degrades the soul ; it corrupts, perverts, and lowers the character, even more among those who exercise that despotism than among its victims.” Indeed, the very excess of despotism has led at last to a moral reaction, which, if it has produced some visionary and impracticable tendencies (the inevitable result of the obstruction of every healthy organ of public life), at all events has also given rise to a spirit of civic indignation and of daring self-sacrifice, to which even those who discountenance all acts of violence cannot refuse a tribute of sorrowful respect.

Unfortunately, the words written by Prince Dolgorukoff on the mode of Russian government are true to this very hour. “What is Russia,” he exclaimed, “from a political and administrative point of view ? It is an immense building with a European exterior, decorated with a European frontage, but furnished and administered inside on the Asiatic pattern. The vast majority of Russian officials, disguised in more or less European costumes, proceed, in the exercise of their functions, like veritable Tartars. On what basis does the Russian administration repose ? On law ? Most assuredly not. No country certainly is richer than Russia in laws, ordinances, and regulations of every kind. The Russian Code is the most voluminous on earth ; it contains fifteen thick volumes of more than a thousand pages each ; every year new supplements are published. But this Code, so useful to the prosperity of the paper-mills, is a dead letter for the country. The first article of the first volume, placing the Emperor, as it does, above all laws, transforms all these fifteen thick volumes into the most voluminous pleasantries. The Russian administration is based, not on the equality of all before the law, as in Europe, but on their equality before the caprice of the governmental authority and the venality of the administration, as in Asia. In order to escape from its power, one must be a member of the Court Camarilla, or be protected by it, — even as in Asia.” This is the utterance, be it well re-

membered, not of a Nihilist, but of an opponent of Nihilism ; not of a Socialist or Republican, nor even of a Radical within the principles of a constitutional monarchy, but of a moderate Liberal, the descendant of one of the oldest families of the country, which dates back its origin to the Germanic founders of the Empire, — namely, to the Ruriks who held sway over Russia from the ninth to the end of the sixteenth century.

There have been absolutist governments among various nations, with a great deal of strict efficiency about them, at least from the point of view of their own despotic interest. They were founded, so to speak, on the principle of the personal merit of the tools employed, — if merit is not too noble a term for the abasement of intellectual gifts to the use of tyranny. But in Russia, — we learn from an author who must know, — the merit of a man is a great obstacle to his advancement, especially if a sentiment of personal self-respect is joined thereto. Cunning, the predominating quality among slaves, is there taken for profundity of mind. Merit is feared by the mass of nullities who direct the administration. The sentiment of individual dignity is looked upon by the bureaucracy and the Camarilla as almost a personal offence. A man accustomed to bow and to scrape, to flatter, to intrigue, to sneak and to creep, and who is bent upon stealing, reaches everything ; and the more he crawls, the more he is an obsequious flatterer, intriguer, and full of greediness, the more quickly does he arrive at his aim. In short, the bureaucratic system of Russia — the *tchin* — is pronounced to be “a hot-house of incapables and thieves.” This, too, is not a Nihilist statement, but one from a moderate Russian Liberal.

The late war has brought to light an abyss of corruption and thievish jobbery in the highest military and civil administration. Both in Europe and in Asia the campaign was in a great measure mismanaged through this fearful grasping rapacity of high officials and army leaders. An inquiry had, after all, to be instituted ; for it was proved, that, through the frequent want or the shamefully rotten quality of supplies, many thousands of soldiers had lost their lives. When it was discovered, however, that the results of the inquiry came terribly near some members of the Imperial family itself, all further proceedings were inhibited, and finally quashed. It need scarcely be said that this lame and impotent issue gave a fresh impetus to the general feeling of discontent. The Emperor, who by formal title calls himself Autocrat or Despot (*Samodershez*), and who acts upon the prin-

ciple of Louis XIV., "*L'État, c'est Moi*," was henceforth held even more directly answerable for the many ills from which the body politic suffers.

It is known that in Russia there exists a variety of parties — or rather, because the word "parties" implies an organized public life, of groups — of men bent upon a political change. There is the revolutionary group of Nihilists, who themselves are divided into a number of sects. There are Socialists, who would prefer proceeding in a more peaceful way. There are Democrats, desirous of the convocation of a National Assembly on the principle of universal suffrage. There are Constitutional Monarchists, who would be glad to see any system of parliamentary government introduced. In foreign politics, there are those who think Russia, with her 90,000,000 inhabitants of an empire spreading over an immense territory in Europe and Asia, is already large enough, or even overgrown. There are others — Pan-Russians, of the Katkoff school; Pan-Slavists, of the Aksakoff, Tchernañeff, and Fadefeff type — who aim at further extension in the direction of India, of Persia, of Turkey, of Hungary, of the Scandinavian countries, and of Germany as well.

Of these, Aksakoff was, in the beginning of the campaign, employed at head-quarters, while Tchernañeff had played his part in the "non-official war" which the Czar urged against Turkey by means of Serbia, before his own army appeared on the scene. Fadefeff, the wildest of the three Pan-Slavist agitators, — who wished to see Austro-Hungary attacked first, as a preparatory means of breaking down the Ottoman Empire, — only flitted to and fro between St. Petersburg and Belgrade on some mission of his own. Aksakoff, the most governmental of the trio, was always held to be bound to the interests of Czardom; and in the early part of the war he indeed proved a very useful penman for the cause of the court. Yet even he was suddenly ordered away from Moscow as a "*suspect*," and compelled, by administrative orders, to live for a time in an obscure village near St. Petersburg, ready at hand for the authorities in case they should wish to move him farther east.

This terrible punishment of transportation to Siberia, without trial or warning, may be inflicted at any moment by the dreaded "Third Section," — that is to say, by the Secret Police, or Imperial *Vehme*, which stands under the direct orders of the Czar, of whose "private cabinet" it forms the most prominent part. In the light of day, or in the dead of night, a man or woman, or a mere child, may be torn

from home, and without an hour's delay, without a judicial warrant or even the pretence of a trial, be whisked off to the distant Asiatic place of banishment, there to be kept during the Czar's pleasure, and at last to die forgotten and friendless. Well, under Alexander II. — the "Divine Figure from the North!" — the transportations to Siberia have of late years attained ten times the number of what they annually were, on an average, under the iron rule of the tyrant Nicholas.

When the Autocrat lately placed a great part of the empire under drumhead law, increasing even the arbitrary powers of the police and of the military pro-consuls, the "Golos," a journal which had done Government many a service, wrote the following: "The police not only were unable to prevent those crimes which in a short time starved Moscow, Kieff, Kharkoff, Odessa, and St. Petersburg, but it had not even the strength and the ability to find out the guilty, and hand them over to the tribunals. The reason of all this is, that criminal procedures and police measures, let them be ever so severe, only grapple with the outside of things, but have no influence whatever on the causes of the phenomena. Courts-martial and the penalty of death have a great importance, but less as a deterrent for the evil-doer than as a means of restoring confidence among society at large. For the contest with ideas other means are required. Criminal punishments, police measures, must in this case be placed in the background, as mere accessories of help. The real remedy is free play for sound thought, for practical views. Against pernicious doctrines, only useful teachers or teachings are able to struggle with good effect. Against the apathy or inaction of society, the true corrective is a living participation in the general concerns. Society must at last be provided with the means of carrying on the struggle on its own behalf, of fulfilling its duties by its own agency. The chief instrument for effecting this consists in the introduction of a legalized freedom of speech, — of the right of applying criticism. The sound forces of society must be called into activity; a free field must be allowed to them, so that they may develop themselves unhampered, and be able to work within the limits of the law." Surely, most moderate, nay, muffled language; for what the "Golos" really meant to say was no doubt this: that a certain liberty of the press should at last be granted, and, possibly, that some kind of parliamentary institutions ought to be introduced. But instead of listening to these voices of its own adherents, the Russian Government visits any utterance of this kind with the temporary suspension of a journal, or the prohibi-

tion of its sale in the streets. This has been, now and then, the fate even of the "Golos."

In the heyday of the agitation which was set up by the leaders of the parliamentary opposition in England, in favor of the aggressive policy of the Czar, Mr. Carlyle, unmindful of what the Russian Government had done against Poles, Finlanders, Germans, and other formerly independent, more highly cultivated, and self-governing races, declared Russian dominion to be "a good and even noble element in Europe." The great English writer has unhappily, for many years, labored under a fear of seeing our part of the world "shooting Niagara" in the direction towards Democracy. As a preventive he advocated the cause of the slave-holding South, mistakingly thinking that in this way the very sources of "Niagara" might be dried up. In a letter which made much stir at the time, and which was quoted by misguided English Liberals as a wonderful prophecy of the sage (or misanthrope) of Chelsea, he said of the character of the Russians, with a fling and kick at all representative government: "Conspicuously they possess the talent of silently following orders given; which, in the universal celebration of ballot-box, divine freedom, etc., will be found an invaluable and peculiar gift." He further asserted that they had in our own time "done signal service to God and man by drilling into order and peace" what he calls "anarchical populations." Apparently wishing to see the blessings of autocratic rule extended even further eastward, he wound up with this dithyramb: "The present Czar of Russia I judge to be a strictly honest and just man; and, in short, my belief is that the Russians are called to do great things in the world, and to be a conspicuous benefit, directly and indirectly, to their fellow-men."

Persistent upholder of the absolutist, non-parliamentary, and anti-parliamentary form of government as Mr. Carlyle has been for a long time past, he must to-day look back upon this particular prophecy of his with some feeling of regret. He has grossly misjudged the character of the Russians,—at least, of all that portion of them which has attained to any higher culture. The "talent of obedience, of silently following orders," seems to have vanished from them in a wonderful degree. Men are lustily calling out for the ballot-box, for divine freedom. Autocracy only upholds itself by a system of terror which puts the Inquisition to shame for the comparative mildness displayed by the latter in its days of power. Yet the system of terror, as applied by the "liberal and magnanimous" Alexander II., is not able to

put down for good the ever-rising antagonists,—the *hic et ubique* of the revolutionary movement. In vain are they shot and hanged by scores, and sent to Siberia by hundreds and thousands. When the Autocrat travels, he does so with two or three trains, changing time and carriage in will-o'-the-wisp fashion, so as to baffle the calculation of his foes, who, after the boldest attempts, are either not detected, or, when detected, turn out to be men connected with the most respectable families and even with the nobility. In his own capital an army of house-porters are appointed to watch, day and night, in the streets,—a measure undreamed of by any Oriental despot in the maddest moments of his fright. In the Winter Palace itself the spectre of revenge incessantly pursues the Czar. Guards are suddenly changed; basements are inspected and tested, lest they should have been tampered with by enemies; letters are not delivered even to the officials at the Winter Palace before they have passed under the scrutinizing eye of some trusty agent. But—*quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The police have but recently had a severe reprimand from the Czar in person. The army is looked upon as tainted with treasonable ideas and aims; a new decree of the War Minister prescribes measures of the severest nature for the discovery and punishment of military affiliates of the Revolutionary Propaganda. It is a spectacle such as has never been seen in the history of civilized nations.

Those in England who systematically pander to the autocratic cause, which is so indignantly spurned by all the aspiring minds in Russia, are in the habit of pointing to the egregious Liberalism shown by Alexander II. in his ukase for the emancipation of the peasants. The peasants themselves, still going by the old maxim which they upheld under the yoke of serfage ("We belong to the nobleman, but the land belongs to us!"), are, however, well known not to be fully satisfied with the settlement of the land question as made in the decree of manumission.¹ That decree—a fact now generally forgotten—was met in the first instance by insurrectionary outbreaks

¹ "The reign of Alexander II., from the beginning to the end, is a falsehood, in which the famous emancipation of the serfs ends with Makoff's circular. . . . The present reign has supported by every means all those who rob and oppress the people, and at the same time systematically exterminated all who are honest and devoted to the nation. *There is not one village which has not supplied martyrs who have been transported to Siberia for upholding communal interests and for protesting against acts of the Administration.* From among the intelligent classes tens of thousands drag themselves in an interminable string to the Siberian mines, solely for having served the cause of the people in the spirit of freedom, and in order to attain to a higher level of national development. This ruinous process of extermination

which had to be quelled by bloodshed. Latterly, again, a number of peasant conspiracies and rebellions have occurred in the south and the east, where a spirit of independent action has always been more rife than in the centre and the north. Immediately after the return of Count Schuwaloff to Russia, his own estates were the scene of riotous disturbance, of arson and attack. In various communes, within the last few weeks, the peasants have, of their own accord, begun a re-distribution of the land, declaring that "they would rather be shot than yield."

So much for the view which prevails among large numbers of the peasantry. Any one conversant with the subject knows well that the financial conditions imposed by Government upon the communes for the repayment of the land-redemption money are of the harshest kind; that the former serfs are now, as before, practically fixed to the soil; that emigration may be said to be virtually prohibited, and immigration well-nigh impossible; and that the Emancipation ukase was passed partly from a motive of deep statecraft, partly for fiscal and military reasons.

The manumission of the serfs has facilitated, for the Crown, the levying of increased taxes. It has also enabled the Czar to establish universal military service, while formerly he was greatly dependent, in respect of recruiting, upon the good-will of the land-owners. The Russian army now nominally consists of 2,200,000 men, — a number formerly never thought of. What a Polish exile, Count Zamoyiski, years ago declared to be the real object of the abolition of serfage by Alexander II. has fully turned out to be true: the landed proprietor has now no longer an interest in opposing the conscription, and the Imperial taxation is henceforth borne in part by the manumitted bondsman. As to the application of the large Budget which the Crown administers without any public control, Franz von Löher, the well-known German traveller and ethnologist, who has visited Russia quite recently and given a public account of what he saw and learned, states that four-fifths of the Budget of Revenues are devoted

of every element of independence is at last traceable to its veritable source. Alexander II. stands before us as the usurper of the nation's rights, the main pillar of reaction, the chief author of the judicial murders. . . . Our object is the national welfare. Our task is to emancipate the people, to make them masters of their own lot. If Alexander II. would recognize the terrible calamity he is inflicting on Russia, and how unjust and criminal the oppression is which he creates; if, renouncing his authority, he would transfer it to an Assembly freely elected by universal suffrage, and provided with instructions by its electors, — then, but then only, would we leave him in peace, and forgive him all his offences." — *Proclamation of the Revolutionary Committee at St. Petersburg.*

to the maintenance of the court and the army and the payment of interest on the public debt. "What, then," he asks, "remains for the community at large? The great mass of the Czar's subjects — the peasants and lower middle class — are already heavily burdened, and most proprietors of estates cannot at present be saddled with increased taxation unless they are to be utterly ruined." The same author speaks with much contempt of the so-called *semstvos*, — that is, the local assemblies which were introduced, fifteen years ago, after the Emancipation decree, and which have turned out a mere farce.

The great political motive which actuated Alexander II. when he proclaimed, after some hesitation, the abolition of serfage, was the desire of striking a blow against the landed proprietors on account of the petitions they had framed, after the Crimean war, for the introduction, or re-introduction, of a *Duma*, — that is, a parliamentary assembly of the nation at large. Of this the Autocrat, jealous of his despotic privilege, would under no circumstances hear. Some of the leaders of that constitutional movement, who wished to combine peasant emancipation with the establishment of a national representation, were arrested without further ado. As the movement nevertheless grew in importance, and one Assembly of Nobles after another passed resolutions to the same effect in the various provinces, Alexander II. rapidly resolved upon taking away power and wealth from the nobles by freeing their serfs. Yet even this was not done before the Assemblies of landed proprietors in the formerly Polish provinces of Vilna, Kovno, and Grodno had petitioned for permission to be allowed to manumit their own peasants. The petition was not granted! Even the right of proceeding independently to a simple measure of humanity was denied by the Autocrat to those willing to perform it; for any popularity which might accrue from the accomplishment of such an act was to be accumulated upon the sacred head of the Emperor, so that he might be the better able to cope with those who longed for the blessings of representative government. This is the true history of the Emancipation ukase. Those who have not mastered the simple facts which are accessible to any one who will study them are scarcely competent to speak of the "liberal-minded spirit of justice" by which they erroneously or falsely assert the Czar to have been actuated.

Of late, fresh desires for the introduction of parliamentary institutions were formulated in several Provincial Assemblies. Under the present *régime* this was considered a treasonable transgression of the limits of competence; for the Assemblies in question are only to

discuss local concerns, matters referring to the highways, to canalization, to agriculture, and so forth. As usual, imprisonment and transportation to Siberia were the result of the most humble Petition of Rights, though its prayer was couched in faultless loyal language. Russian politics are thus made to revolve in a vicious circle,—in what may be called an “Infernal Circle,” to speak in Dantesque language,—the presiding genius over that intolerable arrangement being His Majesty himself. Is it so wonderful, after all, that under these circumstances Judge Lynch should make his appearance? No opinion need be passed on the desirability of that appearance; the whole spectacle is simply one of a grim concatenation of events. It is Anankê, the Iron Necessity. It is Heimarmenê, the Fate from whose claspings links there is no escape.

When the war with Turkey was over, Alexander II. at first sought to extend Bulgaria, at the expense of the whole future of Greece, as far as the *Ægean* Sea. The intention evidently was to obtain in this way a vassal estate, by means of which Russian dominion might virtually be extended beyond the Dardanelles, and perhaps a naval station be created for the Czar's war-fleet in waters connected with the Mediterranean. The resistance of England foiled the scheme, Bulgaria being restricted, at the Berlin Congress, to the Balkan line. As this newly formed country had need to organize its own affairs on the parliamentary principle, the blow struck by Alexander II. against Turkey came back upon himself in a moral sense. Throughout the campaign Russians and Bulgars, so far from becoming fast friends, rather learned to detest each other. The Bulgars developed qualities which the riotous soldiery of the Autocrat did not relish. Russian officers, on their part,—as Mr. Archibald Forbes, the correspondent of the “Daily News,” a paper certainly not to be suspected of anti-Russian views, related,—expressed their indignant astonishment at the idea of making a war of deliverance for the sake of the Bulgars, whom they found exceedingly prosperous, far more so than their own peasantry at home. High words were often bandied,—the Russians asserting that the Bulgars were “animals that ought to be ruled with the cowhide;” to which the latter sneeringly replied, “But you, after all, have not been considered worthy of a Constitution by your own Czar!”

This was the rougher intellectual horseplay, the jeering campaign-talk of men who had gone through battles and much suffering. But something of the feeling occasioned by the satirical remarks of

offended Bulgars has rankled in the breasts of Muscovite soldiers, or at least of many of the officers who returned home after a war successfully ended. A similar impression, it may be remembered, was already made upon the mind of the Russian army in the earlier part of this century, when the troops of Alexander I., coming back from the French campaign and from the contact with their German allies, brought with them liberal ideas which soon ripened into the formation of secret societies, at whose head stood men of the first aristocratic families. Those occult leagues made a desperate effort, at the death of Alexander I., both in the south and in the capital of the Empire. Czar Nicholas, who in later years drew up a memorandum of those events, which was published in 1857 at the order of the present Emperor, fully acknowledged the great danger in which the principle of monarchical absolutism had been placed by the military rising which took place at St. Petersburg in 1825, when "Guards fought against Guards."

In those days, men of the highest social rank, and members of the Imperial administration and army, were, under the leadership of Pestel and Murawieff, implicated in the conspiracy. Some of them — Pestel before all — aimed at the establishment of a republican commonwealth, which was to be hallowed by the immediate abolition of serfage. Others, less inclined to an immediate act of abolitionism, aimed at parliamentary government somewhat on the pattern of the English Monarchy. The want of a wider spread of enlightened ideas, even among the sparse town populations of Russia, proved at that time a great drawback. In this respect a remarkable change has occurred since; for to-day St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, Odessa, Kharkoff, and several other towns are within the circle of the movement; professors and students show a spirit which is of bad augury for the continuance of autocratic rule; women exhibit a heroism entirely at variance with the ordinary condition of their more delicate organization; in the working class of the towns the revolutionary sentiment has begun to make progress; and the very peasants — hitherto the most unimpressionable, most stolid class — have here and there actually broken out into revolt.

The elements of a sudden success are thus given; at all events in the sense of the possible overthrow of the existing tyranny. For the nonce, the battle between the forces opposed to each other still rages violently, and Czardom yet has the upper hand. But let Russia be engaged in some new war, in which her army should lose a great

battle, and Alexander II. would as certainly be deprived of his despotic privileges as Napoleon III., after Sedan, was of his crown ; for though not captured by the enemy, the Autocrat would in a trice be made a prisoner among his own people. Even without a war, and without such a defeat on the field of battle, it seems scarcely likely that government in Russia can long be maintained on its present unstable basis. A collapse or a capitulation appears inevitable.

It is less easy to foresee what would follow upon such a collapse. Thanks to the neglect of a thousand years, the vast mass of the Muscovite population is in a state of brutish ignorance. Czardom, which is the very author of this shameful neglect, cannot plead the existence of intellectual rot among large masses as a justification for the exercise of its unlimited sway. The question rather is, how the more enlightened portion of the nation is to set to work on the one hand to overthrow the system of irresponsible autocracy, and on the other so to frame the ground-law of the new institutions as not to lead the country back to a fresh reaction through the overwhelming influence of a superstitious, unlettered, and grossly neglected mass of former serfs. True, the advanced revolutionary party make a bid for peasant sympathy with their cause by the doctrines they enunciate on the Land Question. On the other hand, there are within the " Nihilist " party a number of Utopian enthusiasts, or adherents of an anarchical individualism, whose tenets, as soon as they should be brought forward in a parliamentary assembly, would be certain to frighten the peasantry back into the paths of reaction.

Whether a successful movement should lead to a mere modification of monarchism in the sense of representative government, or whether it would be possible to establish a democratic commonwealth after an insurrectionary *coup*, in either case it would seem wiser, in Russia, not to trust, in the first instance, to equal universal suffrage, but to introduce test conditions for the electors, which would confer a leading influence upon the more enlightened part of the population. Universal suffrage must be the aim ; but in the beginning it might prove a doubtful instrument of progress. If, however, universal suffrage were to be established, the apportionment of a comparatively greater number of representatives to the towns would, in some measure, be calculated to neutralize the backward elements in the country. This is a rule which prevails at this moment in several European countries, and it might be applied to Russia with advantage.

These, however, must appear to many a reader most far-reaching speculations, unwarranted by the actual state of things. In truth, we are not so far advanced yet. Still, when a nation or an empire — for Russia is an agglomeration of nationalities violently held in subjection — staggers through internal convulsions like those at present going on within her body politic, it is always best to think beforehand of what ought to be done in a moment of unexpected surprise. By their manifesto above quoted, the Revolutionary Committee have bound themselves to the principle of a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage. This, I believe, they would soon see cause to regret, if the question became practical. The last circular of the Committee which has come to hand is one addressed to all Russian ambassadors abroad, and it is to this effect :—

The cultured classes in Russia have repeatedly given the Czar to understand that the people desire not to remain any longer under the yoke of a brutal despotism. Many proofs have been furnished to the Czar that the nation has come of age, and is resolved upon participating in the conduct of the public concerns. The request has been largely made for the introduction of representative government, but the Czar remains deaf to the people's voice. Instead of satisfying legitimate aspirations, he has only increased the police terrorism under which we live. Such a condition cannot endure long, and it must be put an end to without loss of time. We desire you to make a corresponding representation to the Czar that the country expects the immediate establishment of Constitutional government, and that, in case of a continued refusal, the Revolutionary Committee have decided upon removing the Czar from the throne.

The struggle may yet continue for a while, or it may suddenly be brought to a conclusion by a surprise in the Imperial Palace itself, if not by a surrender on the part of a monarch whose life is made utterly miserable by ever-increasing danger, — a danger whose terrors are augmented a hundred-fold through the suspicion now and then arising in the Czar's mind against the fidelity of his nearest protectors, and against his own son and heir. In the very midst of the most sanguinary measures taken by his Government, some signs of vacillation, some indications of a slight concession to public opinion being discussed in the secret councils at court, are, however, already discernible. It is true, no sooner do we hear of such a proposed move than a subsequent mail brings news which dashes the hope from the hands of those who had eagerly grasped at it. Autocracy dies hard ; but die it will and must. If the last representative of a long line of cruel, bloodstained tyrants is not utterly bereft of the capacity of reading the signs of the times, he will make haste to use the forth-

coming twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne for a grant of liberties on a scale corresponding to the demands of those who, while they are determined foes of arbitrary rule, yet are willing to make a Constitutional experiment without uprooting the dynasty. If he lacks the wisdom to perceive what is the interest of his own family, the bitter contest will be fought to the end. In that case, more advanced principles of self-government will remain the device inscribed on the standard of the movement,—principles which all true freemen wish to see triumphant in the Old World, however great the difficulties may be of applying them to a nation composed mainly of ignorant *mujiks*, and to an Empire surrounded with a large fringe of oppressed races and nationalities which eagerly await the moment for regaining their independence.

KARL BLIND.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

IT has been said, and with some truth, that there is but little value in contemporary criticism ; that the nearness of the subject prohibits a just estimate of it ; that only after Time, the revealer, has done its work, can a verdict be passed, — “among the trees we cannot see the forest.” We admit that there is a measure of truth in all this. But, on the other hand, we desire not to forget what value resides in the testimony borne to a man’s life and work by those who knew him face to face, and who received a thousand impressions by means of personal intercourse, of sympathy, and of mutual interests. Perhaps only to these is it given to know justly the best thing in every great life ; the noble purpose, which even the highest achievement has failed fully to express ; the essential beauty which may be felt in the glowing nature of a man, and which yet goes unsaid, unpainted, unsung, for this life at least.

“ All that the world’s coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb ;
So passed, in making up the man’s account.”

Something of all this, it may happen, has been apprehended by those among whom he has lived, and they may more nearly define the relation of a man’s work to himself, to his own intention, than can be done by any who come afterward. Yet, with every advantage of circumstance, one undertakes the task of estimating rank and value with a sad sense of inadequacy to give even a hint of the high and subtle spirit which we knew by the name of WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, — one who at fifty-five years of age had the heart of a child, and was as ardent a seeker for the meaning of what lay about him as if the world had just opened upon his eager gaze. But we shall find him his own interpreter in many ways, and the warmth of his presence still makes itself felt ; while amid all the complexities of his existence there is also that fine simplicity in his life which comes from one abiding determination, one enduring desire, a single thread of purpose, on which are strung the failures and successes of his swift career.

One looks back to the beginning of Hunt's life with a certain tender surprise. We are still so young in America, so crude and unsubstantial, that it is yet and must long be unlooked for to find any extraordinary development of the art instinct. For while the instinct lies at the heart of humanity, as ineradicable it may be as that heart itself, the development of it seems to depend upon many things unknown as yet in our civilization. Learning and leisure, the succession of lives and generations, the presence of high and noble standards of art-work, — these powerful elements in forming an atmosphere in which the artist's life may find its best expression exist for us on this side of the Atlantic only in a thin and diluted condition, which is by no means stimulating. So, as was said, it is with surprise that we find in the quiet rural life of a small New England town the same experience which has repeated itself so often in the lives of painters of all times. There is indeed a clew to this inheritance, when we find his mother "drawing and painting in water-color" as she rocked the cradle; and we are prepared to find the baby so rocked beginning at a remarkably early age to show an enjoyment of forms and colors, and a tendency to draw pictures on whatever came in his way. When he was ten or twelve years old, a great pleasure which he had always found in whittling took shape in the carving of small heads in relief on bits of marble, and later in very interesting work in shell cameo. At this time also he was taking lessons in drawing with other members of the family who shared his tastes, and whose interest in these directions found the ready help and watchful sympathy of Mrs. Hunt. During his boyhood William Hunt showed also an extreme fondness for music, playing on the piano and violin before he was fifteen years old. In a word, it was evident that he was gifted in no ordinary way, and it became a very serious question how his education should proceed. By his own choice he was fitted for Harvard College, and entered the class of 1840. The memories of his classmates furnish a glowing picture of him at this phase of his life. Gay, versatile, sensitive, he was very dearly loved; and though he left college before graduating, there remained behind him a blazing mark.

In all the intervals of college life Hunt had practised in pencil and in clay; and when at the age of nineteen, his health being very delicate, it was decided that he should go to Europe, he did not wait long before throwing himself into studio life and labor. After a few months spent in seeing those treasures of the old world which

serve at once as revelation and inspiration to the young American, he made arrangements to begin work with Mr. Brown, then a sculptor in Rome, finding still a great fascination in the pursuit of plastic art. It was here that he modelled his "Restoration of the Psyche at Naples," together with several portrait busts; and after a winter spent thus he went to Dusseldorf and established himself there, that he might study drawing for some years, though still with the intention of pursuing sculpture. These years of serious labor had the value which belongs to steady work done in the schools, though he suffered in being remote from scenes where his taste and his sympathies would have been more stimulated. He cordially disliked the method of painting as taught in the classes at Dusseldorf, and gave himself almost wholly to study in black and white, with especial devotion to acquiring a knowledge of the human figure. Later, in 1846, we find him in Paris in the atelier of M. Pradier, a sculptor who had just made the beautiful sitting figure of Molière placed in the Rue Richelieu.

But, among the arts, painting at last demanded his allegiance too strongly to be resisted; he saw in the French studios work which compelled his admiration, his most intense sympathy, and he became a student in the French School. A strong, vigorous, truth-loving school it was, at the moment in which William Hunt entered into relation with it. Built upon the foundation laid by Delacroix on one hand, and our English Constable on the other, it formed in the history of art a most interesting departure from the spirit of classicism; and whatever were its faults and its limitations it taught its scholars to look for truth rather than for tradition, and to let Nature have her way with the spirit of man. The painters who represented French art at this period formed a shining company. Theodore Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Millet, Troyon, Diaz, Couture, Combet, were producing those pictures which have created so powerful an influence in our time. Couture had just achieved the painting of the "Decadence des Romains," thereby reaching a height which gave great promise, and made for his atelier a first place in Paris at the moment. Fresh from the academic precision of Dusseldorf, Hunt found a new impulse in the masterly but delicate, the vigorous yet supple, drawing of Couture. Here was elegance of style; here, also, was a method which had much of the dignity and beauty of the Old Masters in its glowing shadows and its finely preserved lights, while still it dealt with subjects in the world of reality. Indeed it is doubt-

ful if the painting of flesh, that most subtle compound of light and color, has been treated among the moderns with at once so much of tenderness and so much of distinction as in the "Saint Eustache" and other studies by Couture. The best examples of his work are marked by a fine certainty of touch, a charming sense of color, and a constant reference to ideal forms. A Frenchman, living in the heats of French politics, the motives of Couture's pictures were frequently satires upon the abuses of governors and the servility of the governed in France; but these subjects were distinguished by a severe classical treatment, while in his teaching also an almost Greek sense of beauty and reverence for the truths of art gave his students the training which academies seldom reach, and which few masters have the power to impart. Study with this master gave to Hunt's work a direction which never ceased to be of value to him; for it was with Couture that he gained the best development of his powers as a draughtsman, and with him again that he began in earnest to use the brush. In fact, almost before his friends in America knew that he had painted at all, the "Prodigal Son" arrived as an *avant courier* from his hand.

It had been quickly felt in the studio that "Morris," as he was called there, had great talent. Couture, who had begun by fierce reprimands, soon took him to his arms as a friend, calling him a "true painter." In 1851-52 he established himself in a studio of his own; and it was here that the "Jewess," the "Marguerite," and other works belonging to this period of his life were painted. These pictures have an extreme interest, as showing the freshness and originality of his thought at a time when he was most under the influence of masters. They are indeed the work of a young man: there is, as it were, a dewy quality about them which betrays the absence of experience; but there is also a vein of subtle feeling, a sense of the nature of things, which is as new as it is true. Take, for instance, the "Hurdy Gurdy Boy," with its half-mirthful, half-musical vivacity; or the "Girl with the Rabbit," which is like a song of William Blake's, and filled with an irresistible simplicity.

It was about this time that Hunt first became acquainted with Jean François Millet, who, unknown as yet except to a few, was working in his quiet home at Barbison. Seeing Millet's work by some chance, he recognized at once the power and pathos which it showed, and made haste to find the man who saw with such eyes and painted with such understanding. Not content with buying Millet's pictures, and with frequent visits to him, he at last went to

live at Barbison also, in close and intimate companionship with one who, more than any other living master, had a profound and enduring influence on his artistic and intellectual life. Together they studied and discussed the subtler relations of light and color. It was by study with Millet that Hunt found a clew to the expression of "volume," an element in regard to which his love of sculpture always made him extremely sensitive. They took art out of doors as it were, searching among the infinite varieties of Nature for the means to make that Nature better understood. Millet had lived his life among the peasants of France; he too had labored in the fields for his daily bread; but, with the soul of the artist, behind the dull, unheroic existence he had discerned anew the dignity of man,—his worth, his loyalty, his patience. He painted these peasants, in field or cottage, engaged in every lowly act; but he endowed each act with its largest significance, filling the most trivial movement with a certain potency. We find in his work an expression of the grandeur of humanity reinforced by pathos,—that strong pathos "which like the metals, though it melt, does not lose weight." The picture of "The Sower" betrays in the simplest and most familiar of rural incidents a world's hunger and the laborer's untiring devotion. The eager morning air, the sower's haste, the empty, waiting field,—all speak of the "secret of the painful earth," and of love as its minister. In the sketch of "The Men lading an Ass," the action of the upstretched hands to reach the bag of grain is rendered with such depth of feeling, that these very hands might be receiving a sacrament or a new-born child. In "The Barley Harvest," again, despite the weary labor of the harvesting, the sense of gain and cheer imparted by the quick flails makes the picture brim with a quality which is well-nigh merry. This striking of so deep and tender a note found a warm response in the ardent nature of William Hunt. His love and admiration for Millet never altered; and though his more varied gifts and more complex life took him into different regions of work and of thought, he felt the grandeur and beauty of Millet's sentiment as long as he lived.

So far the art-life of Hunt had been lived abroad. With the exception of short visits made to America, he had been absent since the age of nineteen, and he decided that the time had come for his return to the country of his birth and of his affections. This was in 1855; and with this date we enter upon a new phase of existence for him, for he was now to work in an air somewhat dry and difficult.

Twenty-five years ago there was less "atmosphere" in this country, æsthetic if not physical, than is now easy to believe; and except for a few who had felt the movement of the art impulse, a dull, conventional, or commonplace demand for artistic platitudes pervaded society. But while the sensitive nature of Hunt made him shrink from encountering so much that was depressing, he had, on the other hand, the qualities of an American, — courage, and even enterprise, together with an unflagging hope and the most generous spirit. He came home, and establishing himself at Newport, R. I., began that life of ardent, industrious labor which, with the exception of two years in Europe in 1866-67, was unbroken to the end. As would readily be supposed, the largest demands upon his brush first lay in the direction of portrait painting, and he was soon executing works which gave proof of the gifts he had brought to the consideration of this great field of art. "Rightly to render the noble presence of a noble human being" had its inspiration for the painter endowed with imagination, who alone could inform the plain face or the prosaic surroundings with that character which imparts a "beauty beyond grace;" and he gave himself to the study with devotion. His portraits are marked not only by their character, but also by beauty of composition, and by that final and most indescribable attribute called "style." If we agree with M. Charles Blane that "style is typical truth," perhaps we shall reach the nearest approach to an understanding of that distinctive element which, varying with each master, is yet the same in each, because through different manifestations it always leads to a recognition of the nobility of type, and asserts through the artist's unconscious, patient perceptions the persistency of beauty. Perhaps there could have been no more tonic experience for William Hunt, nothing that would lend a more enduring fibre to his work, than these succeeding years spent in bringing into existence in a picture, within the iron lines of a successful portrait, all the force or the sweetness, all the tenderness or the dignity of nature which he felt in his models. And with this practice each year added to the certainty of his impression, the sustained power of his draughtsmanship, and the individual quality of his methods.

It is to be noticed that at this period, although he was so lately from the schools of art in Paris, his method of work was like that of no one of the teachers with whom he had studied. He recognized that the acquirement of any sound method was of immense value, but he felt that no single technique could serve to express the ever-varying

phases of light and life and character to which his mind was open, or could enable him to render with that speed, which was almost like an instantaneous movement, the thing he felt. A man of less universal nature would more easily have found one special range of subjects, and one best way of expressing them. But owing to the extreme quickness of his mental qualities, and his subtle perception of the hidden relations of things, Hunt felt the need of a thousand modes of speech, that he might record the swift messages which flower or figure or wide air bore to him. Thus we find all through his work constant experiments, owing to the pressure of fresh experience and an ever increasing wish to find a more universal method of expression. The new wine could not be kept in the old bottles; the pulsing life of a new continent demanded a higher octave. Almost inevitably this search for more light led to much work which had but a passing value; to much that was crude and hasty. Often, also, his own eagerness and quickness of apprehension made him regardless of those lesser points in the presentation of an object which serve as helps to a better understanding of the essential elements. Absence of detail, or, in a much abused term, "finish," may be quite needless to an artist's enjoyment of a picture; but the appreciation of the public, for whom in the main pictures are painted, is dependent upon unconscious assistance of this lesser sort; and while there has necessarily been in our day, a wholesome revolt against the wearisome monotony of superficial finish, it is safe to believe that variety in unity, such as Nature shows in her masses, will never be overlooked in the practice of art. Indeed, no one would have been more ready to admit this as a principle than Hunt himself; and in the most characteristic portraits painted by him at this time criticism has little to say save by way of admiration and regard. In the pictures of Chief-Justice Shaw, of Mrs. Ward, of Mrs. R. Hunt, and of many children we find breadth and refinement of treatment joined to those larger attributes, the presence of which places these and other works near the "great portraits" of any time.

At the urgent wish of his friends, and feeling that residence in Boston would give room for wider living, Hunt removed thither in 1862; and from this time may be traced the ever increasing influence which his life and work combined to exert. He touched very nearly all classes of people, for he was the gayest and sweetest of democrats; finding friends at every turn in the road, giving the very street-sweeper a sense of sympathy and exhilaration as he passed on to

delight assemblies of cultivated people with his wit or his philosophy. Few who have ever listened to his brilliant, piquant talk, or to the play of his enchanting humor, can forget how his words illuminated every subject that he touched; how new and fresh a meaning he gave to the principles which underlie our existence, how deep a significance to beauty, how central a place to truth. Animated by a great sincerity, William Hunt regarded a sham as something detestable,—he loathed its existence; and that pretentious form of falsity by virtue of which men and women in society repeat set phrases of sounding words, or profess enjoyment of what they neither love nor understand, filled him with indignation which often took shape in burning words, or in an impatience which was fierce even to injustice. On the other hand he was deeply moved by every earnest endeavor, and, with the instincts of a supremely generous nature, gave of his best to all who asked of him.

It was the outcome of this generosity which led to the opening of his studio for teaching. He saw how destitute we were in this part of the world of those standards in art which sustain and enrich the student, and of schools established on an enduring basis. For young men, it is true, there was the chance of going to study in the academies of Europe, but this was less attainable for women; and, longing to render service to those in need, he offered to teach a class of women in 1867. This offer met a quick response. His studio was filled with scholars, most of them of somewhat mature age, who had long coveted opportunity for serious study. Here, with an audience full of interest and sympathy, Hunt found leave to express with great fulness his convictions as to both the principle and practice of art. In his own education he had felt how deficient were even the best methods of instruction, how much form and how little spirit lay in the academy's dull round, and he ardently wished to establish the foundations of a school which should be at once broad and technical; in which the student should find the study of art fascinating at every stage; where he should be taught to see that the elements of a picture lay in every least arrangement of an object, either with relation to other objects, to light, or shade, or color. By this means he believed, and with reason, that all the powers of the student could be mutually and harmoniously developed; that hand and eye, memory and emotion, should proceed together towards the results which follow a broad and comprehensive training. Of course, in a class established for a limited time, — two brief winters, — it was impossi-

ble to organize methods for thorough, hard drill, an essential element in all schools ; and in many ways it would have been the work of a lifetime for Hunt to have carried out what he desired to see done for his country in this direction. But he planted a very fruitful seed, and gave to the study of art an invaluable impetus which must be of ever increasing service. As a teacher, it would be difficult to describe justly the force and brilliancy of his power. His presence was full of inspiration ; his criticism, vigorous and unsparing, was always helpful, and in the best sense sympathetic. In a word, the instruction he gave had that fine perfection which comes from equal knowledge of the lessons taught, and of the scholar who learns ; so that, while his maxims were of universal bearing, each student felt a subtle adaptation in them to special need or capacity. The vivacious and trenchant quality of his teaching at this time may be partly understood from the little book called "Talks on Art," which resulted from the chance record of what was said by him in the studio during class hours. His sayings have the pungent flavor of an epigram, and are as easily applicable in their inner meaning to the affairs of life as to those of art ; for, indeed, in his philosophy these were all one ; and it is both pitiful and amusing to think of the spheres of human action as well as the myriads of so-called works of art which would fall to pieces before the scathing fire of criticism such as his.

During the period in which he was teaching, Hunt's work in other directions was, as a matter of course, greatly interrupted ; while almost immediately following came the disastrous fire in Boston, which in its fatal sweep destroyed his studio, where were heaped the accumulated sketches of a lifetime, together with many finished pictures and works of great value, — an irreparable loss. But, recovering from a blow so serious as this must have been, we find him almost immediately in harness again, and with the next summer showing a fresh interest and pleasure in the direction of landscape painting. At this time, and in the succeeding summers of his life, he sketched out of doors constantly ; and in the pictures which he painted of sea or sky we have new testimony to the vigor and insight of his perceptions. Here, as in everything else, it was the intrinsic character of the thing which he sought to render. Whether that character lay in the quick passage of a winter cloud, in the reiterated lines of a stretching plain, or in the varying moods of the ever changeful sea, it was always the vital element in the scene which his eye detected and his brush detained. His landscapes have a wide range, covering

a long list of studies made inland and along our coast, together with pictures of the sleepy sweetness of creeks and woods in Florida, till we reach the culmination of his power in a series of large canvases painted mainly during a visit to Niagara in 1878. These last works stand as an unique rendering of a fact which is in itself unique, indeed one might almost say unapproachable. Yet we find this majestic fortress of Nature surrendering to the artist's address, and yielding to him those secrets — "the pits of air, the gulfs of space" — by which he should make felt within the boundaries of canvas one of the marvels of the universe. It seems not too much to say for William Hunt's largest picture of Niagara, that it conveys the very essence of what one feels in seeing the great Falls. The weight and volume of the water, the rush, the boiling spray, the awful, endless sound, the suspected rainbow, — all this is here; and the fulfilment constitutes a very noble and impressive feature in the history of modern landscape art.

It has been said that the life of Hunt was an epic life; and as we follow it the epic quality becomes ever more distinct. We find that the spirit of motion which we see in him is a sign, not of agitation, but of progress; that through the veil of experimental work can be discerned the slowly-forming body of knowledge by means of which the dreams of the artist could be better expressed; and, as if the time were ripe to make manifest this truth, in 1878 circumstances combined with possibility to let him find work on a larger scale, on a higher plane of achievement, than any he had known before. The State government of New York gave him a commission to put two mural paintings on the walls of the Capitol at Albany; the decorations to be placed within certain spaces at either end of the Assembly-chamber, these spaces measuring 44×15 feet, and at a height of forty feet above the floor. This was a golden hour for the artist, giving him a sense of appreciative sympathy and joyful opportunity. For many years he had intended to complete a design for which he had made many sketches, and which was on his easel at the time the fire took place. He accepted the offer of the committee, and finding that there were but scanty limits in which to make ready for the work, he gave five months of unrelenting labor to the preparation of sketches, cartoons, and all that so large an undertaking demanded. He felt the need of much which could not be had without more time, — technical experiments with paints and surfaces; but dismissing all this, the appointed day found the task completed, and his work

greeted with enthusiastic praise. These compositions in the originality and fine imaginative quality of their conception, and in the power of their execution, belong very high in the scale of art, and bear touching witness to what might have been our future possession if the strong, fine, hand had not laid down the brush. The first represents the incoming Dawn; a great light before which is seen flying the Goddess of the Night with her attendants, Sleep and the hurrying steeds of Darkness. The treatment of this theme gives it an unearthly glory; yet we recognize its relation to the subtler conditions of our humanity. We feel the approach of a new day, while the ministers of tradition, the cloud chariots of a mighty past, move before our eyes. It forms a fitting introduction to the second painting, where the "Discoverer" approaches a new continent. Here again, as in the "Dawn," one of the supreme forces of Nature, the rush of the swelling sea, bears up and onward the bark in which the Discoverer stands. Surrounding him are the great servants who wait upon man; before him, across the sea's pathway, lies the Western world. The figures in these pictures have, both in line and movement, those qualities which distinguished Hunt's work at its best. The "Hope" at the helm, greeting the land with outstretched hand, is most felicitous and full of beauty; while again, in the torch-bearer, who in the "Dawn" guides and restrains the horses through the sky, there is virility and delicacy combined which reminds one of John of Bologna, and seems to recall Hunt's old love for the plastic art which still instructed his pencil.

These pictures are executed in oil; but they have, notwithstanding, the tone of distemper painting, and are in a very high key of color. The reason for this was partly owing to the conditions of the case, — the walls of the Assembly-room being already decorated; so that, to sustain the effect of the pictures, it was necessary that there should be a certain degree of brilliancy. Otherwise the treatment is very slightly conventional, the artist's wish being to present more movement and more feeling than could be expressed in a strictly conventional, mural work.

On coming home from this experience in Albany, which had bestowed on Hunt the extreme pleasure belonging to a widening horizon, he gave himself with rekindled ardor to studio-work; he made further arrangements from his studies of Niagara; he painted several portraits, and added the finishing touches to the picture of the "Bathers," now well known. In this it may be said that he achieved

a technique for the production of flesh-tones, such as he had never reached before, — the lithe, young figure glowing like a white flame against the cool background of fresh green.

By a strange order of fortune, the last thing from his brush was a portrait of himself, — a strong, serious, compelling study, fine in color and superbly modelled; as much the work of the sculptor as of the painter; while the lines of the face tell supremely the story of genius.

Very soon after this, in the spring of 1879, Hunt was attacked with a severe illness, followed by debility and a profound melancholy. Though he rallied somewhat, yet still, throughout the summer, he found himself unable to work, as well as greatly reduced in strength; while the thought that he should never be better haunted him constantly. But among his friends his sympathetic cheerfulness still disarmed all fears, and no one guessed how thin was worn the thread of his dauntless spirit. Through the month of August he had been staying at the Isles of Shoals, and on the morning of the 8th of September, a day when the clouds were dark and the air was heavy, he went forth alone, never again to return to the familiar places. No one may know the manner of his departure; it is enough that on the surface of a little upland pool he was found lying peacefully, "freed by that throbbing impulse we call death."

It is art's privilege to bestow upon those who serve at her altars an insight which outruns knowledge, an understanding which beggars experience. And to these high endowments she adds the power to interpret in one form or other of the world's language the secrets she has revealed. The poet or the painter is known not by name, but by the message which he bears. Between the heart which speaks and that which listens he must run, breathless but unspent, lest a word be lost of the perfect whole. Such a bearer of messages was William Hunt in this generation. Among the fresh conditions, the untried methods of a new life in a new world, the old truths needed reaffirmation and readjustment; and the word he bore with every day of his full, intense life was indeed the "word we wish to hear." To the fulfilment of his service he brought a terrible earnestness, an unfailing devotion; never was a painter more filled with that passionate purpose which is said to inform the true artist. "For me it is the only work worth doing, and there is no other play," he said gayly, but with a depth of meaning which those who knew him will recognize. And this determination, joined with unflagging industry and a wonderful facility, made the number and value of his productions a surprise even

to the friends who had watched his rapid steps. In the winter just passed, an exhibition of his works was held at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where were gathered probably not more than one third of the pictures which had come forth from his hand. Yet this collection numbered nearly four hundred paintings and drawings, and testified to the great and growing qualities of Hunt upon which the coming years will place a just estimate. Without attempting criticism, it may be said here that the exhibition bore witness to his power in expressing the "fulness of inner feeling," to the strength, the variety, the subtilty, of his genius. Even what is called the moral passion of America has a place in his art. His works from beginning to end are deeply, profoundly moral; dealing with human action or contemplation on a plane almost austere in its seriousness and its dignity.

Happily for us his works remain; and to those among whom he lived there remains also the glowing remembrance of a nature high and generous and true; of gifts so noble and of a presence so inspiring, that the very memory seems still, even as he seemed, a "splendor among shadows."

SARAH W. WHITMAN.

THE GOTHENBURG LIQUOR-LICENSE SYSTEM.

THE plan of regulating the retail sale of spirituous liquors which takes its name from the city of Gothenburg, in Sweden, has been discussed on one or two occasions in the British parliament, but probably is not much known in the United States. It consists in granting the exclusive privilege of retailing spirits in any city to a private corporation, which is authorized to retain a net profit of only six per cent on the paid-up capital, and is obliged to pay all the balance of income into the city treasury. The persons who are employed by the company to sell spirits are paid salaries for their services, and have no share in the proceeds of the sales. The distinctive feature of the system is that it aims to render disinterested all those who are concerned in dealing out the spirits as well as those who control the traffic. It also puts the whole business under the management and inspection of philanthropic people.

It was in 1865 that this system was first adopted in Gothenburg, a prosperous city of 75,000 inhabitants; but it probably originated in the old university city of Upsala, where, at any rate, it was in operation before its introduction in Gothenburg. By the general license law of Sweden of 1877, it is now competent for any city government to turn over the whole business of retailing spirits within the city limits to a company organized on the Gothenburg plan. The latest official information in regard to the workings of this law may be found in the Report, published at Stockholm in 1879, of the Stockholm company for the retailing of spirits in that city, showing their operations for the year ending Oct. 1, 1878. This Stockholm company began business Jan. 1, 1877; and its articles of incorporation, which were approved by the Swedish government Nov. 4, 1876, provide (among other things) that the retailing of spirits shall be conducted with exclusive regard to the good of the community; that there shall be a Board of five directors to be chosen at the regular annual meeting of stockholders, who shall serve till the next regular meeting, and who shall choose from their own number a chairman and two executive members; that there shall also be chosen at such regular meeting three stockholders, as substitutes,

to scrutinize the current accounts and administration of the directors, and who shall annually make a report of their proceedings; also, that an agent or attorney of the city may attend the meetings of the stockholders and of the directors, and may take part therein, except as to voting, and a part of whose duty it shall be to watch that the administration of the company be consistent with the object for which it was formed. The articles further provide that five per cent of the surplus resources of the company may be annually set apart for a reserve fund, the balance of which, after the payment of debts, shall at the company's dissolution go to the city treasury. With this exception, after paying the stockholders six per cent interest on the par value of their stock, the net income shall be wholly paid over to the city treasury within fourteen days after the annual corporate meeting. The capital must be at least 160,000 crowns (\$42,000), and not exceeding 400,000 crowns, or \$106,000; shares to be of the par value of 400 crowns (\$106) each.

The company acquired two hundred and ninety-one licenses in Stockholm, and made use of all but twenty-two during the year 1878, at which time the population of the city was 168,000. Thus they had under their control thirty-six shops for the sale of spirits in quantities of not less than fifty-six gallons; twenty-eight shops for selling in quantities of not less than a pint and a half, but not to be consumed about the premises; and one hundred and seventy-six shops for retail by the dram. The manager of each shop, who is generally a woman, enters into a written contract with the company for the fulfilment of the requisite conditions. At all places where liquors are allowed to be drunk on the premises the manager binds herself, or himself, to have at hand well-cooked food, warm as well as cold. She receives a salary of about two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and is also allowed, on her own account, to sell coffee, tea, chocolate, malt drinks, soda-water, and cigars. She binds herself to keep the place neat, orderly, ventilated, well-lighted, and warm during the cold season; to see that the spirits which are received for sale are of pure taste, and have the proper strength; to provide orderly help, which will meet the wants of visitors politely and attentively; and not to sell intoxicating drink on credit, nor for pawn, nor on the security of any other person, nor to deliver any such liquor to any person under eighteen years of age, nor to any person who is visibly under the influence of liquor. Such places are allowed to be kept open on week days from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sundays and holidays from 6 to 8½ A.M., and from 1 to 4 and from 7 to 10 P.M.,

and not otherwise. The liquors can only be dealt out in glasses bearing the company's stamp. The prices of every sort are fixed, and are for the common Swedish whiskey, which is usually distilled from potatoes and is without color, one cent per glass of $1\frac{1}{3}$ cubic inches, and one cent and six mills per glass of 2 cubic inches ; while that which is flavored with cumin costs a third more.

The company have one place in which seventy persons can take their meals at one time, and at that place have adopted the rule of selling spirits to persons only at the time when they take their meals.

There were sold during the year ending Oct. 1, 1878, at shops where liquors were allowed to be consumed, 775,181 "kans" (of $2\frac{1}{4}$ quarts each) of whiskey, 41,978 "kans" of dearer spirits, and 6,119 "kans" of wine ; and at shops where the liquors were not allowed to be consumed on the premises 552,823 "kans" of whiskey, —making at all of the company's shops 773,000 gallons of spirits and wine. The net income, above dividends, from the year's business which the company turned over to the city treasury was \$182,000.

Some controversy took place in the public press as to whether the whiskey furnished by the company was sufficiently refined to meet reasonable sanitary demands. To satisfy the public in that respect the company became prepared, on and after Feb. 10, 1879, to furnish the so-called "absolutely pure" whiskey. The directors express the opinion that it is too soon to form an opinion as to the effect of the system in lessening drunkenness in Stockholm, especially as large sales were made just outside the city limits by competing private dealers. They think it pertinent, however, to show that there were 1,143 less convictions for drunkenness in Stockholm during their last business year than during the previous year ; the number of such cases for the year ending Oct. 1, 1877, having been 7,245, and for the year ending Oct. 1, 1878, 6,102. It may, however, be remarked in passing, that this diminution of drunkenness may have been owing, in no small part, to the commercial and business depression at that time existing at Stockholm.

It is not difficult to enact laws which read well in the statute book, but it is quite a different thing to enforce them. The means of oversight and scrutiny, and all the precautions taken for the execution of the law and regulations, and for the attainment of the object for which the corporation under consideration was formed are worthy of attention. It has been seen that an agent of the city is required to attend the meetings both of the company and of the directors, and that a committee of "revisors," selected by the company, are to scrutinize

the proceedings and accounts of the directors. Moreover, the shops are under the surveillance of special detectives employed by the company and of the city police. But perhaps the supervision which is as important as any is the Board of "revisors," who are appointed, one member by the mayor (the mayor of Stockholm holds at the pleasure of the crown), and four by the city council, to make a still further examination, and report as to the administration of the company's affairs. This is in pursuance of the usual practice in Sweden for testing the fidelity of official and corporate administrations which have to make returns to State or municipal treasuries. The committee of this sort appointed to scrutinize the accounts and administration of the Board of directors of the Stockholm company for the year ending Oct. 1, 1878, comprised an ex-cabinet minister of distinguished character and ability (appointed by the mayor), a leading clergyman, one wholesale merchant, and two members from industrial callings. In their report, dated Feb. 15, 1879, they state that they find nothing of which to complain. They concur with the directors in thinking it too early to form an opinion as to the effect of the system in lessening the immoderate use of spirits in Stockholm; and they state that they have visited several of the shops of the company, and at each one they have found good order and neatness prevailing.

Before the Gothenburg system was introduced, it had been the practice of the drinking shops in Stockholm to keep on hand a small variety of food. But these shops were very small, often crowded, filled with stifling bar-room fumes, and frequented only by hard drinkers and the coarser and more untidy class of laborers. Their repulsiveness contributed in one sense to abstinence, as people of self-respect were reluctant to enter them. The "Gothenburg system" seems, for the most part, to have converted these shops into tidy and respectable restaurants; and though it may not at present perceptibly lessen the use of spirits, there can be little doubt that it is a movement in the right direction, and that in Stockholm, as well as in Gothenburg, if faithfully adhered to, it will on the whole have a salutary influence.

In this connection it may be useful to give a brief outline of the general license law of Sweden. The regulation of the sale of spirits under the general license law of 1877 is vested in the local governments, with some supervision by the provincial governor. In the country the town meeting, and in the cities the council, decides annually what number of licenses, if any, for a term not exceeding three years, shall be granted, and at what particular places. Their

decisions in favor of licenses may be vetoed by the provincial governor. On the other hand, a decision against licensing made in a town meeting, and in cities by the magistrates, is final. When it has been settled that a certain number of licenses shall be granted, they are disposed of by auction to those persons (whom the law requires to be of respectable character) who undertake to pay the tax of ten and a half cents on the largest number of "kans" expected to be sold in the course of the year. This tax cannot be for less than twelve hundred "kans" if in a city, nor for less than six hundred "kans" if in the country. The license fee, therefore, cannot be less than \$126 a year in a city, nor less than \$63 a year in the country. Tavern keepers, and such others as hold unexpired licenses, have to pay the tax on such number of "kans," not below the lawful minimum above-mentioned, as the tax committee estimate the party will sell in the course of the year. One fifth of the proceeds from licenses goes to the county treasury, subject to appropriation by the county commissioners, and another fifth goes to the county agricultural societies.

There are a number of restrictions attending the retailing of spirits. Thus, they cannot be retailed in the country within three quarters of a mile of the place of a militia muster, public market, or auction; nor as a rule can they be sold at a later hour than ten in the evening; nor on Sundays or holidays, whether in city or country, during the regular hours of public worship; and on no occasion to minors under the age of eighteen, nor to persons who are visibly intoxicated. Cooked food is required to be kept on hand for sale wherever spirits are sold to be drunk on the premises. Claims for spirits retailed on credit are not permitted to be recognized by any tribunal. A person forfeits his license if he allows his place to become disorderly. It is not allowable to sell spirits "which contain any matter injurious to health," nor whose strength does not reach at least forty-six per cent. For the first, second, and third violation of the law a party is liable to an increasing fine; for a fourth offence to imprisonment from two months to one year, besides forfeiture of a certain quantity of his goods. The complainant receives two thirds of the fine. The provincial governors are especially enjoined to see that the law is complied with. In cities it is made the special duty of the prosecuting attorneys and police, and in the country of township supervisors, to institute complaints for violations of the law. One fifth of all proceeds from licenses goes into the county or provincial treasury, and one fifth of such proceeds goes to the county agricultural society.

C. C. ANDREWS.

THE URANOMETRIA ARGENTINA OF DR. GOULD.¹

IN 1870, Dr. B. A. Gould arrived at Cordoba in the Argentine Republic, bringing with him some of the appliances necessary for the establishment of the National Observatory of the Republic. This institution owed its existence largely to the enlightened views of Señor Sarmiento, later the President of the Republic, and was one of the various signs which marked a new impulse in the intellectual life of the State. It is not necessary to detail the various and annoying impediments which a seeming chance threw in the way of the undertaking. Some idea of them may be had by remembering that it was necessary to establish an astronomical observatory in a city strange to science, and deprived even of such appliances as may be found in our smaller towns. The results of observation could not be given to the world without serious difficulties. The printing of the work in question was done at Buenos Ayres, five hundred miles from the observatory at Cordoba, and the maps — an essential part — had to be executed in New York City. Yet it may be said, once for all, that almost no mark of this hindrance is noticeable, and that both the text (which is printed in parallel columns of Spanish and English) and the atlas are of high typographical excellence.

These and a thousand other difficulties which existed were overcome, and the work of the observatory has been done and its first publication made precisely as if it were situated in the suburbs of London. Only it should not be forgotten that this result has been reached under exceptional circumstances, and that it has demanded the fullest and most cheerful co-operation of Dr. Gould, the astronomical household at the observatory, and the authorities and people of the country. Owing to delays of one kind and another, many of which were due to the war of 1870, the chief instrument of the observatory was not in place till 1872, two years after the organization of

¹ *Uranometria Argentina*. Brightness and position of every fixed star, down to the seventh magnitude, within one hundred degrees of the South Pole. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould. With an Atlas. Buenos Ayres: Printed by Paul Émile Coni. 1879. Quarto. Pp. 387, and Atlas 14 sheets.

the establishment. This interval was not idly spent, however. Four assistants had been engaged in the United States, — Messrs. Rock, Thome, Davis, and Hathaway ; and they at once began the preparation of a Uranometry of the Southern sky, which should show the brightness and position of every star in the Southern heavens, with maps in which these data were graphically exhibited. The assistants had had no previous astronomical training in this direction, and Dr. Gould himself was prevented by nearsightedness from taking part in the observations ; but the experience which he had gained in forming the plans and directing the execution of a Uranometry of the Northern sky at the Dudley Observatory in Albany, in 1858,¹ forwarded greatly the prosecution of the work.

It will be necessary, in order to understand the problem of which this work is a happy solution, to give a brief account of the state of our knowledge of the Southern and Northern sky at the time of its beginning, and to explain at some length the methods adopted. These are usually not peculiar to this Uranometry, and will therefore serve to illustrate former labors in the same field. The earliest catalogue of stars now extant is that of Ptolemy (A. D. 138), which is founded on the observations of Hipparchus (B. C. 120). This contains a list of about one thousand stars visible to the naked eye, with their positions and magnitudes ; and these stars are arranged in forty-eight constellations. From this time until the beginning of the seventeenth century a star was described either by giving it a proper name, or by mentioning its position within the imaginary and fanciful figures assigned by Ptolemy to the constellations. The bright star Regulus in Leo was *Cor Leonis*, since it was near the heart of the Lion ; and so on. Hence a thorough familiarity with the forms and positions of these figures, as given by Ptolemy and transmitted from generation to generation, formed an essential part of every astronomer's education. This method of nomenclature, though often cumbrous, was not totally inadequate until the invention of the telescope ; for the naked eye can see with attention only about four thousand stars from Northern stations, and of these less than half were catalogued by the early observers.

Stars visible to the naked eye deserve and have now received a more satisfactory nomenclature. This was invented by Bayer about 1603, and consisted in giving to each star within each constellation a letter of the Greek or Roman alphabet, and adding the name of the

¹ This is still unpublished.

constellation. Thus, for example, the bright stars of Orion, which Ptolemy would have described as in the belt, in the foot, in the sword, etc., became α , β , γ , δ *Orionis*; and so with other constellations. The method introduced by Bayer is in full use to-day. Up to his time the stars had only been rudely mapped on globes, and such was the servile dependence upon authority that even in the sixteenth century such globes were so constructed as faithfully to transfer all the errors of Ptolemy. Bayer's great merit was in depicting on convenient maps the stars as they were actually seen, with magnitudes derived (in about half the cases) from actual observations of his own. His "Uranometria" (published in 1603) contained above twelve hundred stars visible to the naked eye. The positions and magnitudes of seven hundred and seventy-seven of them were derived from Tycho Brahe's great catalogue, and the rest were added by Bayer, by first charting on his maps the stars of Tycho, and then adding others by allineations from these. Bayer followed the rule of Ptolemy in discriminating six orders of magnitude. A star of magnitude six was one which was just plainly visible; and from this the stars of the fifth, fourth, etc. magnitudes were brighter, until stars like Capella, α Lyræ, Sirius, etc. were called of the first magnitude. The steps between grades were made as nearly equal as possible. Twelve constellations additional to the forty-eight of Ptolemy were added by Bayer, and others have been proposed by later map-makers. These were mostly of the Southern sky, and were of course not put in from actual observations by Bayer etc., but from descriptions of the early voyagers to the Southern seas.

In 1752, the Abbé Lacaille observed at the Cape of Good Hope a catalogue of 9766 Southern stars. It seemed to him to be a necessary part of his work to arrange these into constellations, and he therefore introduced fourteen new Southern constellations. In arranging the new constellations and nomenclature, Lacaille encountered the serious obstacle that many of his stars had already been named by Bayer. Occasionally one of Lacaille's stars would fall in a different constellation from that to which Bayer had assigned it; and in such cases little confusion could arise, for the family name, so to say, of the star would be different in the two cases. In other cases, however, Lacaille and Bayer gave different Greek letters to the same star which was in the same constellation according to both authorities; that is, different Christian names were given to the same surname. Thus began the confusion in the nomenclature of the Southern sky. It was increased by subsequent map-makers, and when Sir John Her-

schel visited the Cape of Good Hope in 1834, he was so much impressed with it that he proposed an entire revision of the constellations of the Southern sky as the only remedy.

The matter has remained much in this condition up to our own decade. An important list of stars was published by Baily under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which more than 8000 stars of both hemispheres above the seventh magnitude in brightness were laid down. The classifications there given were on a uniform plan, and although by no means satisfactory they have been widely adopted, since they evolved a kind of order out of the existing chaos. But Baily's classification and the boundaries of the constellations chosen by him were to a large degree arbitrary and provisional, and one of the most important of the works of Dr. Gould has been the complete revision of the boundary lines of the Southern constellations. This has been done so as to make the limits of the constellations of the Argentine Uranometry usually arcs of great circles on the celestial sphere, instead of capriciously curved lines with no *raison d'être* except as the representatives of the fancy and imagination of their original inventors. The constellations of this Uranometry are therefore nearly always geometrical figures, and they can be memorized in a very short time after a few determining stars are known. This is a part of Dr. Gould's task which may perhaps meet with adverse criticism, and certainly it is the most thankless portion of it, and by no means the least laborious. So far as I can judge, this question of the revision of the boundaries has been approached in the most conservative spirit, and it is remarkable what important and sweeping changes have been introduced without changing the names of more than a very few of the stars.

This question had to be faced by any observer who might make a proper Uranometry of the Southern sky, and the success of the attempt can only be properly judged by those astronomers of the Southern hemisphere who will constantly use both the old catalogues and the new Uranometry. So far as can be seen on a careful examination, the scheme proposed by Dr. Gould can only be productive of convenience and order. The conditions which he has set himself to fulfil are, briefly, to preserve all the constellations given by Ptolemy, Hevelius, and Lacaille, and no others. The limits of these are made to conform to the general usage of astronomers. One constellation, Argo, which included a large share of the few stars laid down by Ptolemy in the extreme South, is omitted by Dr. Gould; and this vast unwieldy ship is

divided by him, as it was by Lacaille, into three parts, — Carina, Puppis, and Vela. The boundaries are so arranged as to include *all* the stars denoted by Greek letters by the original authorities. The boundaries are also formed, whenever possible, of parallels of declination and meridian of right ascension, or at least of regular curves. The letters assigned to the stars are those used by Bayer and Lacaille. These are hard conditions; but they are successfully carried out, and the labor of doing it must have been very great. Of course this could only have been done in a region like the Southern sky, where the stars with names—that is, Greek letters—are separated by large tracts as yet comparatively unexplored. Through these waste tracts the boundary lines have been drawn. Dr. Gould himself says (p. 99): “Notwithstanding the great apparent changes of the constellation boundaries introduced by the rectifications which I venture to recommend, there are but seven stars of the ‘Uranometria Nova’ of Argelander brighter than the sixth magnitude, which our boundaries transfer to a different constellation from Argelander’s or Baily’s. No one of them is so bright as the fifth magnitude, and only one is brighter than $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.”

It is necessary to go back for a moment to the Northern sky, in order to appreciate the manner in which the work has been carried on. Bayer’s Uranometry had received successive additions in various star-charts by Bode, Harding, and others about 1800; but no one had yet proposed to himself to give a list of all the stars visible to the naked eye, with their positions and their magnitudes determined from actual inspection. It remained for Argelander to do this in 1843. In that year appeared his “Uranometria Nova.” This was a complete Uranometry of all the stars visible from Bonn (3256 in all), where Argelander was director of the observatory. Every star was mapped on one of a series of exquisitely engraved charts, and its position was given, with its magnitude as determined by Argelander’s observations. The scale of magnitudes adopted by him has become the standard one for all such estimations, and it is so arranged that the brightness of a star of the second magnitude is about $\frac{4}{10}$ that of an average first magnitude star; that of a third magnitude about $\frac{4}{10}$ that of an average second magnitude, and so on. It was a complete work done from the ground up. It has become an acknowledged classic.

The Argentine Uranometry applies the methods of the “Uranometria Nova” to the Southern sky. It was highly important that it should be comparable with it in every respect, so that to say a star

is of the 5.7 magnitude should mean the same in both works. To this end Dr. Gould selected a type-belt of stars, such that it had the same altitude above the horizon at Bonn and at Cordoba. The magnitudes of the stars of this belt had been determined by Argelander at Bonn; and the observers at Cordoba went over this belt, star by star, and adjusted their scale of magnitudes to that of Argelander. Seven hundred and twenty-two of the stars of this belt were taken as standards to be constantly referred to; and when the magnitude of any other star was to be noted, the observer had simply to refer to this belt, some portion of which was always visible, to find within it a star equal in brightness to the one under observation. The scale of magnitudes was thus kept the same,¹ as that of Argelander, and every Southern star is recorded almost as if observed by him. There is not space to describe the methods employed to evade the difficulties which arose on account of the greater transparency of the air at Cordoba. A star just visible at Bonn was called 6.0 magnitude by Argelander. The limit of easy visibility at Cordoba was found to be 7.1 on Argelander's scale. Eight thousand one hundred and ninety-eight stars of the 7.0 magnitude and brighter are recorded in the "Uranometria Argentina," and 2451 stars fainter than 7.0 have been observed, but are excluded. That is, 10,649 stars were visible under the best circumstances in the region examined, which, it will be remembered, covers the whole Southern hemisphere, and 10° of the Northern. Of these 10,000 stars more than 46,000 observations were made, being an average of upwards of 4½ for each star. These were distributed among the four observers, and their estimates are surprisingly accordant² (p. 105). A comparison is made of the observations

¹ From the tables on p. 41 it appears that in the mean the Cordoba magnitudes of the type-belt stars are less than 0.1 magnitude fainter than those of the Uranometria Nova. The later tables (p. 107), where *all* of Argelander's stars are compared with the Cordoba observations, agree even more closely, which at first sight appears to be anomalous. A little reflection on the methods actually used in observation will show that it is not so. From a dozen or more of Argelander's 5^m. stars, three or four were selected to form a standard 5^m., and this was alone used. Thus the standard whole magnitudes as 4^m., 5^m., etc., at Cordoba approached nearer to Argelander's ideal 5^m. than the comparatively few 5^m. stars contained in the type-belt. Again, the division into parts of magnitudes as 5.2, 5.5, 5.7, etc., at Cordoba was more evenly done than at Bonn, and therefore the accidental discordances of a comparison of Argelander and Cordoba were less, in proportion as a greater number of stars was taken; that is, less in the whole Uranometry than in the type-belt.

² It is to be remembered that the actual *observations* were made with opera glasses; the preliminary lists being made by the eye.

of each observer, with the mean of all four. Stars of the 6.0 magnitude, for example, were made, —

By Mr. Rock	0 ^m .004 brighter than the average ; from 41 observations.	
Mr. Thome	0 ^m .019 fainter	" " " " " 57 "
Mr. Davis	0 ^m .018 brighter	" " " " " 50 "
Mr. Hathaway . . .	0 ^m .003 fainter	" " " " " 51 "

The *average deviation* of each observer from his own standard (the arithmetical mean of all the discordances) is for 6.0 magnitude stars : for Mr. Rock, 0^m.050 ; for Mr. Thome, 0^m.078 ; for Mr. Davis, 0^m.086 ; for Mr. Hathaway, 0^m.070.

In the progress of the work a number of variable stars have been detected. These are fully described in the Notes. Dr. Gould says (p. 19) that "the experience obtained during the work at Albany had forced upon me the strong suspicion, which has in Cordoba grown into a firm conviction, that stellar variability is by no means an exceptional phenomenon, but that a very large proportion of the fixed stars exhibit fluctuations of brightness. . . . It appears to me probable that at least one half of the stars above the seventh magnitude vary by an amount which careful observation cannot fail to detect." This conviction is reiterated in various parts of the work, and at first sight appears in some instances to be almost pushed too far. In some of the cited cases it would almost seem as if the discrepancies should have been assigned to the observer's estimates, and not to the star's variation. This can only be settled by time ; and it must be remembered that this decided opinion is evidently of gradual growth, based on laborious study of the original observations, and that in many cases various independent methods were resorted to, which yield consistent results.

The Atlas which forms an essential part of the Uranometry consists of thirteen special charts, with a fourteenth general or index chart. This last covers the entire ground gone over, — that is, the whole Southern hemisphere, and 10° of the Northern, or more than $\frac{41}{70}$ of the heavens. The Atlas sheets are about 34 inches by 25 inches in size, and the maps drawn on them are of the same size as if they had been drawn on a globe 1 metre or 39 inches in diameter. For convenience of use the sheets might have been made somewhat smaller with advantage, but it is probable that under the existing necessity of finishing the maps thousands of miles away from the observatory, by a process like photo-lithography, this large size was imperative in

order to preserve all the details of the Milky Way which were laid down on the original drawings.

The stars on each map are represented by circular dots, of which the areas are proportional to the light of the stars themselves. Thus the stars on the map will be of nearly the same relative prominence as their representatives in the sky. This plan, which has been formerly tried with good results, seems a better one than that adopted by Argelander and others, of distinguishing magnitudes by stars of various numbers of points. It is certainly simple and logical. The original maps were constructed and the stars plotted by Mr. Mansfield at Cordoba, and reproduced by Mr. Julius Bien of New York, by photo-lithography. The position, graduations, and comparative brightness of the Milky Way are laid down from observations by Mr. Thome, and the maps have been constantly compared with the sky both during the progress of the work, on the original drawings, and after the Atlas sheets were received from Mr. Bien, for the detection of errors as well in star positions and magnitudes as in the delineation of the Milky Way.

What at once strikes an astronomer in the Northern hemisphere is the great brilliancy and extent of the Galaxy, which seems relatively much too bright. Dr. Gould assures us that it is not so; that every copy of the maps has been separately examined for this very point, and that none have been permitted to go out which are not satisfactory. Certainly the extension and brilliancy of the Milky Way as here represented speaks well for the purity of the atmosphere at Cordoba, and is much greater than in the maps of Heis. Something similar may, however, be recalled by those who have examined this belt in the elevated regions of the Western part of the United States.

The last section of the work is devoted to an examination of the results to be obtained from the data of observation.

In the "Argentine Uranometry" there are given (p. 349, — leaving out some few stars for satisfactory reasons) 6694 Southern stars and 991 Northern stars. The space covered is about $\frac{41}{70}$ of the whole sky. Hence, if the number of stars as bright or brighter than 7.0 magnitude, which are *north* of 100° south polar distance, were as great proportionally as the number *south* of it, we should have 13096 as the total number in the heavens. Again, twice 6694 is 13388. Thus, the assumption of the same proportional number throughout both

hemispheres would give 1162 stars between 90° and 100° south polar distance, while in fact there are only 991 such. That is, the Southern heavens are much richer in lucid stars than the Northern.

The important chain of reasoning with regard to the conclusions given by these statistics, as to the real shape and situation of the stellar group to which our solar system belongs, is somewhat as follows:—

If we arrange the magnitudes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, in one column, and in an adjacent column put opposite each, the number of stars of that magnitude in the Southern sky, we shall find that there are proportionally many more of the brighter ones (from first to fourth magnitudes) than of the fainter ones (fourth to seventh magnitudes). The same thing is true of the Northern sky. That is, there is an “unfailing and systematic excess of the observed number of the brighter stars.” We cannot suppose that, taking one star with another, the difference between their apparent brightness arises simply from real difference of size, but we must suppose that the stars from first to fourth magnitudes are in the main really nearer to us than those of fourth to seventh magnitudes. This implies that on the average the stars down to the seventh magnitude are tolerably equally scattered in space.¹ It therefore follows that the brighter stars (first to fourth magnitudes) in general form a system, and that our solar system is in the main nearer to them than to the stars of fourth to seventh magnitudes.

The next question is, What is the shape of this system, and is there any independent proof of its existence? Sir John Herschel and Dr. Gould have pointed out that there is in the heavens a belt or stream of bright stars, which is very nearly a great circle of the sphere. This belt is plainly marked, and is inclined about 18° to the great circle of the Milky Way, crossing it at two points, one near Cassiopeia and one near the Southern Cross. The elaborate tables given by Dr. Gould show that the stars down to 4.0 magnitude are more symmetrically situated with respect to this belt than to the plane of the Milky Way, there being 264 bright stars on one side of it and 263 on the other, while the numbers in reference to the Milky Way are 245 and 282. Hence it follows, that, since this belt of bright stars exists, our own solar system is situated somewhere within the cluster which these 527 stars (first to fourth magnitudes) form; and since this belt is approximately a great circle in the sky, our solar system is nearly in the

¹ The researches of Gylden have made it probable that in a general way this is true.

plane of the great circle so defined. If our system were outside this plane, the belt would form a small circle of the sphere.

It will be noted that there are two independent arguments. First, there is an excess of bright stars ; hence, our solar system forms a part of the general system of stars of first to fourth magnitudes ; that is, it is nearer on the whole to these than to the others, provided that, on the whole, the stars are equally distributed. Second, there is a belt of bright stars in the heavens which is a great circle ; hence our solar system is within a kind of cluster.

Dr. Gould's own words are : " Thus I cannot avoid the conviction that our own system forms part of a small cluster distinct from the vast organization of that which forms the Milky Way." This cluster may perhaps be comparable with that of the Pleiades, since by a crude estimate it would seem to consist (as that of the Pleiades does) of about 500 stars.

There is no space to do more than allude to the extensive statistical inquiries which Dr. Gould has instituted in regard to the Milky Way. His main conclusion is that the phenomena of the Galaxy will be simplified if it is considered as composed of two or more separate and superposed streams.¹

It is to be hoped that even this short notice will be sufficient to have pointed out some of the important conclusions of this great work. And it is gratifying to American pride to know that these researches will take their place along with those of Lacaille, Herschel, Halley, Taylor, Rumker, Brisbane, and Gilliss, in the Southern hemisphere, and those of Argelander in the same field in the Northern. The whole constitutes a body of thorough work, thoroughly discussed, and such as to lead to important and striking conclusions. It has only been accomplished by patient and devoted labor, and it is certain to become and remain the acknowledged authority on its subject.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

¹ The researches of Mr. Proctor in regard to the thickness of the Milky Way, as shown by the diameters of the "coal-sacks," are of interest in this connection, as well as his hypothetical figure of the Galaxy in the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.

SUN-SPOT CYCLES AND EPIDEMICS.

IT may be safely asserted that, from the earliest ages, no subject has filled the minds of men with so much astonishment and terror as that of the frequent and awful epidemics which have so often depopulated empires or ravaged the known earth ; and it is not a little curious that in the very dawn of medicine they should have been attributed to the wrath of the sun. The well-known passage of Homer, describing the pestilence which ravaged the Grecian camp in the *tenth* year of the siege of Troy, is so interesting in this connection that I venture to translate it :—

“Phœbus Apollo

Hastened, angry in heart, from the summit of lofty Olympus,
Having the bow on his shoulder, the quiver with well-fitting cover.
Loudly rattled the bolts on the angry deity's shoulder,
As he rushed on ; but he came like the shadowy twilight of evening,
Took then his seat apart from the ships and shot off an arrow, —
Dreadful indeed was the clang of the silver bow of Apollo !
First he slew only mules and the swift-footed hounds of the hunters ;
Afterwards aiming his weapons, the deadly ones, right at the men he
Shot, —and the fires of the dead unceasingly burned in abundance :
Nine days indeed through the army went flying the deity's arrows !”

The accuracy of this description can only be appreciated on comparison with the histories of well-known epidemics, —some historical ones of diphtheria, for example, — even to the fact that it attacked animals first ; that the face of the sun was darkened and the heavens obscured ; and that it lasted just ten days, coming after ten years of presumable immunity from pestilence. Further, to the honor of the medical authorities of the Achæans, let us remember that, besides sacrifices to the angry god, they ordered a general cleansing with water, “and cast the offscourings into the sea.”

With advancing civilization it was observed that epidemics were very closely connected with irregularity of the seasons and failure of the crops, and Hippocrates describes with great accuracy the “epidemical constitutions of the seasons.” It would be tedious to quote

his descriptions at length ; but the chief points were *unseasonable* weather, an inversion of the natural order of the seasons, — “on the whole, the winter having the character of spring.” “When the zephyr usually begins to blow, came severe wintry storms, out of season, with snow,” droughts, tempests, and a deficiency or excess of rain, — such were the chief features of the years when the “ardent fevers occurred.” Further than this, medical knowledge could not reach for many centuries, although the ancients recognized some of the causes of disease and tried to avert them by an extraordinary care in the matter of sewage, water-supply, and the burial or cremation of the dead outside of the cities ; also in the disinfection of foul places by burning “curse-repelling sulphur,” as Odysseus calls it. It is with a curious mixture of satisfaction, wonder, and humility that a student of history sees the nineteenth century now struggling with these questions which were settled, and with these new ideas which were old, hundreds of years before the Christian era.

Still the causes of epidemics lay hidden, and in 1839 Hecker wrote, in his classical history of medicine, “The vital dispositions which prepare definite forms of disease, and, with interruptions as to time and space, continue through centuries, are inexplicable ; medical research can only bring them into notice. Here are the boundaries of science ; deeper lies an unapproachable mystery of Nature.” This, of course, will always be substantially true, —

“Veil upon veil will lift, but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.”

Yet the boundaries of science are always encroaching on the mysteries of Nature ; of nothing is this more true than of the science of medicine and the unapproachable mystery of diseases, especially of epidemics. More accurate knowledge and extensive observation now give a full history of the courses of successive pestilences, and the germ-theory is at least a good working hypothesis to explain much hitherto incomprehensible. But one fact has still remained inexplicable : that is, why epidemics, when in greatest activity, suddenly die out, and after years — centuries it may be — suddenly return in full vigor. It is to be hoped that it will not be considered presumptuous if an attempt be made here to throw some light on this question by submitting a series of facts, which are certainly curious and interesting, whatever may be thought of the conclusions drawn from them.

It is generally known that spots of rapidly-varying shape and size

occur on the sun's disk ; that these increase and diminish periodically ; and that they are simultaneous with changes in the solar activity as felt on the earth. In a very valuable article in the "Nineteenth Century" for November, 1877, Messrs. Lockyer and Hunter show that these variations are periodical, recurring in cycles of eleven years and a fraction ; that they differ as to amount in different cycles ; and that they are coincident with terrestrial cycles of variations in —

1. Terrestrial magnetism and electrical activity ;
2. Temperature ;
3. Wind disturbances, hurricanes, and cyclones ;
4. Rainfall, with which the writers show that all the famines in India during this century have been connected, — the famines following after a drought occurring at the minimum of sun-spots.

The increased heat, rainfall, and electrical activity occur, then, periodically with the maximum of the sun-spot cycle ; this, of course, means, in temperate zones, mild but stormy winters, damp, stormy springs, and unfruitful summers, the rain falling seldom, but, if at all, in large amounts. That article suggested the thought that the irregularity of the seasons of such a year would coincide closely with that described by Hippocrates as the Second Epidemic Constitution ; and, *a priori*, one would suppose that such weather would be very favorable for the development of germs of low forms of organic life, and very unhealthy for man, and disastrous for crops. It must be highly interesting to carry back this cycle as nearly as possible through the centuries, and see whether epidemics were any more numerous on or near the years of sun-spot maxima ; whether records show that floods and storms, meteors and northern lights, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, were synchronous with the sun-spots ; and, if so, whether we can project the sun-spot cycle forward through coming time, and learn to look for and guard against epidemics at definite seasons. Here the interest becomes intensely strong, and the question thoroughly practical. True or false, it seems that the theory is at least worthy of examination. Of course the first point in such an investigation must be to fix the length of the cycle of sun-spots as accurately as possible, and accordingly inquiries were made in April, 1878, at the Observatory at Cambridge, in regard to this fact. The information received was to the effect that the cycle is more than $11\frac{1}{10}$ years and less than $11\frac{1}{5}$. It seemed probable that the cycle could be determined more accurately by observing the intervals between years noticeable for great terrestrial commotions at

long intervals of time, than by generalizing from the observations of the sun-spots themselves, extending over only one century. As the possible variation is only $\frac{1}{10}$ of a year, by assuming the cycle to be $11\frac{8}{10}$, the possible error would be only $\frac{1}{20}$ of a year for each cycle, or one year in about 220.

Taking this period, I found various facts of importance which occurred during the Middle Ages, and tend to confirm the theory; but so far back as in the sixth century my attention was arrested by the events of the year 529, when a great earthquake destroyed Antioch and frightened Constantinople. This was followed by excessive rains, heat, and vapors, in the next year by mighty floods, and in 531 by the awful visitation of the plague of Justinian, of which, during the worst weeks, from 5,000 to 10,000 persons died daily at Constantinople. Curiously enough, the earthquake was followed in twenty-two years and nearly two months by another, which destroyed Berytus, Selucia, and many other cities, and was felt over the whole known world, shaking Constantinople for many days. This, again, was followed by the plague, which had diminished greatly after 531, without entirely disappearing, and which, having broken out anew and raged with unexampled violence in 542 throughout the known world, did not fail to appear in 552-53 as an epidemic in Italy and probably elsewhere, and in 565 devastated Italy and Gaul.

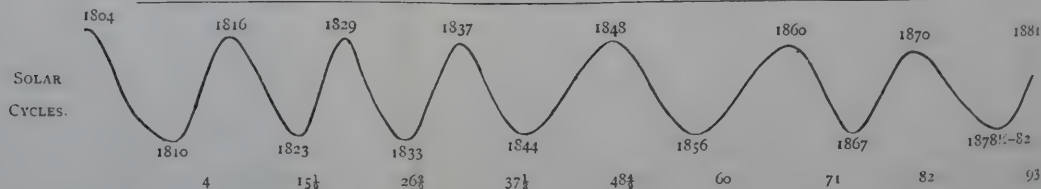
Now, curiously enough, the year 1529, just a thousand years later, was celebrated by a great earthquake, —

“Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;”

and this year and the one preceding it were the most striking in natural phenomena of meteors, heat, floods, and frightful pestilences of various kinds which Europe has ever known, except perhaps 1348 and 1770. The year 1529, moreover, or rather its predecessor, falls in one of the most striking series of pestilent years which ever occurred; namely, those of the sweating sickness, which devastated England in 1485-[]-1506, 1517, 1528-29-[]-1551.

The year 1829 is known as a year of sun-spot maximum and as a great cholera year. The year 1848 was also one of cholera and sun-spot maximum, and 1870, as is well-known, was the maximum year of the last cycle of solar spots. These periods, — $529-1529=1000$; $1529-1829=300$; $1348-1848=500$; $1770-1870=100$, — with many others which it would be tedious to enumerate here, are all even centuries, and are therefore exactly divisible by $11\frac{1}{9}$; so that I think that

		15½	26½	37½	48½	60	71	82	93
			531		542	552-3	565	530 B.C.	
	600							581-2	590-1
PLAGUE . . .		1119	1126	1135					
		1311-16	1225-7	1234	1243	1254	1360	1373	1288
				1335-40		1347-8			1490
	1503-4-5	1515-17	1524-5-7	1541	1546-51	1557		1482-3	
							1769-72		
SPOTTED FEVER	1504-5-6	1517	1528	1538		1545-6-7 {Trousse galant, etc.}		1480-84	1490
				1735					1692-4
TYPHUS FEVER		1815			1847-8	1856-61	1769-70		
SWEATING SICKNESS	1506	1517	1528-9		1551			1485	
	1802							1782 {dicarid Sweat,}	
								pross-thel.	
DIPHTHERIA . .		1517 (10 days in Holland.)		1638	1650				1692-94
	1701	1613		1735-39	1745-48	1760	1770-71		
CHOLERA . . .						1756 (India.)	1768-9-70 (India.)	1781 (India.)	
		1816-17	1829	1841	1846-7-8-9	1859	1867-72 (Eng.;-73 (Amer.)	1881?	
							(Ind.)		
YELLOW FEVER (IN EUROPE . .)	1804		1828		1857-8 (Lisbon.)				
STRANGE YRS. .			529	1333-4-8	1345		1480-3-4		
	1500-3-5	1516-17	1527-8	1540	1547-51				
		1617-18							
				1735	1747-8	1769-70-71			
			1824-26				[1878-9]		



for present purposes it will be admitted that the period of $11\frac{1}{9}$ years is a very near approximate to the length of the cycle which we are considering.

The reader's attention is now called to a table showing the dates of all the important epidemics described by Hecker in his works on the history of medicine and on the epidemics of the Middle Ages. Also, in regard to modern pestilences, the works of Griesinger, the Encyclopedia of Ziemssen, the United States cholera report, and some other authorities have been collated. It has seemed advisable to restrict the investigation to a few standard authors who may fairly be supposed to have picked out the principal epidemics for notice, in order that the investigator may not be led, through enthusiasm, to deceive himself as to the relative importance of different outbreaks. And here it is right to call attention to two facts: First, as to the sun-spot cycles, they gradually increase and diminish like the tides, but not quite regularly for any one cycle; so that, of the three or four principal years, any one may be the maximum which may thus occasionally fall one or even two years too early or too late. As will be seen by the chart of the maxima and minima of this century, the tide of solar energy is seven or even eight years in ebbing; flowing back in four, sometimes even in three, years. Of course, if, as is quite satisfactorily proved, the crops are apt to fail in tropical lands in the years of minimum sun-spots, causing a famine during the next year or two, it is easy to see how the rapidly-increasing heat, floods, fog, electrical disturbances, storms, etc., come upon peoples poor and hungry, sickly, wretched, miserable, and exhausted; and who shall wonder if pestilence follows? Moreover, what has been compared to a solar tide varies much in different cycles, and thereby gives an easy explanation of the fact that epidemics, even when recurring in cycles of eleven years, sometimes skip one maximum and return after twenty-two years. Secondly, with regard to the nature of epidemics, it is well known that they tend to reproduce themselves; and it is therefore easy to see why, having once commenced, they linger along, spreading from place to place, perhaps never entirely disappearing, but showing great exacerbations at the period of the sun-spot maxima, and finally getting entirely irregular, local, and, as a rule, milder. Some epidemics, however, which appear to depend on general and sweeping vitiation of the air, are much more important in an inquiry of this nature than others, where the disease is produced by contagion or by defilement of the drinking-water, inasmuch as the

history is less confused, the onset and cessation of the disease more sudden, and the rate of progress over the earth more rapid.

The accompanying table is constructed thus: at the top are the years, corresponding, as a rule, with the sun-spot maxima for this century; that is, the years which would have been such if the cycles had been perfectly regular. At the left are the principal epidemics, with the most interesting concomitant phenomena as mentioned by Hecker, arranged under appropriate heads. Below come spaces allotted to particularly unnatural years; at the bottom is a chart of the sun-spot cycles for this century. The more important epidemics are underlined; those more limited are simply indicated; while those only are omitted which are both quite local and comparatively unimportant. I think that a study of this table will show that there is a marked prevalence of epidemics on or about the years of sun-spot maxima, while in many cases the periodicity is very striking. To prove this, attention must be given, first, to an examination of the history of certain great epidemics, and secondly to an account of some particularly pestilential years.

First in history, first in fatality, — the very prototype of a pestilence, — stands the plague, which is not extinct but lying in wait, and even now seems to be rising in new activity in the Orient. Not to mention the great plague which ravaged Athens B.C. 429-30, — that is, in the year 70-71 from the beginning of the fifth century before Christ, — we come to the plague of Justinian, which came in the year 531 A.D. as a sequel to the great disturbances of the years 529-530. As already stated, this returned in 542, and, after renewed cataclasms of Nature, in 552-53 and in 565, — showing a remarkable periodicity, and manifestly following in the train of great natural disturbances. Disappearing from history, it comes to light in the twelfth century in Italy in 1119, 1126, 1135, 1193. In the thirteenth century there were a number of local Italian epidemics, of which the chief was that from 1225-27; and thus we come to the remarkable series of the fourteenth century, — 1316-[]-35, 1347-8-9, 1360, 1373, 1382. The pestilence of 1348 is well known as the "black death," which almost depopulated whole countries, and shook the whole social and moral order in all Europe. The plague then remained quiet for just a century, when there were epidemics more or less general in 1483 and 1490, and the violent local outbreak in London in 1499. A general and destructive plague occurred in 1503-4, less so in 1515-17; 1525-27; 1541; 1546-51; that of 1541 starting in the Orient after the hot summer of

1540, and gradually spreading irregularly until 1551, after which it disappeared.

It only remains to notice the shocking ravages of the plague in all Eastern Europe in 1769-71, during the Russo-Turkish war.

Here, then, are four series of pestilences showing a marked periodicity of about eleven years, and a decided tendency to fall on years near what we suppose with reason to have been those of sun-spot maxima. The apparent exception of the epidemics of the sixth century is easily explicable. If we take 529 for the first maximum, although apparently three years too late, it is not more so than 1529 and 1829, one of which we know, and the other of which we suppose, to have been a maximum year. This year was followed by great floods, etc., during which it is fair to suppose that the pestilence was generated which reached Constantinople in 531-542; Germany in 552-53; Gaul in 565. Looking at all the other great epidemics of the plague as recorded in the table, and comparing the calculated data of sun-spot maxima with the historical accounts of the natural phenomena, the weather, heat, storms, floods, etc., recorded in connection with these epidemics, the coincidence becomes very striking, and it seems clear that *the great epidemics of the Oriental plague have appeared, increased, and diminished coincidently with the tides of solar energy corresponding with the maximum years of the sun-spot cycles.*

Let us pass now to the consideration of another series of epidemics, so remarkable for periodicity that the whole theory might have been inferred from the history of these alone; for they are thoroughly and accurately described; they are of a nature evidently dependent on atmospheric and telluric influences rather than on self-propagation, and luckily the natural phenomena preceding and accompanying them are recorded. Reference is made to the five outbreaks of the English sweating sickness in 1485-[]-1506, 1517, 1528-29-[]-1551. This was apparently of the nature of a very acute rheumatic fever, without much disposition to settle in the joints, but overwhelming the nervous system, and carrying off its victims in a few hours, or a day at most. Hecker describes it as a violent inflammatory fever, which, after a short rigor, prostrated the powers as with a blow, and amidst painful oppression at the stomach, headache, intolerable internal heat, and afterwards a lethargic stupor, suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. The crisis always occurred within twenty-four hours. When they found out how to treat it the mortality was very much diminished, but in the first and third epidemics especially the de-

struction of life was frightful, so that it seemed as if all the bonds of society would be broken; and it carried off a large majority, to say the least, of the whole population of England. The epidemic of 1485 commenced September 21, and, lasting violently for five weeks, entirely disappeared in the fury of a tempest on January 1, 1486. In 1506, just twenty-one years afterward, it reappeared in the summer in connection with remarkable meteorological and epidemical phenomena in Europe, and after a mild course it disappeared. Eleven years afterward the disease reappears and rages with extreme violence; and here it comes surrounded and preceded by the most wonderful natural phenomena. Just eleven years later it again descended on England in the ever memorable year 1528, and, after incredible devastations, visited first Hamburg during the next summer in 1529, and then ravaged all Europe, sparing neither high nor low. The natural occurrences during these years were very remarkable, and will be mentioned below.

In 1539 and 1540 the pestilence failed to appear; but the year was a strange one, with unheard-of heat in Europe, forest fires, epidemic dysentery, plague in the East, which in 1541 and afterwards spread all over Europe. In 1551, however, just twenty-two years from the last visitation of Europe, and twenty-three since it was seen in England, the disease does not fail to appear. "It breaks out, April 15, on the banks of the Severn, and spreads with stinking mists all over England, reaching London July 9. Foreigners are unaffected, but Englishmen in foreign countries sicken with the English sweating sickness. The epidemic terminates September 30, let us hope forever." It may be interesting here to note that the English Litany was compiled between the last two epidemics, and to the ancient supplications for deliverance from lightning and tempests, and sudden death, was added a new one, from "plague, pestilence, and famine."

It would be interesting, if time permitted, to examine in detail the physical character of the years in which all the great epidemics occurred; but concerning the earlier ones, as no complete record of the intervening years has come down to us, such an investigation would be without much scientific value: suffice it then to say again, that the years preceding the great bubo plagues were, as a rule, marked by strange solar and telluric phenomena. In regard to the sweating pestilences the record is much fuller, and I think that any one who will consult the chronological table of the years from 1482-1551, in the end of Hecker's "Epidemics," will be satisfied of the coincidence

of the solar cycles and the returns of the pestilence. Here are a few extracts in his own words, which he has italicized, although of course not thinking at all about the sun-spots: "For the destructive spirits of air, which would not have been discerned even by the proud naturalists of the nineteenth century, dispersed and vanished for half a lifetime in the fury of the tempest which raged on the 1st of January, 1486." Then speaking of the dry heat of 1504, the famines, fevers, divers kinds of death, and the cattle plagues of 1505, he says (p. 208):—

From all these facts it is a probable conjecture that the sweating sickness which visited England in the year 1506, although accompanied in that country itself by no prominent circumstances, was not without connection with the morbid commotion of human and animal life in the south and middle of Europe, and may, perhaps, be regarded as having been the last feeble effort of mysterious agencies in the domain of organized being.

Again he says (p. 228):—

That the English sweating sickness of 1517 made its appearance not alone, but surrounded by a whole group of epidemics, and that these were called forth by general morbid influences of an unknown nature we have facts at hand sufficiently numerous and worthy of credit to prove.

Of the black years 1527-28, he says:—

As soon as the occurrences of this unfortunate year could be more closely surveyed, a conviction was at once felt that it was one and the same general cause of disease which called forth the poisonous pestilence in the French camp before Naples, the putrid fever among the youth of France, and the sweating sickness in England, and that the varying nature of these diseases depended only on the conditions of the soil and the qualities of the atmosphere in the countries which were visited.

The year 1540 was noted for its hot summer, with frequent spontaneous forest fires, an earthquake, etc. It was followed by great bubo plagues in Eastern Europe, with visitations of locusts, etc. With 1549-50 came blights and murrains; in 1551 again plague, petechial fever, etc., so that Hecker says: "*It is quite evident that the fifth epidemic of sweating sickness appeared accompanied by a group of various epidemic diseases which might be considered as resulting from general influences.*"

Now what can these *general* influences be, this general cause, this morbid influence of an unknown nature? Does the earth itself change periodically? No. Does the mass of the air or water change? No. What can change then? The force, the heat, the energy which

is derived directly from the sun. Does this change regularly, periodically, and at intervals corresponding with those of this pestilence? It certainly does; and all these strange natural phenomena which we have seen to have been observed in all ages as the forerunners or accompaniments of epidemics are now known to depend on, or at least to coincide with, the changes of solar energy corresponding with the sun-spot cycle. Here is certainly the *post hoc*; shall we not admit the *propter hoc*?

Of course an investigation of this kind could be prolonged indefinitely, and it is to be feared that it is already too long; the case is therefore rested here, merely stating that the history of the greater epidemics of yellow fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and small-pox, has also been followed, and a reasonable coincidence with our theory is evident in their course. It is not claimed, however, that the history of modern epidemics has been investigated sufficiently to form a final opinion.

In regard to the cholera an interesting idea occurs. It has long been noticed that the most violent epidemics of cholera in India, and those which spread eventually to Europe and America, have been connected with the twelve-yearly religious festivals of India, and the pilgrimages depending on them. It is also notorious that the worst European pestilences were in 1816-17, 1829-[]-1848, 1859, 1869-70 (from which came the American epidemic of 1873); while there were great Indian epidemics in 1769-70, and 1781. Now all these were years of sun-spot maxima, while the first four were also occasions of the great Indian festivals which recur every twelve years; namely, 1769, 1781; 1817, 1829. It is obvious that a fixed period of twelve years, and a solar cycle of $11\frac{1}{5}$ years, in which the maximum may fall a year or so too soon or too late, would coincide for one or two periods, and may coincide for several periods, as happened in this century. Such coincidences have occurred, and must recur, at intervals of rather less than a century and a half, unless the customs of India change, which is not very probable; and it seems to me that the fact that within a century the year of sun-spot maxima happened to fall irregularly on the so-called Juggernaut year four times affords a plausible explanation of the great development of the cholera, which is endemic in India, which is always vastly increased there by the pilgrimages and huge assemblies of mankind at the festivals, but which does not reach Europe except under conditions of nature greatly favoring the intensity and reproduction of the organic cholera

poison, — just as the yellow fever only assumed serious proportions in Europe in 1804, 1828, and 1857-58, on or about the years of sun-spot maxima.

But with such a disease as cholera, which so evidently reproduces itself, and is not carried swiftly by the air, but follows the lines of human intercourse, it is difficult, if not impossible, to find or demonstrate any such dependence on "general causes or morbid agencies" as can be shown to exist in the case of the sweating sickness. On the history of this last there must stand the clearest and strongest arguments for the theory that *terrestrial epidemics depend largely on the disturbances in the economy of Nature caused by the cyclical variations in the solar energy, which coincide with the vast disturbances in the sun appearing to us as spots on its disk.*

This theory is so much strengthened and supported by the history of various other epidemics, and by the fact that storms, droughts, floods, and famines, which unquestionably depend on the variations of solar energy, are very important factors in the production of pestilences, that the writer cannot but feel sure that further investigation will prove the theory to be true, and even hope that he is justified in saying that it ought to be regarded as true until facts to the contrary appear; and surely the occurrences of the last year are in its favor. The last sun-spot minimum occurred in 1878, and the maximum is due in 1881-82; so that the great changes in solar and terrestrial activity are compressed into a short time. It is only necessary to recall the great famines in India, China, and Brazil, caused by drought, followed by this strange and remarkable year, when, but for steamships and railroads, all Europe would be suffering from a famine caused by excessive rain, the volcanic eruptions, floods, the wet summer and cold winter of Europe, to see that the old influences are still active. Although, therefore, international charity and steam transportation prevent India and Europe from falling into the famished and miserable condition which formerly followed such seasons, yet it is not improbable that the gathering forces of cholera, plague, and yellow fever may, with the advent of the next maximum, burst the feeble barriers with which civilization is trying to restrain them, and again desolate great empires as former epidemics did in 582, 1332-83, 1482-85, and 1781-82.

ERNEST W. CUSHING.

TAMMANY HALL.

TAMMANY HALL should not be regarded as a local fact pertaining to the politics of the city of New York, but rather as a generic fact typical of the entire American system of nominating candidates for office. In other cities of the United States the party organization which nominates candidates for office may be less complex and perfect, because it has less to do and plays for smaller stakes; but its genus and function are still the same. Thus universal suffrage develops, in practice, a singular paradox; namely, that no sooner is it provided that the people, acting in their primary capacity as voters, shall *elect* all their officers, than it immediately follows that the people, as voters, are able to *select* none of their officers.

In a simple town-meeting, where all the voters meet and vote in one place, there is little temptation for a small fraction of them to meet beforehand and agree upon a candidate; but the opposite is the case where independent bodies of voters are to meet at the same time at different places, and to elect a candidate for the same office. Organization is then obviously essential to secure success. In framing the Federal constitution, its authors overlooked this now obvious law of politics, because in that day elections were seldom, if ever, held by numerous bodies of voters at widely separated places. The colonial governor—the only officer representing an entire colony—was appointed in England; while members of the colonial assemblies represented small constituencies, whose voters could all meet at one place. Hence we find the acute writers of the “Federalist” assuming, as of course, that the members of the electoral colleges, voting by ballot, would vote, according to their secret personal convictions, for such persons as they should respectively think most fit to be President. It took a very short time to prove the error of this theory, and to establish the custom whereby a presidential elector, deprived of personal discretion, plays a part exactly opposite to that intended for him. Just as little was it foreseen—indeed many even now imperfectly appreci-

ate—that the governing power lies where the selection of officers lies; that under a nominating system the people substantially choose only between two political parties, and that the selection of the individual candidates is made wholly by the irresponsible “machine” within the party.

In every county in the land there is an imperfectly developed “Tammany Hall,” bearing the same relation to the perfected machine that Faust’s movable types would bear to one of Hoe’s printing-presses; and it is this fact which renders the history of the origin, growth, and functions of Tammany a narrative of general as well as of local interest in the United States. The superior prominence and picturesqueness of Tammany, and its unrivalled perfection in working power, are attributable to the vast field and great prizes which it controls.

We have but to consider that in New York there is a flowing stream of from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 a year of expenditure to be influenced; that the street department alone has 1200 payees on its roll, the school department as many more, and the police and other departments as many more; that the patronage is one fourth as great as that of the Federal government, and equal to that of twenty second-class States combined; that forty-seven per cent of the voters by whom this patronage is to be controlled are foreign born, and twenty-three per cent more are the children of foreign born; that the bulk of the property which is to pay these expenditures is owned by 15,000 persons, while the voters are 140,000,—and the temptation and opportunity for perfecting the political organization are obvious. But while the details become more complex, the principle in great cities is still the same as in smaller constituencies. Boundless generosity is the key to success in the practical manipulation of politics. Outsiders will call it corruption, and say that it is the people’s money which is being given away; but these outsiders never prosper on their growling, and whether the money so given away is that of the people or not, not a dollar of it is ever replevied from the donees. Of all American mechanisms for the development of political generosity, Tammany Hall is the most perfect, because it has the most to give away.

The business of Tammany Hall is to nominate and elect to office. It does not concern itself to correct abuses committed by its officers after election. Of the nearly fifty years since New York began to elect her mayor, in 1834, Tammany Hall has named the mayor for

thirty years; during seven of the remaining twenty years, the mayors were Democrats who had obtained most of their prominence through Tammany Hall, — thus leaving only thirteen years to be divided between the Native-American, Whig, and Republican parties. Even when Tammany Hall had not the mayor, it generally had enough of the other city and county officers to keep it in possession of a large share of power. To sum up, all the city and county officers have been named by Tammany exclusively during three fifths of the last half-century, and during the remaining two fifths Tammany has named about three fourths of them. This fact, like every other in politics, has its adequate cause. It consists in the perfect adaptation of Tammany Hall, as a political nominating machine, to its environment, — the masses now having the voting power in New York City.

The Tammany Hall organization consists of three parts: first, the secret society known as the "Tammany Society, or Columbian Order," which was founded in 1789, in the first month of Washington's administration, and was incorporated in 1805; which erected the building on the corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets formerly known as Tammany Hall, and controls by lease the present hall on Fourteenth Street; secondly, the General Committee and (Assembly) District Committees of the Tammany Hall Democracy, which are councils of voters, and date, with many intermediate changes of detail, from 1822; thirdly, the voters, usually about 90,000, or two thirds of the entire vote of the city, who act in harmony with the committees and constitute the Tammany Hall Democracy.

The Tammany Society has passed, during its ninety years, through five important epochs of evolution, and is now in its sixth. From 1789 to 1800 it was anti-monarchical and anti-foreign, with Federalist officers and American-Indian costumes, customs, and regalia, cultivating a distaste for European modes of government by the sedulous substitution of certain fancied aboriginal customs. Its members discussed political questions, after the Indian fashion, around council fires, at which they smoked the traditional calumet, assisted, perhaps, by draughts of the traditional fire-water. In 1790 they received the Creek Indians, on a visit which one of the Tammany sachems had induced the Creek chiefs to make to New York, in such perfect imitations of the native costume, and in such gorgeously savage feathers, moccasins, leggings, war-paint, war-clubs, and tomahawks, that the Creeks set up a whoop of joyful recognition, which the Tammany

braves mistook for the Indian mode of saying grace before human carving and scattered in a sudden panic. At this interview Secretary Jefferson, Chief Justice Jay, Governor George Clinton, and Mayor Duane were present. The Creeks danced and sang the E-tho song; the Tammany Grand Sachem assured the Creek Grand Sachems that the spirits of Columbus and Tammany were then promenading arm-in-arm through the wigwam; the Sagamore of Tammany presented the chiefs with the calumet, who in return dubbed him by one of those musical Indian appellations which ought to be immortal,—Tuliva Mico, or Chief of the White Town. In the evening the entire party attended the theatre together, and before they left, the Creeks entered into a treaty with “Washington, the beloved Sachem of the Thirteen Fires.”

There had been, during the war of the Revolution, an order known as the “Sons of Liberty,” or “Sons of St. Tammany,” formed as a counter-fire to the numerous loyal societies of St. Andrew’s, St. George’s, and St. David’s, then prevalent. In some verses which were regarded as a clever imitation of Hudibras, John Trumbull had canonized as “St. Tammany” an old Indian of whom very little was really known, and much therefore could be said and sung. Nothing that we are aware of connected him with New York. He lived near the Delaware, signed the treaty whereby the first cession of land was made to William Penn,—but not that by which the entire tract of “Penn’s wood” was conveyed,—and afterward lived and died at the spot now occupied by Princeton College. All the rest is legend. In the myths of the period he bore a resemblance to Socrates, which was only marred that Nature might, with her magic brush, dash in a few slight touches of Confucius. He was invited by Manco Capac to revise the constitution of Peru, and made a journey through Mexico to the land of the Children of the Sun for that purpose. By a singular coincidence, he also, like Washington, reigned over thirteen tribes, and on his departure for Peru he dedicated each tribe to some particular animal, whose virtues were commended to its imitation. Among these were the beaver, the deer, the eagle, the squirrel, and even the eel.

In the original organization of the Tammany Society, its members were divided into thirteen tribes, which, though named for the thirteen States, were dedicated, after the fashion of the tribes of Tammany, to the thirteen animals. One of the poets of this period defends Tammany as an original American saint in the following characteristic strain : —

Celestial maid! Shall Europe boast
 The saints her nations feign,
 And o'er thy best, thy favorite, coast
 No sacred Guardian reign?
 Not so, blest Freedom! whilst thy rays
 Illume our vast domain —
 Not whilst Columbia's Order blaze
 Effulgent in thy train!

From these facts it will easily be understood how the Tammany Society came to call its thirteen trustees or directors Sachems, and its chief officer, selected from among the thirteen, its Grand Sachem; and why it included among its officers a Sagamore and a Wiskinskie. But the Indian language failing to contain any words adequate to express either the idea of a secretary or of a treasurer, while the necessities of the society required both records and money, the society consented to use the terms Scribe and Treasurer. In the records of the society, the Christian Era, being an epoch of foreign origin, was discarded, and the transactions dated from three events, — the discovery of America by Columbus, the Declaration of Independence, and the formation of the Tammany Society. The year was divided, after the strictly native American fashion, into the seasons of blossoms, of fruits, of harvests, and of snows. Nor were imported names allowed to desecrate the months, which appeared on the records, in supposed Indian style, as first, second, third, etc. "moons." Thus, in respect of language, the Tammany Society, in its first epoch, was a faithful expression of Anglophobia. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Melancthon Smith, — then a formidable opponent of Hamilton, — Aaron Burr, De Witt Clinton, George Clinton, and Clarkson Crolius were conspicuous leaders or inspirers of this period, which was somewhat torn by conflicts between the Burrrites, Clintonites, and Lewisites. The society at this time, however, was in no immediate contact with the voters, knew nothing of the general and district committees, and was a mere private political club, one of whose chief occupations was the collection of a museum of American, and particularly of Revolutionary, curiosities.

The second period of the Tammany Society comprises the years 1800 to 1812, in which the society, in common with the average popular sentiment of the country, drifted away from its previous position of hostility to European interference in American affairs into an attitude of intense sympathy with the contest which, first, the French Republic and then the Napoleonic Empire were making with

the allied powers of Europe. Apparently the first exciting political topic which enabled the Tammany Society to unite upon a policy was that of repaying the debt of gratitude which America came under to the king and nobles of France in 1776 to 1781. This repayment was to be made by aiding the Republic which had executed the king, and the Empire which had crushed the Republic, to prevent the allied powers from restoring the late king's heir to the throne. By the help of the war policy, and the enthusiasm aroused by its distinguished services in burying the bones of victims from the prisonships, which had bleached on the shores of Wallabout Bay for thirty years, Tammany became a united society.

Its third period, from 1812 to 1834, was that in which the society began its work of organization for the control of City and State politics. In the former year it had become the owner of the building known as Tammany Hall, standing where the "Sun" office now stands. In 1822 it established its connection with the voters by calling for the election of a general council of three "Republicans" from each ward. There were then fifteen wards. In 1827 it took pains to see that "Jackson" men were elected to the primaries. Meanwhile, in 1834, largely through its aid, the system of governing the State by officers appointed by the governor and council was superseded, and a new Constitution gave to the people the privilege of electing some seven thousand additional State officers. Among these officers were the mayor and judges of the city of New York, who had previously been appointed. The qualifications for voting, prior to 1804, had confined the right to vote to freeholders. In that year it was extended to householders renting a tenement of the value of \$25. In 1834 it was further extended to all adult male citizens. These two extensions, together with the natural increase, raised the number of voters from 1200 in 1804 to 70,000 in 1834.

This transfer of political power from the class who had previously been regarded as "the best," viz. the property-holders, to those who have always been deemed the worst, viz. the non-property-holders, was the carrying out of the democratic doctrine against the aristocratic, — of government by the whole instead of by the few. Those who hailed this change as a great and manifest gain did not, perhaps, perceive that thirty years of "government by the whole" would increase the rate of taxation from \$2.50 to \$40 per capita, and the total expense of governing and improving the city, including special assessments, from \$500,000 a year to \$40,000,000, an increase of

eighty-fold, while the population itself would increase only from 200,000 to 1,000,000, or five-fold. The politicians of the period seemed to anticipate that the advantages which would arise from being governed by 140,000 voters, of whom only 15,000 would pay the expenses and wastes of government, were unlimited. A few of the statesmen like Webster and Calhoun thought otherwise. "Who would be safe in any community," says Webster, in his Pittsburg speech, "where political power is in the hands of the many, and property in the hands of a few?" Calhoun, also, was maturing, in his "Disquisition on Government," a theory that all governments which represent numbers alone are unconstitutional despotisms.

The fourth period of Tammany Hall, from 1834 to 1865, represents its gradual and steady rise to absolute power over the city. At the end of that period the sovereignty of the city was more completely vested in the Tammany corporation than is that of Austria in the House of Hapsburg. This conquest was effected through the apt and adroit organization of its general and local committees. A continual increase has occurred in the number and complexity of these committees, but their essential principle and function have been the same. Beginning at forty-five members in 1822, the number was soon after increased to seventy-five, where it remained for many years. In 1865 it had risen to about 300, and it is now 784, or one for each election district in the city. The general committee has at all times been the popular and representative branch of Tammany Hall, sustaining to the interior and secret society a relation similar to that sustained by the House of Commons of England to the House of Lords, or perhaps more nearly like that sustained by the General Councils of the Catholic Church to the College of Cardinals. The society, consisting of members elected by the membership already existing, is permanent, and, in a certain sense, aristocratic or "picked." The general committee is elected in December of each year by the voters in the several Assembly districts, upon the basis of the number of Democratic votes polled by that Assembly district at the last preceding election. Subordinate to the general committee are the district committees of each Assembly district, consisting of from three to five persons for each election district in such Assembly district. The district committees now include a working force of from 2500 to 3000 agents. Since the number of members on the general committee corresponds to the number of delegates which the several Assembly districts would be entitled to send to a city or county con-

vention for nominating city and county officers, and since the one is chosen immediately prior to any election, and the other in December of the same year, by the same voters, it follows that the two virtually consist of the same individuals. In short, the general committee has all the advantages of a permanent city and county convention, liable to be called together at any moment by its chairman. In a like sense the Assembly district committee is a permanent Assembly district convention, liable to be convened by its chairman.

In the list of names of the general committee for 1875, the proportion of foreign, and especially of Irish, names is at least equal to the ratio borne to the whole population by the voters of foreign and Irish birth, — considerably more than half consisting of Irish. We believe the population is usually stated to contain forty-seven per cent of foreign-born persons, and twenty-three per cent more of the children of foreign-born parents. The nationality of the general committee of Tammany Hall goes far to justify Horace Greeley's notion that the city is as exclusively governed by aliens as Dublin or Berlin.

The general committee elects, from among its own members, a committee on organization, consisting of the chairman, secretary, and other permanent officers of the general committee, *ex officio*, and two members from each Assembly district. This committee on organization, consisting thus of forty-eight elected and about a dozen *ex officio* members, has extraordinary powers, and, indeed, is competent to the decision of almost every question, unless it be such an one as that of the overthrow of Tweed, which came up in 1870, or bolting from the State convention, which came up in 1879. On fundamental questions of passion and feeling, where there may be doubt about being able to carry the body of Democratic voters with them, the full general committee must be consulted. The committee on organization, however, may, when the honor and interests of Tammany Hall demand, supersede a nomination for office made by the city and county conventions of the Tammany Hall Democracy, and may remove a district committee or its members for insubordination or other misconduct. This committee issues tickets of admission to Tammany Hall, and these tickets are conclusive evidence of regularity, except as against the Tammany Society itself, which, through its thirteen sachems, has a control of the hall superior to that of the entire general committee. The committee on organization is further carved up into five standing committees of seven members each; namely, on finance, on correspondence, on naturalization, on printing, and on municipal govern-

ment. Usually the leading officers of the general committee, and especially the committee on organization, have also been sachems of the Tammany Society, and quite frequently the Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society is chairman of the committee on organization and of the general committee. These so-called general and district committees are therefore not committees at all in any proper sense, but elective representative councils. In connection with the Tammany Society they supply that union between the perpetual and the temporary, between the secret and the open, between the aristocratic and the popular, and between the calculating and the passionate, which is essential to success. It would be tedious to follow the numerous changes which have taken place in the mode of electing and organizing the general committee. It is sufficient to know that its principle and intent have been the same from 1834 to the present day.

In 1834 the Tammany Hall organization nominated and elected the first mayor ever elected in New York, — Cornelius W. Lawrence, — by a vote of 17,575 for Lawrence to 17,373 for Verplanck. At that time the vote of the city was about equally divided between the Democrats and Whigs; after the lapse of thirty-six years, the Democratic vote had become, and has since steadily continued to be, two-thirds of the entire vote of the city, and Tammany Hall has even at times been able to carry the city when the Democratic vote has been divided between itself and some rival faction. Of these rival factions the most powerful was the Mozart Hall, founded by Fernando Wood in 1859, after he had several times been nominated and elected to the mayoralty by Tammany Hall. In 1857 the contest between the Wood and anti-Wood factions in Tammany Hall had led not only to the election by the Democratic voters of two general committees, each claiming to be the regular Tammany General Committee, but to a fierce and bitter conflict in the Tammany Society between the Wood and anti-Wood tickets for sachems. Wood was finally beaten in his efforts to control Tammany Hall, but he almost instantly brought the Mozart Hall organization to such a degree of maturity and power that, in 1859, it re-elected him mayor against both the Tammany Hall and Republican tickets. Wood was probably the most generous distributor of patronage — or, in other words, the most energetic corruptionist — Tammany Hall ever knew, until it came under the control of Tweed. Mozart Hall, being founded on the ambition of an individual, passed away in a few years, as Wood was otherwise gratified. The McKeon Democracy, Irving Hall Democracy, Apollo Hall

Democracy, like the Citizens' Association and Council of Municipal Reform, all represent rival elements, none of which have manifested that continuity and vitality which Tammany Hall derives from the influence of the secret Tammany Society, and from the perfection of its committees.

While the period from 1834 to 1865 was not marked by an unfeigned spotlessness on the part of the Tammany Hall leaders, still their financiering was adroit rather than flagrant. For instance, the story was told of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, that while corporation attorney, being in need of a campaign fund, he caused reports to be made by the police on a given night throughout the city of all persons who were violating the ordinances by making an improper disposition of their ash-barrels and garbage. The next day six thousand suits were begun for the penalty; and on the next the policemen suggested to the defendants that they could settle by paying \$10 each. Thus the \$60,000 campaign fund was raised, and the country was again "regenerated and disenthralled" from the perils of Whig treason and strategy. On the whole, however, this period of Tammany Hall, distinguished by the ascendancy of such men as Lorenzo B. Shephard, Robert J. Dillon, Augustus Schell, John McKeon, Francis B. Cutting, Charles P. Daly, Daniel E. Sickles, Fernando Wood, James T. Brady, Ulysses D. French, John A. Dix, C. C. Childs, John Cochrane, E. B. Hart, George H. Purser, Greene C. Bronson, Smith Ely, Jr., C. Godfrey Gunther, John J. Cisco, Michael Ulshoeffer, Isaac V. Vowler, Charles P. Clinch, Elijah H. Purdy, Mordecai M. Noah, and Isaiah Rynders, and the like, was one of continued and steady increase of power, without any marked forfeiture of public respect.

In the mayoralty contest of 1859 Fernando Wood, as the candidate of Mozart Hall, polled 29,940 votes; Havemeyer, the candidate of Tammany, polled 26,918; and Opdyke, the Republican candidate, 21,417. By this date, therefore, it was evident that the Democrats held five-sevenths of the vote of the city, and that the real strife for the government lay between Mozart Hall and Tammany Hall. In 1861 the vote between Wood (Mozart) and Gunther (Tammany) was so close as to give the mayoralty to Opdyke (Republican) by a small plurality. In 1863 a considerable part of the Mozart faction went over to the new McKeon Democracy, and coalesced with certain reform factions known as the People's and the Citizen's Committees in the nomination of C. Godfrey Gunther, in the hope thereby to

unite the dissatisfied Mozarters, Tammanyites, Germans, and Reformers. Gunther was thus elected over Boole, the Tammany candidate, by a vote of 29,121 for Gunther (McKeon) to 22,597 for Boole (Tammany). Three successive defeats — two in favor of rival Democratic organizations — compelled Tammany Hall to put on an appearance of good behavior so far as the mayoralty was concerned; but meanwhile the mass of the offices of the city had been, during all this period, securely in her grasp. In 1865, by the nomination of Hoffman, who, though closely affiliated with the entire Tweed ring, had the enviable political reputation of being able to handle any quantity of pitch without being defiled, Tammany Hall at last again united all the offices within its control, including the mayoralty, the common council, the board of supervisors, the street, health, markets, police, and educational departments. The vote by which Hoffman was first elected was, Tammany, 32,820; Roberts (Republican), 31,657; Hecker (Mozart), 10,390, and Gunther (McKeon), 6758, — the hostile democratic organizations, thus no longer holding out a prospect of pickings, were near a collapse.

At this period the ruling spirit in Tammany Hall was the munificent and generous William M. Tweed, then in control of the street department and chairman of the board of supervisors, ever foremost in the benevolent and genial work of distributing the people's money among as many of the people as he could reach. He sent wood, coal, and bread to the poor of his ward, and they repaid him to the last with their votes. He feasted the paupers at Randall's Island, and the blessings of those who had seldom tasted turkey or champagne were poured upon him. He replenished the furniture of the engine-houses for the "b'hoys," and took care that no Democrat who served his country faithfully at the polls on election day should ever pine in filthy dungeons for lack of "straw" bail. Had he been a close and philosophic student of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, he could not have understood more thoroughly that when universal suffrage had placed the control of a great city in the hands of its paupers, a true and sagacious statesmanship would consist in stealing from the rich the means with which to feed the poor. Throughout all his princely career of lavish generosity — though those to whom he distributed the public money were numbered by tens of thousands, and though they included public charities, pimps, officials, strikers, gamblers, fancy-women, and "legislators of the most unimpeachable integrity" — we have never heard of but one donation from him being returned. A Methodist church, to which he had given \$200, allowed

its virtue to get so much the better of its politeness as to decline to receive "stolen" money. When Tweed was afterward made to suffer long in a felon's cell, he was made a scape-goat, though in fact he was only a representative city statesman, the fair outgrowth of our system. The period was that immediately following the war, when prices were still inflated, and fortunes were being rapidly and often wickedly made in all departments of business. Oakes Ames was peddling his stock in *Crédit Mobilier* among congressmen; plethoric statesmen, gorged with the profits of office, were "doing the fair thing" all around toward their brothers-in-law, nephews, and nieces; and, before the period of the great corruptions of Tammany Hall—from 1865 to 1872—had ended, the country had witnessed without shrinking the spectacle of a military President stopping the sales of gold at the sub-treasury in New York in order that his brother-in-law might make \$150,000 in four days out of the rise on a loan of \$5,000,000 in gold, opportunely made to him by Gould and Fisk two days previously to this presidential order. Political reputations in both parties and in all sections of the country were shattered during this period; corruption was not only contagious, it was epidemic.

The leading features of the New York epoch of corruption are fresh in all minds. Nothing could repay their repetition *ad nauseam* save the deriving from them a clearer apprehension of their ultimate causes, a truer philosophy of their nature, and a better means of preventing their continued recurrence than could otherwise be had. Corruption is not an original cause of anything. It is an effect, the product of many causes. It is an index which shows that society is so organized that shrewd men, seeking to promote their ambitions, can reap a larger net profit by plunder and robbery than by honest service. Corruption, therefore, instead of being a breaking out of innate depravity, is a useful, intelligible, and in a certain sense desirable result of some fault in the social or political organization. Its first consequence is to induce the prosperity of the corrupt. Its second is to arouse the indignation of society. Its third should be to indicate the method of its cure.

Fortunes were made by the Sweeneys and the Tweeds out of the widening of Broadway from 34th to 59th Streets. Why not? They had the "points" in advance. Their immediate nominees, Cardozo and Barnard, had the appointment of the commissioners to assess damages and benefits from the improvement. What wonder if the lots which Peter B. Sweeney, Hugh Smith, and others of the ring bought on the line of the improvement were awarded the highest pos-

sible damages, and were deemed to have sustained the lowest possible benefits? Such corruption is generic. It exists wherever there is the opportunity to make a profit out of the change of values.

The Transcript Printing and Publishing Company, in which Tweed was a part-owner, started as a feeble paper, on \$250 capital, for the publication of legal advertisements. The common council, in 1863, ordered it to publish, as an advertisement, the names of all persons liable to be drafted, amounting to 53,000 in number. Thirty-five copies of this remarkable advertisement were printed and a large edition was paid for. This was a steal. But similar steals occur at every State capital, every winter, in the publication of the State laws, and are understood to be modes of paying party newspapers for party services out of the State treasury. In 1869 and 1870 the Transcript Company drew some \$3,000,000 out of the city treasury, and different sums were disbursed among all the city newspapers to keep them quiet. A writer on one of the leading Republican dailies of New York during those years was asked by the editor-in-chief to make suggestions concerning the policy to be pursued by the paper during the ensuing year. He made certain suggestions looking to the overthrow of the power of the Tweed ring. He was answered that the daily in question had received upwards of \$90,000 worth of advertising from Tammany Hall during the previous year, and therefore was not at liberty to preach that kind of truth at that time.

The court house, Tweed's own pet, was stipulated to cost only \$250,000 and did cost \$10,000,000. Tweed furnished the marble from a quarry purchased for the purpose, getting four or five times its worth; the carpenter work, on a building entirely of stone and iron, was farmed out through the hands of persons who were not carpenters, and finally reached nearly \$1,500,000; the contracts for carpets were let to a *protégé* of Tweed who had never made or sold a carpet; the safes were purchased in such numbers for the city hall that many went to members of the ring for their private use; the furnishing of the court house exceeded \$3,000,000; and even where contracts were not granted in the first instance to Tweed's friends, — as in the case of Garvey, for frescoing, — Tweed was able to exact a blackmail of fifteen per cent as the condition of getting the bill audited and paid. And when we consider that Tweed could hardly have made more than \$4,000,000 net out of the court house, and that his entire fortune derived from politics in the course of fifteen years in offices which paid no salaries or very small ones amounted at one time to \$20,000,000, one can readily conceive how generously he must have divided with

others in order to be allowed to retain so large a share of plunder himself. Did he not take care that \$19,000 worth of work done on Comptroller Connolly's residence and stables by Garvey and other contractors should be paid for out of the city treasury, as well as the work on his own residence on Fifth Avenue, and on his country residence at Greenwich, and the frescoing of Barnard's residence? And did not Barnard, in return, see to it that the printing of the Erie Railway, which he justly controlled in his own right as superintendent of the Injunction Mill with which Erie fought her enemies, went to Tweed's Transcript Printing and Publishing Company? Connolly and Harry Genet, in return for various modes of service to the ring, were permitted to plunder the markets, — for instance to collect from them \$40,000 for re-roofing them, to collect a like amount from the city, and then to postpone indefinitely the repair; to collect from the stand-holders \$200,000 for the privilege of rebuilding and transferring their stands, and as often as a levy of money was needed, to eject some innocent stand-holder and sell his stand to a new man. Sweeney, as city chamberlain, was permitted to draw \$42,000 a year for signing a single check for the State taxes collected in the city, besides such occasional "plums" as the fee of \$150,000 to which Barnard helped him by making him for a few hours receiver of the Erie Railway, an office wholly without duties.

The one principle which pervaded all these transactions, closing with and including the passage of Tweed's new charter in 1870, by which the control of the city was to be handed over to Tweed, Sweeney, Hall, and Connolly, was mutual and unlimited generosity in the exercise of official discretion in favor of one's friends.

In no branch of the city government, of Tammany Hall, or of any of the political organizations, were the 15,000 or 20,000 tax-payers of the city represented, as tax-payers, but only as units or heads; and so it is still.

By a coalition of Tammany politicians seeking a new deal, like Sheriff O'Brien, John Kelly, S. J. Tilden, John Morrissey, John Fox, Creamer, Morton, Cooper, Hewett, and including even such fossils of Tammany corruption as Cardozo, with the relics of the outer Democratic organizations, the old Tweed ring was overthrown in 1872 by the new Kelly ring. But no change has yet taken place in the fundamental characteristics which have made Tammany Hall successful and compelled it to be corrupt. These are the same to-day as when the like elements attracted the attention of Webster and Calhoun forty years ago. A city government created out of the votes of non-tax-

payers, as that of New York essentially is, must be, according to Calhoun, an unlimited despotism, and, by a just paraphrase of Webster, a systematic robbery.

Whence is to come the cure for these evils? Not by good men attending the primaries under the present system; for good men, in the only sense worth regarding the term, means in this connection tax-payers, for they are the only persons who have interests opposed to the tax-consumers; and if the good men should all turn out, both at the primaries and at the polls, they would be out-numbered eight to one! Not by breaking down Tammany Hall; for Tammany Hall only nominates the class of politicians who, under the existing suffrage system, will win most votes, — and that is exactly what it is constituted for. Any other nominating machine will use the same means to the same end. Not by repealing the charter and governing the city at Albany; for Tammany Hall reaches out its arms and governs Albany when necessary. Not by a change of men; for any other set of men subjected to the same political conditions will act in the same way. If there is not such a sense of the evils inseparable from universal suffrage in great cities as to induce the people of the States in which these cities are situated to create in them a double suffrage, whereby persons shall be represented, as now, in one branch of the city government, and property shall be represented in the other branch, — thus giving the tax-payers an effective check on the action of the tax-spenders, — we do not believe the resources of statesmanship are adequate to make democratic government in cities a success.

It may be said that this plan would not be democratic, but aristocratic. Yet it has never been thought aristocratic that in financial and business corporations the shareholders vote according to the number of their shares instead of *per capita*; and a city is largely a business and financial corporation. How long would our railways be honestly administered if expenditures could be made and patronage distributed according to the “universal manhood suffrage” method, wherein the votes of brakemen, switch-tenders, and all employés, conductors, officers, and passengers would weigh equally with the votes of shareholders in the road? So far as the city is a subdivision of the State government, and is occupied with preserving the peace and preventing the breaking of heads, it is a police institution; and it is proper that the “heads” whose entirety is the subject of solicitude should be represented. One house of the city legislature is ample for the protection of those who have only their heads to be protected. But so far as a city, for the promotion of commerce, surrounds itself by

docks, wharves, and piers; dissects its whole extent with paved, lighted, and sewered streets and avenues; fills vast blocks with markets of which it is the landlord; buys and equips expensive engines for protection against fire; authorizes railways, omnibuses, drays, and carts to make special uses of its thoroughfares; builds attractive parks for promoting the public health and the general pleasure; organizes a costly school system which provides for the education of all youth through the services of thousands of teachers; erects or patronizes asylums, hospitals, and public charities of whatever kind, — in all these aspects of its manifold life a great city is more than a mere subdivision of the police power of the State. It is an immense communistic, financial, and business corporation, which holds every man's property in its hands, and may control or destroy value at its will. Does it need argument to show that these property-holders ought to have a distinct defensive power in the government?

Without much doubt, though no census is taken of the number of tax-payers, the majority of the voters in every State are tax-payers; while in cities only from a fifth to a tenth of the voters are so. Of course we refer to the State, county, and city taxes, of all of which the incidence is not transferable. They are borne by the party who pays them, and no person is a tax-payer by indirection, or unless a bill for taxes is presented to him for payment. A union of the tax-payers of the State in any policy, therefore, would result in its success. They can be represented by sheer strength if they demand it.

But it may be asked, Would the representation of capital in either branch of the State and city legislatures do away with the nominating system or with Tammany Hall? It would not. Tammany Hall would, in the first instance, have two tickets to run for the common council where now it has one. It would make nominations for seats in the upper branch of the city council as judiciously designed to catch the tax-payers as its past and present nominations have been designed to catch the non-tax-payers. We should suddenly see Tammany Hall nominating for this branch men who have not in the present condition of affairs either the will or the opportunity to concern themselves in city politics. The machine will adapt itself to the interest to be served. But if the party to be robbed sits in one end of the city hall, while the robbers gather in the other, there will be less robbery done than when, as now, the robbers occupy both ends of the city hall, and the tax-payers are disarmed and at home. The evils of our nominating system would at least be mitigated.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

- I. Gordon's Campaign of the Army of Virginia.
- II. James's Hawthorne.
- III. "His Majesty Myself."
- IV. Kelley's Letters from Europe.
- V. Besant's Admiral Coligny; Conder's Judas Maccabæus.

I.

GENERAL GORDON has written what is, upon the whole, a very readable book.¹ It is a great improvement upon what he has written before. The chief objection to it is its length. He has filled nearly five hundred large pages with an account of operations carried on for about three weeks by Lee's army against Pope's army of Virginia and part of the army of the Potomac. Wars are too common now-a-days for accounts of them to bear such expansion. In the last thirty years there have been the Crimean war, the Italian war, our own war of Secession, the Seven Weeks' war of 1866, the Franco-Prussian and the Russo-Turkish wars, and such less and yet considerable affairs as the Indian mutiny, the Danish war, the French invasion of Mexico, and the Abyssinian, Ashantee, Zulu, Afghan, and Carlist wars. Thus recent military history is almost without limit in quantity, and no one but a consummate master of the art of writing can be pardoned for being voluminous. Monographs by competent men are valuable, and to be valuable they must be full; but even in these things there is or should be a *modus*, and their author should recognize the fact that there are *certi fines* which he ought not to overpass.

It is hardly too much to say that this book is too large by half. A great part of it is made up of denunciation of General Pope; and who was and who is General Pope? He was and is an officer of the regular army. For a few weeks in 1862 he commanded the Union forces in front of Washington. He made himself ridiculous by certain proclamations which he then issued, and he was badly beaten by

¹ History of the Campaign of the Army of Virginia, under John Pope, Brigadier-General U. S. A., late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria, 1862. By George H. Gordon. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. 1880.

Jackson and Lee. He is now the sixth among the eleven general officers of our army of twenty-five thousand men. But for the death of our great soldiers Meade, Thomas, and McPherson, the resignation of Grant, the death of Halleck, and the disappearance from the army of McClellan, Rosecrans, and Cooke, it would seem that he would now be only a colonel, — the more so that both Hancock and Schofield have been promoted over his head. He is not a conspicuous person now, and he is not likely to have a place in history. He is not important enough to be the object of an attack at once so furious and so sustained.

The events which this volume describes were, for a long time, imperfectly understood. Pope was beaten in every form by Lee and Jackson; they were too much for him in every way; they deceived him completely; they turned his flank and got in his rear when he was expecting an attack in front; they divided their forces by long intervals of time and space, and yet so managed their affairs that he derived no advantage from getting between their wings; and finally they beat him in the open field, and drove his superior forces back to the protection of the works about Washington. He endeavored to account for his failure by assuming that he had "to confront with a small army vastly superior forces," and by accusing many of the officers of the army of the Potomac of lukewarmness or "unsoldierly and dangerous conduct." Porter was the object of his most vehement attack, and was eventually selected as the scape-goat. Porter was known to be a friend of McClellan, and McClellan, falling more and more into disfavor, was relieved of his command on the seventh of November, 1862. The country felt sore. We had been at war for eighteen months, and there had been little but disaster in the East. Disappointment made men's minds unreasonable, suspicious, and credulous. Nothing was too much for the belief of angry men, even in the army. The best officers did not escape. The story was current in the Second Corps, as it moved out to Fairfax Court House at the end of August, that Sigel had shot McDowell for open treason in presence of the enemy; and the story was believed by many. The failure of Lee's Maryland campaign had done something to cheer the public mind, but not enough to assure the reign of reason and impartiality. A general court-martial was convened for the trial of General Porter under special orders dated November 25, 1862. The horrors of the wasteful attack at Fredericksburg were fresh when the findings of the court were published. The time was opportune for the accuser,

inopportune for the accused. By general orders from the Adjutant-General's office dated January 22, 1863, it was announced to the army and to the country that Fitz-John Porter had been cashiered and dismissed from the service, and forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States, for disobedience to the lawful orders of his superior officer,—that is to say, General Pope,—and for shameful conduct in the presence of the enemy.

General Pope's Report of his operations in Virginia was published not long after. The date was five days later than the date of the general order we have cited. It was an ingenious and plausible paper. It reads so well that even now, with the fuller knowledge of later days, one must read it warily not to be misled by it. It was vehement, almost ferocious, in its denunciation of Porter. These two misfortunes,—namely, the finding of the court-martial and the official Report of his commanding officer,—were very fatal to the reputation of Porter, and very misleading in their influence upon the public mind. There were some who doubted the justice of the sentence from the first; some who were scandalized by Judge Holt's partisan review of the case; more, perhaps, who were scandalized by the speedy promotion of several not very noteworthy members of the court: but the disappointed and sorrowing nation thought that somebody must be to blame, and the finding of the court-martial gave them the right to declare that Porter was the man, and the Report of Pope was directly to the same effect. With the injustice of grief and indignation the people accepted this as truth. To find that it was not, or to determine whether it was or not, required patient study and the use of much material which was not then accessible. The interests of our war were so tremendous, the public mind was so much occupied with the events of the moment, that it would not linger with attention over the events of the past; and as Chancellorsville succeeded to Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg and Vicksburg to Chancellorsville, the memory of the second Bull Run ceased to be fresh, and only a languid interest was felt in the question whether Pope's failure was really owing to the criminal action or inaction of Porter.

Soon after the war ended, Mr. Swinton obtained access to more or less Confederate material; and in his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," published in 1866, he used some of this in a way to throw much doubt upon the theory of Porter's guilt. Porter himself has

been untiring in his efforts to have a new hearing. Pope has done his best to hinder him, but Porter has at last succeeded; and the Report of the Board of Officers in the case of Fitz John Porter, dated March 19, 1879, is one of the most triumphant vindications of a convicted man that history can furnish. This is recent news, and it may be presumed that every one who takes any interest in the question of Porter's guilt or innocence is familiar with it. This, too, is in a measure official and authoritative, and there is therefore no need of swelling to inconvenient size and cost an otherwise acceptable book by fighting in it the battle of Pope against Porter over again. But it is the misfortune of General Gordon that he holds the pen of a ready though not of a practised writer, and that the blood flies to his head whenever he meets the names of Pope or Halleck, Banks or Milroy. A thing repeated ten times does not please; force may become feebleness by iteration. These are truths which he does not appreciate. His industry, his personal familiarity with campaigning, his sympathy with the right, and his fearlessness make him a valuable writer on military subjects; but he is an intense partisan, and he delivers altogether too many blows in the same place.

Want of space compels us to leave unsaid much more that we should like to say. The author has his faults, among which prolixity, a tendency to sarcasm, to denunciation, and to argument where statement is sufficient, and a frequent want of clearness when he describes opposing forces in actual contact, are conspicuous; but his spirit is good, his industry is untiring, and his book is, in our judgment, both interesting and valuable.

II.

MR. JAMES'S volume¹ in the "English Men of Letters Series" is certainly a readable and interesting book. Of its charm of style and manner we can be assured beforehand, from our knowledge of the graceful habit of Mr. James's pen, and we should all feel peculiar interest in the book from the fact that the writer, from his own experience and from the absorption of the older traditions, has had so good an opportunity to know the land in which Hawthorne lived, and the circumstances which combined to affect the great romancer's singular genius.

Of Hawthorne's life there was but little to tell. It is hard to describe another man's solitude at great length, and Hawthorne's soli-

¹ Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. *English Men of Letters*. London: Macmillan & Co., 1879. New York: Harper & Bros., 1880.

tude was almost unbroken. He carried his loneliness with him to different parts of Massachusetts and across the ocean ; but, as we all know, with scarcely any break of its monotony. What few incidents there are to narrate are set forth at their proper length in this essay. It is not however the collection of facts about Hawthorne which distinguishes this volume (that work had already been done by Mr. Lathrop), but rather the attempt to set them in their proper relations. In this respect, the book is certainly noteworthy. The discussion it causes cannot fail to be of service. Hawthorne's position as a novelist is pretty definitely fixed. To be sure, he suffers from having a few irrepressible idolaters, but the amount of harm which they might do is lessened by the general admiration that he receives from those who are not ignorant of his limitations. At any rate, Hawthorne is well known, and his good qualities are already so fully appreciated that Mr. James does not teach us anything new in the amount of our regard for Hawthorne, but he makes very clear to us the essential quality of the romancer's genius, and, without in any way belittling him, of his shortcomings. The proper performance of this task is of course the sole duty of the critic, and he certainly could not command respect if he were to begin by denying the existence of shortcomings.

For the accomplishment of his delicate task Mr. James is well fitted. His American birth and training combine with his knowledge of European ways of thought in making him a judge who knows all the evidence and can weigh it fairly. What he has done here with especial skill is to give his readers a definite comprehension of the surroundings amid which Hawthorne grew up ; and by the surroundings is meant not merely statistical information about the various places in which the novelist lived, but rather the modes of thought, the meagre culture, the apparently barren society of those early days when Hawthorne's loneliness was relieved only by the visions which inspired his tales. We find in this book a certain period of New England life judged in no unfriendly spirit by a man who looks upon it with as much impartiality as he would, for instance, look upon any period of French history. Mr. James's residence abroad gives him a perspective, and for once we can see how our grandfathers, and even their remote kin, strike intelligent outsiders.

To our thinking, Mr. James has done his work with great skill. His irony, so far as it appears at all, is of the gentlest kind. What he has to say about the Brook Farm adventure and Transcendentalism — the reader can hardly fail to recall the passage — is said with a deli-

cate touch, without full sympathy to be sure, but yet without flippancy, and with kindly appreciation and just perception. Is it not fair, too, to gird at Hawthorne's visitor, who told him that Margaret Fuller had "risen perceptibly into a higher state since their last meeting"? Mr. James says, "There is probably a great deal of Concord five-and-thirty years ago in that little sentence!" Certainly, tolerance is not one of the fruits of Transcendentalism if such remarks are to be decried as blasphemy.

Some of those who have condemned Mr. James for this volume accuse him of lack of patriotism in criticising New England, and denounce him as a renegade American because he lives in London. May it not be fair to ask why New England alone, of all places in the world, is to be exempt from criticism? The Transcendental movement, like every other important movement of thought, has to be judged on its own merits, and its value will not be more surely established by calling an American who writes about it unpatriotic. Literary criticism has other things to do than to be patriotic, if by patriotism is meant the determination to praise every way of thinking because it has been the way of some Americans. Moreover, the use of this form of argument, in disproof of the accusation of provincialism, may in time appear unwise.

The really important question is this: Has Mr. James drawn a sufficiently accurate and sympathetic picture of the near past which he has so cleverly described, to enable us to comprehend it with its merits as well as its deficiencies? In this part of his task many will feel that he has failed. They will be pained at this book, which contains what is really the first serious criticism that Transcendentalism has received. It has withstood sneers and abuse: can it refute the judgment which Mr. James has pronounced with what seems to us to be tempered rigor? Certainly that movement was one of great value to us Americans; but, after all, has it not to be judged by its importance to the general thought of the time? It is only by such comparison that its real worth can be ascertained: and weighed in that balance, with Emerson left out, has the world profited from it to any very marked extent? The sincerity and enthusiasm of its supporters Mr. James nowhere denies: can his estimate of the result of the movement be shown to be unjust? His readers may be vexed that he raises the question, but it is one that must be asked sooner or later, and it is not easy to see how Mr. James's position will be disproved. It certainly cannot be done by abusing him for asking what is the upshot of the whole busi-

ness ; and all the turmoil that his book has caused seems to show that no one is ready with any very strong argument against him.

Mr. James has given us an admirable account of Hawthorne's surroundings, yet some object to his statement that New England was provincial forty years ago. They would have us believe that Mr. James looks with more than British scorn on the literary interest of that day. But does any one, on reflection, suppose that Hawthorne, the greatest among the dead, or that Mr. Emerson, easily the greatest among the living, American writers, — two men who have cast immortal fame upon their country, — are more exalted by being told that they were but the natural products of rich soil, rather than prodigies who gave the lie to what would have seemed like the probable course of events ? As a compliment, which is the more graceful, to say that Hawthorne was only what we had a right to expect, or that he was a great genius who rose far above his surroundings ? As a matter of fact, which statement is the more exact ?

Mr. James has described the intellectual life of the time with great skill, and he has pointed out very clearly the marked differences between our homogeneous society and our brief past and the complex civilization of Europe. He weighs the diverse elements, not for the purpose of illustrating civic virtue or political wisdom, but simply as testing materials for the romancer's background. He is not the only person whose imagination has been more impressed by the abundance of European history and tradition than by our comparatively meagre past. Another American writer has said very much the same thing. Here are his words : —

"No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romantic writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

This writer, and we may presume that he had some knowledge of what he was talking about, was Nathaniel Hawthorne. T. S. P.

III.

"His Majesty Myself"¹ is a story of very unequal merit ; better, certainly, than many of the "No Name" series of which it is an in-

¹ His Majesty Myself. Boston : Roberts Brothers, 1880.

stalment, and which has had a considerable success, owing as much to the enterprise and judicious advertising on the part of the publishers as to the talents of the anonymous authors.

The writer of "His Majesty Myself," we should suppose to be a lady, with very considerable power of describing what she has observed, but no power at all of imagining what she has not observed. The scene of the earlier and better part of the story is laid in a town, not hard to be distinguished, where there is a college and a theological seminary; and a seminary tone, so to speak, pervades the whole book. There are as many sermons described in it as there are battles in the "Iliad," and the characters are largely occupied in preaching these discourses, or in listening to them, or in talking about them. In the college are gathered together three heroes and several minor characters; and in the town dwell the two heroines, sisters, who in due course marry each a hero, leaving the third to run tame about the homes of both. In all these personages are to be found peculiarities which seem to indicate the sex of the writer. The two girls are well studied, as if from living models,—one tender, affectionate, and domestic; the other beautiful, intellectual, ambitious, and heartily detested by the author, as such women often are by other women. The way in which the faults of such a character are exaggerated and its beauties belittled in the story is very feminine. It can hardly be a male mind, either, which has evolved the strange vision of undergraduate life which fills several chapters. The college boys are indeed like what they might be supposed to be by one who had no practical knowledge of the matter; but they are no more like the real animal than they are like Cossacks of the Don. Let the liberally educated reader turn to the chapter entitled "The Midnight Supper," and see whether it reminds him of the manners and customs of his youth. It is only when the young men get into ladies' society that they become lifelike; there indeed they are natural, and the courting part is extremely well done.

In the latter part the *dramatis personæ* (most of them at least) are married and settled in a city. One hero, Thirlmore, the husband of the clever woman, is a successful, sensational preacher; and his career as such, ending in the exhaustion of his powers and the insolvency of his church, is described with some spirit; but the picture of his wife driving him on, as his evil genius, to preach what he does not believe is not so striking as the earlier sketch of her when living at home; nor is it the natural outcome of such a character. Such

women do not, in real life, let their husbands become ministers at all when they are better fitted for something else. The real Thirlmore would have been an active politician, and a successful one, not a transiently brilliant orator. How any man of no special intellectual gifts beyond force of character can be an orator is a question which seems never to have occurred to the author. Here, too, the development of character is unnatural; and it is only one inconsistency the more when the couple are at the end of the story removed into the country, there to vegetate quietly with no wish for anything beyond, — the wife finding peace in a sudden attack of religious sentiment, and the husband not requiring even this aid to content him with the change in his fortunes. The good sister and her worthy husband meantime have poetic justice duly dealt out to them, and become rich and prosperous; but the reader somehow fails to be interested in what was evidently a foregone conclusion throughout the story. Indeed, the whole story is not remarkable in its plot or incidents, but the people are decidedly more interesting than in many novels which it is our fate to meet. With more experience the author may yet produce a better book, — a book good enough not to appear anonymously.

IV.

THE man who in the antiquarian book-store of the future should pick up Mr. Kelley's letters¹ would find them at once amusing and interesting, — amusing by their innocent freshness, and interesting from the light they throw on the psychology of the silver question. Although on various subjects, the letters are sent forth expressly "to shed light on the bi-metallic question;" and we suppose, therefore, that the visit to Bismarck is intended to be the fullest of light. This celebrated visit will go down to our children, in the comic history of the country. Mr. Kelley's sense of his "Iron Pigship" grew amazingly under Prince Bismarck's skilful and diplomatic manipulation. It did not take the Chancellor long to make his visitor believe that he had discovered the inmost secrets of the great man who dictates peace or war to Europe. Although Germany had hitherto scouted silver conferences, our verdant countryman comes to know that Bismarck has already stopped the sales of silver; in fact, that the Prince is slowly becoming a rabid bi-metallist. These facts he finds too

¹ Letters from Europe. By Hon. William D. Kelley. Six Letters written to the "Philadelphia Times" during the Summer of 1879. Porter & Coates. pp. 64.

great for his self-control, and sentiently adds: "The publication of these facts may impair the mysterious value of future formal diplomacy, but is justified by the freedom of the interview, which imposed no restraint upon my pen" (p. 9). The humorous side of his position probably did not occur to him until last fall, when he read Bismarck's "cut direct" to the silver-men on opening the German Parliament. At M. Cernuschi's the writer met Mr. George Walker, our last agent sent to invite Germany and other nations to another monetary conference; but he does not add in any note that Mr. Walker did not even obtain an audience from Bismarck, nor receive even the slightest hint that Germany had ever thought of restoring silver to her coinage. But quite as good as any of this is the publication to the world, in Mr. Kelley's letter, of Dühring's irascibility, and the printing in this pamphlet of a rather peppery letter from Dühring to disprove the charge.

The man who thinks much on silver is sooner or later attacked by what may be termed cerebral cramps. His medullary vibrations, as the materialist would say, refuse to convey any ideas not coming from well-recommended bi-metallic excitations. The average Congressman is peculiarly liable to this disease; and the most striking symptom of it is his ability to see only one side of a question. The assumption of a silver-man is *sui generis*; all other varieties of egotism pale before that which has its origin in bi-metallism. This is most manifest in the confident explanation of the late industrial depression as caused by disuse of silver. Mr. Kelley, for example, traces the depreciation of Belgian real estate in 1873 to "the demonetization of silver," — the fall in the value of silver unfortunately not having happened until 1875. For this kind of logic the literature of the silver question affords numerous precedents. Neither is Mr. Kelley to be trusted as to some very simple facts, nor are the authorities trustworthy with which he has annotated his letters. One of the latter (p. 38) writes about capital like a half-educated boy, when he assures us that by the demonetization of silver there would be a "consequent doubling or quadrupling of the value of their own capital." As if capital consisted wholly of money, and not of other articles of value! Even the better class of bi-metallists make a one-sided use of the "gold-famine" argument, and of the increased burden of our national debts caused by a rise in the value of that in which the debts are computed, or, what is the same thing, a fall of prices while our indebtedness remains the same. General Walker is brought forward to say (p. 19) that "suffo-

cation, strangulation, are words hardly too strong to express the agony of the industrial body when embraced in the fatal coils of a contracting money supply!" All this is based on the assumption that the actual coin supply, irrespective of credit devices, regulates prices, or the relation between goods and that which is offered for them. It entirely overlooks the fact that the modern business world has made wonderful progress in extending devices, like the system of cheques and clearing houses, for economizing the use of coin. A governor of the Bank of England has said (Hankey, p. 9): "Banking expedients in all civilized countries, and especially in our own, have increased so enormously during the last twenty or thirty years that it is difficult to say how much they may not supply the place of actual cash or bank notes;" and gives an instance (p. 64) of transactions to the amount of £1,900,000,000 in 1857, which were effected without the use of a single bank note or sovereign, — and this a sum nearly three times the whole of our national debt. Mr. Kelley (p. 9) calls in Mr. Seyd to show "that the increase of 40 per cent in metallic money from 1848 to 1870 was accompanied by an increase of 300 per cent in commerce." But Mr. Seyd does not explain Mr. Jevons's deduction for about the same period, by which the latter proved that the purchasing power of gold fell 15 per cent, — or that prices rose, even when this enormous increase of commerce was taking place, without "strangulation." To look at both sides of a question is more often the habit of mind of *doctrinaires* (p. 64) — or those who study the experience of all men and times — than of the practical men who take pride in confining themselves to the limits of their own personal experience.

IV.

THE publication in Germany of a series of biographies, under the title, "Der Neue Plutarch," is presumably the cause of a similar publication in England bearing the same title. Of these English biographies the first two have been reprinted by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Their subjects are Gaspard de Coligny and Judas Maccabæus, — the former being the work of Mr. Walter Besant, and the latter of Mr. C. R. Conder.¹

A more grateful subject for the biographer than the Admiral Coligny can hardly be imagined; a man who, during a long series of

¹ Gaspard de Coligny. By Walter Besant, M.A. — Judas Maccabæus and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Conder, R.E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

years, stood at the head of one of the great French parties; a man of unspotted life in the midst of a corrupt court, and of endless resources in an exhausted country. That he was so great a man is clear enough to the writer of this sketch. We are told, with sometimes wearisome repetition, of his many and surpassing virtues; but we cannot help finding the narrative on the whole exceedingly disappointing. It begins with a sketch, covering a dozen pages, of the present condition of the insignificant town of Chatillon, the home of the Colignys. Then follows a chapter headed "Boyhood," but containing a sketch of the religious condition of France. Two chapters, containing together fifty out of the whole two hundred and twenty-five pages, are devoted to a detailed account of the Huguenot colonies in America, with only here and there an occasional reference to Coligny as the promoter of these miserable attempts. Only in the last quarter of the book, in the chapters treating of the civil wars, does the central figure become such in reality. These faults seem to come from a desire to write picturesquely, and are perhaps not so much individual as they are the faults of the school to which Mr. Besant belongs. The style is what its writer might perhaps call easy and popular, passing over very often, however, into the flippant and "journalistic." There is a place for such short biographies of great men as are here contemplated; but it should be borne in mind that to write a short book or a short letter well requires more ability of a peculiar kind — the ability to select just the right things to say — than the composition of a folio volume. The motto of such compilers should be the famous answer of Frederic the Great, "Excuse the length of this letter; I have no time to make it shorter."

Altogether different is the impression derived from reading Mr. Conder's sketch of Judas Maccabeus and his work. Comprised necessarily within the same limits, it preserves throughout that balance between the plan and the execution which we missed in the former work. The introduction, seeming at first sight rather long, is indispensable to a clear understanding of the complicated political relations which called Judas to his task, and we are enabled by its means to approach the remarkable career of the man with some adequate conception of the difficulties which awaited him. Scarce ever did a leader of men stand in the midst of a more perplexing net-work of political complications. The crumbling empires of the successors of Alexander in Syria and Egypt, the Phœnician peoples along the coast, and over all the dread shadow of the advancing power of Rome

formed an ever-narrowing circle of hostile forces, of which the centre was this people claiming to be the chosen of God, yet already departed far from the sacred tradition of their fathers. To restore his people, first to themselves and then to the land of their hope and promise, was the task set before the new leader. In this progress Mr. Conder undertakes to follow him ; and we are shown therefore, first, the condition of the Jewish faith divided into the two directions of strict adherence to the tradition of the law and of a leaning toward the culture and spirit of Greece. A national policy was only possible through a restoration of the ancient enthusiasm for the national religion, and it was this religious revival which gave Judas his influence as a political leader. But the people having been thus united, there remained the more difficult work of recovering the sacred soil of Judea. This was accomplished in a series of campaigns, the details of which are given with spirit and accuracy. The writer's point of view here is that of an engineer ; his study of the topography of the country has been scientific and thorough, and with the aid of a better map than he has supplied we are able to appreciate with entire ease the exact physical conditions under which Judas acted.

It is a pleasure to notice in a book of so small compass the evident and successful effort to seize upon just those points which will leave in the reader's mind a clear and adequate picture of the whole movement described. The tone of the work is throughout dignified and scholarly ; the style is easy and as it were picturesque in spite of itself, — after all the only true picturesqueness.

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STUDIES OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.

THE NOËFOURS OF NEW GUINEA.

FROM the equator to the tenth degree of south latitude, lying obliquely from the northwest to the southeast, stretches the island of New Guinea, — said to be the largest island on the globe, and a little more extended in surface than France. It is separated from the continent of Australia only by the Strait of Torres, a hundred and twenty kilometres wide, and but twenty metres deep. Observing that it is sprinkled with islands, the possible *débris* of a mountainous range, which should have united the Cape of York with New Guinea ; observing, moreover, that the flora and fauna of these islands are similar throughout, and unlike those found anywhere else, — the traveller M. d'Albertis expresses the conviction that the two countries, which were one in a comparatively recent geological epoch, will soon be reunited ; not only because the soil, which he says has been for a long time sunk beneath the waves, is beginning to reappear, but also because the corals and polyps are at work, incessantly restricting the domain of the sea, and increasing that of the land.

There are few countries less known than the interior of New Guinea ; there is none toward which the scientific curiosity of our botanists and zoölogists, our anthropologists and ethnologists, is directed with greater zeal. Enough of this country has been seen to show that it is one of the richest, from the standpoint of natural history and the history of primitive man. Thanks to the high mountains which cross it, it enjoys an admirable diversity of climate, all the degrees of the temperate and torrid zones alternating with one another.

Innumerable varieties of humming-birds and most beautiful birds of Paradise are found there. The Ouallah, one of the most magnificent and stately of trees, is the admiration of travellers. Closely resembling our elm,—could we imagine an elm attaining the height of a hundred and eleven metres, and whose trunk should be eighty feet in circumference,—it has brilliant star-flowers, in yellow and scarlet clusters, which exhale a sweet perfume; while its fruit furnishes food for the thousands of birds and monkeys which live in its branches.

For fifteen years daring travellers, belonging to different nations, — Dutch, Italian, Russian, and English, — have vied with each other as to who should penetrate farthest into the interior, and who should bring away the greatest number of zoölogical specimens and the most valuable geographical intelligence. Out of various accounts, we choose that which the Dutch missionary, Van Hasselt, gives us of Noëfour, a small island in Geelvink Bay, a little below the equator, and near the islands of Doreh and Manaswari. He lived there several years, studying the inhabitants, with whom his simple and unpretending descriptions make us acquainted. There is a local legend that fire was invented in that spot. The islanders, as well as the natives of the mainland for some distance, differ notably, we are told, from the mountaineers of Arfak and other New Guineans; so that we must take care not to confound the information given by Mr. Van Hasselt with that furnished by travellers concerning other regions, restricting ourselves to the remark that these Negritos have, on the whole, left upon us a very favorable impression. These savages would not suffer in comparison with the natives of many of our remote districts, nor with the residents in the poor quarters of our large cities. Nor ought we to call the New Guineans savages unconditionally; for, besides hunting and fishing, they devote themselves to agriculture. Every one has heard of their little houses perched on piles, like the ancient lacustrine habitations, thus constituting a species of fortresses which protect their inhabitants from nocturnal surprises. The savage is, *par excellence*, the inhabitant of the wood or of the forest, as the etymology of the word plainly shows. Nascent agriculture is nothing else than nascent civilization: the culture of the soil presupposes that the intelligence also does not remain fallow. There are to be seen in many places fields of rice, yams, maize, beans; plantations of bananas, cocoa-nut, sago, and bread-fruit trees, furnishing food to the inhabitants of populous villages, who keep goats and calves. The people apply themselves to various industries, especially to work in

iron and pottery. Division of labor is already recognized, certain villages giving themselves particularly to this or that manufacture. This division of labor results in a lively commerce, not only in the interior, but also with foreigners. Little European, Malayan, and Chinese vessels load and unload in the ports, importing bright-colored calicoes, knives, guns, pistols, powder, tobacco, and liquors ; exporting camphor, gums, spices, pearls, woods and bark, birds of Paradise, and monkey-skins. It must, however, be acknowledged that in that part of the world it is not always easy to distinguish between pirates and merchants, and that some New Guinean privateers will too often chase and capture the small boats.

Let us return now to the Noëfours, whose social life, in its relations with their beliefs and superstitions, Mr. Van Hasselt describes,¹ with marked predilection. It is seldom that travellers, or even missionaries, have studied this particular subject with so much success. Among the islanders marriages are not made according to the inclination or by the free choice of the young people, but at the wish of their families, who consult their convenience alone when they affiance their children, — most frequently at a very tender age. When the arrangement is completed, the betrothed are forbidden to associate with each other. The etiquette which regulates the affair is very rigorous, and presses heavily upon the little *fiancés*. They are forbidden to look at each other, and it is enjoined upon the young girl so to arrange matters that her future husband cannot see her. When they meet each other on the road, — an accident which cannot fail to occur occasionally, — the girl, who rarely goes out alone, being warned by her companions, is bound to keep herself hidden behind a tree or bushes from the time that her future lord and master comes in sight till he has passed by. It happens often that the two are of the same company, — for instance, when they cross from one island to another in the same boat. Then the childlike and simple courtesy which gives the law in these regions demands that they turn their backs, and look steadfastly in opposite directions. The betrothed must also avoid all contact with the members, both masculine and feminine, of the family into which they are about to enter. From the future father-in-law and the future mother-in-law they must guard themselves as from the plague. One day when Mr. Van Hasselt was in his school, one of the boys suddenly threw himself under the table, where he remained motionless. Not knowing what to think, the frightened teacher was

¹ Zeitschrift für Ethnologie. Berlin : 1876.

rushing to the child, when his comrades called him back. "It is nothing," they said, "only his brother's future mother-in-law is going by!" and then explained to the astonished foreigner that if the boy should so much as look at this expected relative, his brother's *fiancée* would have a child before the marriage. Miraculous power of a look and of sympathy! Are not these brave Noëfours worthy to figure with honor beside the learned doctors of the Vatican, who preach the dogma of the Immaculate Conception? In Germany, when lovers are obliged to separate, they agree to look at the moon at certain hours from their respective places. The Noëfours have an analogous custom. At the first quarter of the moon, the moment when she appears after an impatiently endured absence, they assemble, and each one gazes at her, while all shout together in concert, with joyful cries and sonorous howls. Is it to encourage and fortify the crescent moon? Surely, and still more to strengthen the hearts of their friends who are travelling, and those who are weary, dejected, and in need of aid. All the Noëfours gaze at the moon simultaneously; and all these looks, all these cries, accumulate in her a reservoir of superabundant strength, which is afterward poured out through her beams upon the community, but especially upon those who are sick and feeble. If any one is taken ill, and is going to die, the blame is laid on those women who, they say, have not danced or sung enough to the new moon,—a duty which, it must be said to their credit, they perform most conscientiously. This moon, which takes from one in order to give to another, is still one more application of the wonderful law of sympathy.

But let us return to the betrothals. Marriages in Noëfourian high life are not celebrated without splendor and parade, although their wedding ceremonies are characterized by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted through the village. One woman, having seized her by the legs, carries her on her back; while another binds her arms as though she were a captive, and leads her by a rope to the home of her betrothed. It is a symbol of slavery,—a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class, everywhere conservative of the traditions of the past, has preserved. Marriages among the lower classes are differently conducted. In this case, the procession starts from the house of the bridegroom, who leads a crowd of relatives and friends, each one bearing a present. The procession begins to march at nightfall,—for it must be made

with torches, classical emblem of the hymeneal fires. On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, — indicating that she does not dare to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they are back to back, in the midst of a numerous assembly, the men on one side, the women on the other. Mr. Van Hasselt, who was present at one of these ceremonies, relates that an old sorcerer placed the right hand of the young man in that of the girl (still with their backs turned?), mumbling an incantation, to the purport that no magician should throw a spell over them and that no foe should take their lives, with more good wishes of the like kind, after which a woman took some pap and put it in their mouths three or four times. Then the missionary was entreated to fire his pistol over their heads, — which he did willingly, probably not suspecting that he was lending his aid to a magical operation. At the feast the behavior was dignified, almost stern, the songs and the dances, which this people love passionately, being excluded from it. Evidently the Noëfours are of the same opinion as the sage who said that death and marriage are the two most serious events of life. After the entertainment, the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and keeping her back turned to the door; seeing which, the husband also turns his back upon her. The whole night is spent in this manner. They sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, and without speaking a word. It is a veritable watch on their arms. If they grow sleepy, some one of the assistants, who take turns in doing this service, nudges them with his elbow; if they keep wide awake, the bridal pair are assured of long life and a green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night, in order to repeat the performance the second night, and the third, and even the fourth, without being permitted to relinquish the siege. On the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the young people at last look each other full in the face. That suffices: the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly-wedded pair receive the customary congratulations. Not till the following night do the watchers leave them; and then the husband is bound in honor to slip away before dawn, since his bride cannot be expected yet to endure a second time in broad daylight his terrible look. She will not dare to meet his gaze until after

an interval of four more days and nights. So much modesty would not be suitable for slaves. They throw themselves into each other's arms, and all is done. The wife being the property of her husband, adultery is considered an outrage upon property, and as such is punished by fine. However, this fine is payable to the chief, acting in the name of the state or impersonal justice ; for the offended husband would think himself dishonored if he received the price of his shame, — therein being less civilized than Europeans, who often estimate conjugal infidelity in pounds, shillings, and pence, and who without blushing prosecute the lovers of their wives for damages.

Among the Noëfours, as in many other countries, the young girl is not supposed to have wholly lost her virginity so long as she has no children ; and it is not until after her first confinement that she is gratified by the honorable title of *laitière*. She then loses her maiden name, and receives a new one. Still greatly astonished at the discovery of language, which they consider the highest act of intelligence, primitive peoples do not distinguish clearly between the soul of the individual and his name. The savage who hears himself called trembles in all his being, as if under the charm of the most powerful incantations. It is also unbearable to him to have his name taken *in vain* by some vulgar mouth and in trivial circumstances. The young mother must not only pass through a new baptism, but through a new birth, — a delicate crisis, a moment full of danger, so that during the whole ceremony she must keep herself carefully concealed behind a screen, in order to escape from observation. One malevolent spectator alone could do her irreparable injury. She no longer dares say one word. Certain kinds of food and drink are brought to her surreptitiously, and while she swallows them drums are beaten, — doubtless to scare away a crowd of malicious spirits. She only leaves her hiding-place when her new name has been inaugurated with all the necessary solemnity. Her friends receive her into their circle, and make her walk to and fro, while they wave a piece of blue cotton over her head. But the mother must not go over the threshold until the child, for whom she is bound to preserve all her strength, begins to walk alone. If she tires herself for one day only, it is feared that the child will have weak legs all its life. We know that our own country nurses have some analogous superstitions, and even worse ones. When at last she is permitted to go out, she covers her head with a large hat or a piece of cloth ; for if the sun should shine on her, its too powerful rays might have a fatal effect upon the baby,

and, by transmission, upon its grandfather and maternal uncle. On the day when the child is to be baptized, it is first given a full bath ; then it is carried at the head of a procession, which marches several times around the village fountain ; then it is exposed on a platform in sight of the community, who, by this simple ceremony, adopt it, and make it their own.

When a boy reaches his twelfth year he is promoted to manhood, and receives his name as an adult. Previously he must spend at least one month in an expedition to some distant island. On his return a fête is given in his honor, at which there is no dancing, but plenty of singing and eating. Then he is invested with the *mâr* or *toga virilis*, — a strip of cloth bedizened with fringes, pieces of red, white, and blue cloth, which reveal rather more than they hide, — and a gun is fired two or three times over his head, in order to awaken the fire of manhood in the depths of his being. Women seize him, and lead him from group to group. If he has already had the honor of killing a man, he has the right to place a paroquet's feather in his hair, — one feather for each victim slain by him. As war is the only way of obtaining these coveted distinctions, the Noëfours are enthusiastic over expeditions into hostile territory. Their war is in the usual savage fashion. There are no wise combinations on the strategic board, but snares, ambuscades, hand-to-hand fights, individual combats ; there is no slaughter on a large scale, no civilized wholesale murder, but, on the contrary, slaughter in detail, and thus more appropriate to their rudimentary intelligence. Mr. Van Hasselt justly but severely defines their war to be a series of assassinations. He shows us the Noëfours going into the field daubed with black, — worthy to be taken, by reason of their perfidy and cruelty, for so many devils, — considering it an achievement to murder a young girl going to the fountain for water, or to cut off the head of a playing child. The missionary does not see these things in the same light as the Noëfours, and forgets the customs of hunters. The Noëfour loves to adorn himself with his warlike trophies. He is proud of the skulls which he brings back from his *razzias*, and which he throws against the rocks, making them roll hither and thither in honor of their former possessors. The neighboring mountainous tribes manage this better, says Mr. Van Hasselt : they cut the bodies of their enemies in pieces ; one seizes an arm, another a leg or other part, and then they brandish these miserable remains triumphantly in their furious and disorderly dances, in the midst of the most frightful uproar. The feast is not a true

one, the dance is not worth the trouble, if skulls and mutilated limbs are lacking; and as, in spite of the best intentions, they cannot always be furnished with fresh bodies for each dance, in default of these they disinter bodies by night, and bring jaw-bones and arms with which to enliven their *pirouettes* and their *jettés-battus*. The inhabitants of the plain, happily, replace these material trophies with the honorary decoration of the white feather, to which flowers and leaves are added. The number of yellow leaves which a Noëfour wears about his body shows the number of slave-girls whom he has ravished! Verily, the moralist was quite right who said that the two cardinal passions of mankind are those of murder and love.

In cases of illness, the sick man is the object of the most assiduous care so long as there is any chance of his recovery; but when all hope of saving him is lost, his relatives, friends, and acquaintances come to bid him farewell, "for," they say, "we love him much." The house is crowded with visitors. Around the bed of the dying man it is stifling; the air, thick with smoke, has long since ceased to be endurable to Europeans, but the natives do not seem to be troubled by it. It is a delicate attention to the departing one to testify to the sorrow which his loss causes in the community. It often happens that several days before his death he hears his funeral lamentation sung by mourners, mostly widows, hired for the occasion, and in which his children, friends, and neighbors join, bursting out into groans and plaintive wails. During the actual burial a solemn silence reigns throughout the village; garlands of leaves are fastened here and there to boats, huts, and trees, in order to frighten the soul of the dead away, if it should take a fancy to escape from the prescribed route. The tomb is decorated with various utensils, — such as plates, bags, bottles, bows and arrows, not forgetting a small supply of tobacco, and sometimes a model of a boat.

Before the procession is disbanded, the assistants range themselves about the tomb; each one takes a leaf, bends it in the shape of a spoon, and moves it several times, as if emptying its contents on the head, while mumbling words to charm away the spirit, and prevent it from coming back to haunt the living. The grave-diggers do not dare to return home until they have bathed. As for slaves, no funeral honors of any kind are rendered to them, — probably because they have no souls, or rather because their souls are powerless to do much harm after death. Stones are hung about their necks, and they are thrown into the sea; sometimes they are buried in a hole; but

as no pains are taken to dig deep for such creatures, it usually happens that pigs root up this carrion, and more than once dogs have carried the legs and arms under the verandahs of the missionary's home, their poison spreading itself through the whole house.

The people often tattoo themselves in honor of the dead, though it is generally the women who resort to this procedure, which is at once an ornamentation and a pious custom. A native was questioned as to the significance of a human figure with which his back was ornamented. "That is my son," was the reply; "my son who is dead, and whom I always carry about with me." Either because artists capable of making sufficiently close likenesses are wanting, or from some other motive, this memorial tattooing usually represents certain objects which the deceased liked to use, — such as a plate, knife, bow and arrows, or a tobacco-box.

It is to be observed that not all the Papuans of New Guinea bury their dead. Several mountainous tribes place them on a scaffolding, at the foot of which they keep a fire burning until the body is thoroughly dried up, after which they preserve the mummy in their homes. They live thus in the society, and even under the very eyes, of their ancestors. Why need we add that they collect in a dripping-pan the blackish fat that flows down from the body and give it to the widow! Under penalty of being strangled, the miserable creature must swallow the infectious liquid. It is easily understood that this kind of extract or quintessence is the very soul of the husband, which the wife receives into her body. In fact, the Noëfours have only one and the same word to designate fog, steam, and the immortal part of their being. Henceforward the soul of the husband, instead of wandering sad and hungry in the forests of brushwood, lost in the mists or chased by the winds, will enjoy a comfortable asylum, blended with the soul of the faithful widow, and will live upon her life. It is not, in the imagination of these primitive people, an intangible substance like the mind, but matter, endowed with all the properties of matter. The idea is simple, sincere, and strong of its kind, and in its greater simplicity readily escapes the objections to which more subtle doctrines give occasion. Whatever may be the motives of piety and lofty philosophy which prevail in its favor, this custom cannot but have its repugnant side; and we can readily believe that among the Motus, other inhabitants of New Guinea, the widows have modified the proceeding. Instead of drinking the humors which flow from the decom-

posing corpse, they restrict themselves to anointing their bodies with the liquid.¹ Elsewhere they do still better. We learn (Picard, "Coutumes et Ceremonies Religieuses," ix. 14) that His Majesty of Monomotapa possesses a charnel-house, in which he collects the bodies of criminals, and of others who, for any reason, have forfeited their lives. The juices which leave these bodies during decomposition are received in a special vase, and, as if it were Liebig's extract or a concentrated beef-tea, there is distilled therefrom, for the exclusive use of the monarch, an elixir of long life,—a sovereign extract against the evil influences of all sorcerers and malicious magicians. This reminds us that it is not very long since the fat of criminals was sought for in German pharmacies, and especially in Franconia, its effects being thought marvellous in paralysis and chronic rheumatism.²

In the land of the Noëfours widowhood is certainly a state void of delight; but the widower gets off comparatively well. He must shave his head; he must plunge himself into solitude and filthiness corresponding with the violence of his grief; but after ten months he may take off his soiled clothes, bathe, dress himself suitably, and marry again. Painfully different is the lot of the widow. On the third day her hair is cut off; she then bathes in the sea; but in order to go out of her house she must not pass over the door-sill, but must go through a hole in the floor. After her bath, she is forbidden to wash herself again for a long time; she is, in a way, condemned to filthiness, and those skin diseases which result from it. We can believe that she does not much care to show herself in this condition. Moreover, custom prevents her from going out of the house for several months, for she is considered to be haunted by the soul of her dead husband,—a soul jealous and wicked as that of almost all dead persons, which would not fail to throw itself on any one guilty of giving the unfortunate woman too good or too bad a reception. If the shade of the husband possesses the widow much longer than the shade of the wife is attached to the widower, the cause must clearly be sought in the difference between the souls of the two sexes: the spirits masculine being endowed with superior energy and powers of resistance, it takes them longer to dissolve and to evaporate than it does the spirits feminine. The widows of the island of Rhoon muffle their heads in a kind of bag. While elsewhere widows cover themselves with veils and long

¹ Reverend W. Turner on the "Ethnology of the Motus." *Journal of the Anth. Ins.* 1878. 485.

² Armen Sanders Fett. Adolph Wuttke, *Der Deutsche Volksaberglaube.* 190. Berlin. 1869.

trailing robes, it is enjoined upon them to cut off their cotton drawers as high as their knees, and to uncover their bosoms, which are ordinarily carefully hidden,—a new proof that clothing was an ornament before it became a safeguard of virtue, and that modesty, a comparatively modern sentiment, was born of an already refined coquetry.

When the hair begins to grow out again, the widow is not allowed to comb it until it has reached a certain length,—in some countries it must reach again to the shoulders. The term of her mourning then expires; she combs her hair and washes herself, covers up her bosom and legs with a neat robe, and has the right to marry again. If her husband has left a brother without family, he is bound to marry her,—it is the Jewish institution, which we find in so many countries; in default of a brother-in-law, any lover may present himself. The second marriage is not an affair of such great state as the first,—an exorcism suffices. The aspirants go together into the forest where it is thickest and most gloomy; but they do not go mysteriously by themselves. A crowd of married women and widows accompanies them. They halt in a thicket, where their kind friends cut rods and switches, with which they soundly chastise the new couple, thus dismissing the soul of the importunate and jealous husband,—to whom it is not enough to haunt the body which it formerly possessed, for it will seek to profit by the sympathy about to be established between the widow and the new husband to invade his being, certainly not for the purpose of giving him health and courage. The new couple are well slapped and beaten; the hostile soul is perfectly sensible of the blows, but is sulky and obstinate. At last it has to yield, let go its hold, and vacate the place. This is the decisive moment. The widow then quickly takes off the mourning petticoat, throws it upon one of her companions, and dons a new robe which is given her. The mourning dress has placed the widow in communication with her husband; the connection is now sundered,—the dead is divorced; his dismissal has been definitely given; he no longer has access to the widow who has been courageous enough to hold her own against two husbands,—one alive and one in the tomb,—who may thereafter get along with each other as best they can.

But the dress of the widow is not the only means of communication between the world of the dead and that of the living. The ghosts have many ways of making their presence felt. Thus it happens that they shake the houses at night to make the occupants give them some tobacco; but it would be dangerous to present it to them directly, for they might seize you by the hand, and drag you into the tomb with

themselves. There are those who stir up storms, who excite tempests on the sea ; but they can be appeased by gestures of the hand, by spitting on the water, or by throwing into the waves *pinang* or tobacco, — of which, alive or dead, they are passionately fond, and for which they are indebted to European civilization, and even to the missionaries, who have acquired some influence over the natives by making themselves the purveyors of this commodity ; so that the natives call the vessel which the missionaries use *Porte-Tabac*. Generally the dead are hostile and terrible to the living, except to their own family and particular friends, who invoke their aid in important events, — such as danger or sickness, voyages and expeditions of war or of the chase. When they are going fishing, they pray to those spirits for a favorable wind. Numerous are the signs of ill omen by which the spirits refuse the solicited favor to their *protégés*, or turn them from an unlucky enterprise. If the petitioner begins to tremble during or after his prayer, if he sneezes or weeps, if a tree is uprooted by the wind, if a white parouet screams in a certain manner, — these are so many sufficient reasons for delaying his departure till a more favorable time ; and if he has already embarked, he considers himself bound to return to land if he sees a fish leap suddenly out of the water in front of his canoe, or if he meets a dead fish floating on the waves. They make inquiries concerning the future by chewing a mixture of lime, *betel*, and *gambier*, and then spitting it out on the hand : from the form and the direction which the liquid takes they infer, with greater or less certainty, on what day the projected enterprise should be undertaken, and what persons should take part in it. Europeans have analogous customs for reading the future. In a great many families, on the night of St. Sylvester, lead, wax, or tallow is melted, and from their forms in water or on a stone the deaths and the successes or failures of the year to come are foretold. We venture to say that the Noëfours have not one form of superstition of which civilized people have not the equivalent, and that we possess several from which our antipodes of New Guinea are absolutely free. But they can maintain that if their collection of supernatural facts is less varied than ours, on the other hand theirs have a better welcome and are better preserved. Magic, which with us is in its decadence, is in its full glory with them ; and that which they call religion we call nothing but superstition. Thus they have retained in its primitive simplicity the worship of the *penates*, which are thought to inhabit the wooden images representing their persons, and to which prayers are addressed, and of which advice and counsel are asked. Fecundity

is assured by huge sculptures of a suitable character, representing the genius of the household, male and female. The *Rouslam*, or house in which the *ephpes* of the village live until they attain to the rank of a man, is supported on piles, carved into a resemblance of the human form, but in which the organs of generation are exaggerated. Our missionary designates these hideous caricatures — these figures, the objects of the pious veneration of the natives, and which we take for the supreme generating influences, the national gods — as the *eponymes* of the tribe.

New Guinea seems to us one of the countries in which it is most easy to study the worship of the dead, — out of which most, not to say all, religions have issued. There, as elsewhere, spirits have for their principal function to trouble the living. It is they who cause sickness and death, accidents and disturbances of all kinds. One frees himself from them as best he can, by making noise and confusion with gongs or *tifas*. The most powerful and malicious sorcerers are nothing but the incarnation of these damned souls, whose breath engenders the plagues and epidemics which sweep over the country. Mr. Van Hasselt tells us that a sorcerer, suspected of having ravaged a population by bringing small-pox among them, was bound hand and foot, placed in a canoe, pierced with lances, and then thrown into the sea, with stones tied to his feet. The slaves performed this melancholy duty ; for, although it delights freemen to kill no matter whom in their warlike expeditions, it is equally disagreeable to them to slay in the interests of justice.

From the midst of protecting ancestors and evil spirits who torment the living, directly or by the intervention of sorcerers and magicians, very curious figures emerge ; for instance, Manoin with his magic flute, — which Mozart held one instant in his hands, and from which he drew such marvellous strains. Woe to him who, wandering in the solitudes of the forest, hears afar off the sounds of the magic reed ! Willing or unwilling, he is pushed and drawn into the presence of the spirit, who, as soon as he perceives his victim, draws his knife, and nearly cuts off his head. If he only stopped here ! But he sticks the head on again, after having put some little magic pebbles in the wound. The dead instantly returns to life ; but he is no longer himself : he is the property of Manoin, who makes him dance, leap, and jump about to the music of the flute. No matter how tired he is, he must dance and dance forever, until Manoin tires of the amusement. Then at last the unfortunate one is allowed to go away. Exhausted and bruised, he returns home, lies down, languishes, and dies. Over

these forests, where Manoin thus amuses his idle hours, there hangs constantly a veil of thick mist, rising in clouds to the sky. These mists are the home of Narvour and his wife Imguir,—genii which occasionally appear in the branches of the trees, in white and shining figures. Narvour—also called Maouserenn Robena, meaning *our heart*—is a little old man with a very long beard. He resembles the little men of the Northern legends, the brownies, trolls, and kobolds, and especially the Heinzelnännchen. His wife and he are not wholly malicious; they adore children, and always surround themselves with a crowd of them; but it must be added that, in order to have enough, they carry away all that come into their power. In brief, the Germans would say that the good Imguir is a kind of “Dame Berthe,” with her train of children; and that Narvour—who loves pretty boys so much that he kills them—is another “Roi des Aunes.” The Noëfour little boys and girls know that when night comes they must quietly go to bed, and not go out of the house; “for, if they are so naughty as to put their noses out of doors, the little Narvour with the long beard will leap down from his tree, will snap them up, and in a trice baby is thrust into a basket, and carried away into the depths of the forest.” Not only the babies believe this, but their papas and mammas also. When twins are born, it is attributed to Narvour; and when a child dies in infancy, it is not buried, but placed in the branches of some tree for Narvour to take away.

There is not one fragment of Noëfourian legend which Mr. Van Hasselt has accumulated which does not correspond more or less with other fragments of classic and Christian legends. It remains for us to make one final citation, drawn from the myth of Mangoëndi, in which we meet again several of our old acquaintances,—the miraculous conception of the Virgin, regeneration by fire, and even a marked likeness of Bonhomme Misère, of which Pitre has found a Sicilian version, and Champfleury a French version, and which the artist Legros has recently illustrated in a series of engravings, at once masterly and simple. Once upon a time a certain old man lived on an island. He was a beggar, a leper even, always scratching himself, who gained his poor livelihood by making wine from the palm-tree. He had been making and selling wine for a long time, when one day he perceived that some one had drunk all the sap which he had collected in a bamboo. The old man shook his head. The next morning some one had again drunk the liquor. The third night he placed himself on the watch; but the whole night passed without his seeing anything. At length, just at daybreak, the robber appeared. It was no

less than Samfari, the Morning-Star, who, smelling the delicious drink, slipped down from the sky, and was having a treat. The old man seized him by the neck, and desired to be paid. "Don't trouble yourself about that!" answered the Morning Star, and thereupon gave him a magic wand, and told him some wonderful secrets. The old man took the wand, and considered himself paid. Afterwards he saw a beautiful young girl bathing, and threw the fruit of a certain tree into her bosom, without her suspecting whence the blow came. The girl felt an itching sensation in the place where she had been struck, but thought no more about it. However, she became *enciente*, assuring every one that it was not her fault; no one, however, would believe her. In due time a son was born, whom she called Konori, or the magician. Some time after this, at a feast, when the people were dancing, the little Konori saw the old man jumping about, and immediately cried, "Papa!" "It is true!" exclaimed the old man, who then related the adventure, and married the mother of his child. After this, he made a bonfire, and when the flames rose high he threw himself into it. His leprosy was consumed, and when the fire was extinguished he came out, no longer in the form of an old man, but in that of a fresh, handsome youth. He changed his name, and, as he had up to this time been called the Leper, he henceforward named himself Mangöëndi or Lui-même. He became a god; but his compatriots were not willing to recognize him as such, in spite of the benefits which he showered upon them. Becoming tired of their ingratitude, he took his wife and child, embarked in a canoe, and disappeared. No one has seen him since; but he is not dead. Sooner or later he will return with his son, to bring good fortune to the Noëfours, who will then no longer have to work for their living. He will also bring the dead to life again, to take part in the grand banquet which will be given to inaugurate the new reign. Meanwhile, impostors are starting up here and there, declaring themselves to be Konori, — the John the Baptist whom the Messiah of the Noëfours is supposed to have sent to announce his return. They hide behind curtains, and cause a kind of music to be heard. They boast that they can dry up the sea, or make ten steamboats come out of it at once; that they can cause earthquakes by shaking their heads, and change old men into young ones, if they will only consent to be burned. We might find historical parallels of false prophets and their dupes by the hundred. As we advance in the study of the human race, we are surprised to find to what an extent history repeats itself.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.

IN 1834 Samuel Taylor Coleridge died ; and in the following year specimens of his "Table Talk" appeared, under the editorship of his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge. In this work the great writer is represented as relieving his mind upon a word which has been more or less a source of disgust to many inferior men, who have painfully perplexed themselves with the various perversities shown by the users of the English language. "I regret," he says, "to see that vile and barbarous vocable, *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, etc.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America." As if this last sentence were not enough to put the responsibility for the ruin of our tongue where it properly belongs, the editor of the "Table Talk" felt called upon to add the weight of *his* authority also to this denunciation of that diabolical region in which such "vocables" as *talented* originate. "They do ;" he adds in a note, "and I dare say since Mr. Washington Irving's 'Tour on the Prairies,' — the best English upon the whole he has yet written, — we shall have *eventuate* in next year's Annuals."

To settle definitely whether this doleful foreboding in regard to the next year's Annuals was actually realized must be left to those who have made themselves proficient in that department of literature. Nor is it of any importance to the present inquiry that Coleridge was mistaken in his implied supposition that the particular "vocabulary" he censured came originally from America. Equally needless is it to add that the idiom for the past thousand years has undergone a great many such attempts upon it as the formation of passive participial forms from nouns, and has to all outward appearance successfully survived them all. The real matter of interest belonging to the

remarks quoted above is the anxiety manifested as to the future of the English tongue; for it is the exhibition of a very prevalent feeling, which is constantly finding expression in books and periodicals. There seems to be a vague fancy in the minds of many that the language they honor by using is always in need of competent and careful nursing. It must be closely watched over to see that no corrupting influences fall upon it from without, that no hidden malady is sapping its strength within. This anxiety is thought by many to be highly praiseworthy for the noble motive behind it, even when its manifestations exhibit both ignorance and unamiability, as indeed is too often the case, since it usually shows itself in bitter attacks upon some one else for employing words and phrases which, in the eyes of the denouncer, are unnecessary and improper. For if there is any one thing about which the ordinary writer, who has taken our tongue under his protection, feels perfectly satisfied, it is that he himself uses the language in all its primeval purity and splendor,—very much as Adam doubtless used his before the fall,—and that any deviation from the way in which he thinks proper to speak it is not simply a violation of taste, an offence against manners, but reaches almost to the dignity of a crime in morals. It is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to find representatives of this state of mind, though there it is very apt to have a peculiar manifestation. Reprehensible as may be the conduct of his own countrymen in the treatment of their tongue, it is usually only upon an offender dwelling elsewhere that the self-constituted guardian of British speech can fairly be said to delight in spending the full fury of reprobation. If he be a common citizen, his indignation rarely goes further than protestations in the newspapers; but if he be a literary man, he does his fault-finding in a superior sort of way in some review. But in both cases he often shows himself animated by the thought that, while discharging a duty, he is at the same time enabled to gratify a spite. His self-satisfaction is still further strengthened by the consciousness that, by his ringing denunciation of some word or phrase, he has erected himself into a sort of majestic moral bulwark against the dangers which beset the English tongue,—a kind of sea-wall against that raving, roaring tide of linguistic corruption, which, setting in from these barbarous western shores, threatens to drown out his island. Every one who is familiar with certain of the English journals will recognize this character, and likewise the change which is beginning to come over the censor; for of late years his spirit has been much

chastened by the fact that the barbarous words and phrases, supposed to originate with us, will steal, as Coleridge says, into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of his own land. Sad as is the sight of the linguistic corruptions which are constantly springing up here, it is even sadder to remark the rapidity with which they are adopted there. How, indeed, can we sufficiently deplore the existence among Englishmen of that easy virtue which furnishes no adequate resistance to the temptation placed by us in the way of their efforts to express themselves in the pure, unmixed idiom of their mother tongue?

Yet to those who have studied the subject even slightly the assertion will sound neither startling nor novel that very little originality can be claimed for this country, either in corrupting the language or in contributing to it. The absolutely new words and new uses of old words which have sprung up here are comparatively few. The conspicuous feature, indeed, about most of the terms spoken of as Americanisms is that they are not Americanisms at all, — at least in any strict sense. They did not originate in this country; they are not peculiar to this country; and, in some instances, they can hardly be said to be known in this country. The subject itself is so perplexing in its nature, however, that much can be pardoned to those who, in particular cases, have made errors in their statements. Rarely, in any language, is it easy to tell with certainty when, where, and under what circumstances a word, even if it has not long been in existence, came actually into being. In a language like ours, whose literature goes back a thousand years, and whose vocabulary has never been at any period exhaustively collected, the uncertainty is increased tenfold. Nor is this all; for, besides the general difficulty belonging to the task of gaining full and accurate information, there is invariably a special difficulty connected with the person who is making the investigation. All of us are apt to fancy that words strange to us would be strange to any one else situated as we are, or at least that they ought to be so. At any rate, we feel supremely confident that such strange words cannot belong to the language of literature, since of that vocabulary we have the comfortable consciousness that we are the complete masters. Very few men, however, can be considered as possessing, even in an inferior degree, this qualification; though it is essential to him who undertakes to make any successful examination of the peculiarities of dialectic speech. In addition, no one is in a position to decide authoritatively upon the subject of Americanisms to whom the colloquial

speech of all ranks of society, in every part of England and of this country, is not fairly familiar. But such knowledge must always be to some extent imperfect; and in consequence the personal equation becomes in this matter an important element, for which allowance must always be made. It is not often that results entirely satisfactory can be reached; and all statements of fact are liable to revision or modification in the light of new discoveries.

It is an act of justice to emphasize the difficulty of preparing properly a collection of the peculiarities of speech heard in this country. The task is far from being an easy one, though it cannot justly be said that it has ever been made a hard one. Several works have undertaken to furnish lists of Americanisms; but the only one of much value is that prepared by Mr. John Russell Bartlett, the fourth edition of which — a thick octavo of over eight hundred pages — was published at Boston in 1877. This is a most suggestive and interesting work, and no one could wish it any shorter. Yet it is perfectly fair to say that, according to the principles upon which it is compiled, there is no particular reason why the volume should not have consisted of eight thousand pages instead of eight hundred. To one class of words, which the author designedly included, belong English provincialisms adopted into general use in this country. If this purpose had been fully carried out, it would have been a most interesting contribution to lexicography, even if the terms could not strictly come under the title of Americanisms. But no one can look over the contents of this collection without noticing the absence of many words, especially colloquialisms, which, found in the tongue as spoken here, are still in use in the dialects of Great Britain. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these omissions is the adjective *rare* as an epithet applied to half-cooked meat. It is here employed so generally by all classes, whether educated or uneducated, that, as contrasted with *underdone*, the corresponding expression in England, its use may be looked upon under ordinary circumstances as a test of nationality. The word, it may be added, is a purely native one. It is derived directly from the Anglo-Saxon *hrêre*, "raw," "crude;" and like numerous other words, such as "raven," "roof," "ring," in which *r* was originally preceded by an initial *h*, it dropped the aspirate, first in pronunciation, and then in the spelling. *Rare* has never been common in the literary language, though sometimes employed in it; but its use has been widely spread in the dialects of the north of England, and in those of the eastern counties. But no less marked than the sins of

omission are those of commission, — and they are necessarily worse in their nature, because, while the former show want of research, the latter show lack of judgment. In this respect, the last edition is an improvement upon the previous ones, in which words were included because, while found in some American authors, they were not found in Johnson's Dictionary, — a proceeding which evinced a peculiarly lively confidence in the verbal omniscience of English lexicographers. But much still remains to be left out as well as to be put in. Discussions of questions of proper usage, in particular, in which the usage considered has nothing about it peculiar to this country, are grossly out of place in a work which purports to be merely a collection of Americanisms. To the words which have no proper place in such a dictionary must be added a number of those which belong in no dictionary whatever, unless in the most technical of technical lexicons. What an extraordinary conception there must have been of what constitutes an Americanism when in all the previous editions of this work was included the term *metaphenomena*, with the definition of it as denoting "the primordial facts of our being, which, although known by necessity of reason to exist, are not the immediate objects of consciousness"! *Metaphenomena* has now disappeared from this glossary; but we can console ourselves in a measure for the loss by the reflection that, on the authority of this collection, we still use *logicize*, meaning "to reason"! These, to be sure, are aggravated instances of the misapplication of the term Americanism; but others, similar in kind, can be found scattered through this volume, though rarely, if ever, so marked in degree. At the same time, while this work has occasional errors in its statements of facts, while it is sometimes faulty in its definitions, while the plan of it has never been thoroughly considered, while, in short, it contains a great deal to which every one can take exception, on the other hand it contains a very great deal more from which every one can gain both entertainment and instruction. So much notice and criticism of it as have just been given seem to be due to a collection which is practically the sole dictionary of reference in regard to the peculiarities of speech which prevail in this country.

The first question which naturally comes up in the consideration of the whole subject is that concerning the actual differences in the language as used in England and in America. If there are differences, what causes have brought them about? Are there peculiarities belonging to the speech of the one country which are not found in the

speech of the other? And, granting that there are such, are they of any great importance?

At the very outset it can be said that one prominent characteristic of the speech of the mother country, taken as a whole, has never perpetuated itself with us. This is its division into broadly-marked dialects. These, indeed, are beginning to pass away in Great Britain with the general spread of education, which inevitably carries with it the language of literature. Still they exist; and the differences between the popular speech even of adjoining districts are sometimes conspicuous. In this country, on the other hand, there are, properly speaking, no dialects. The peculiarities which distinguish either the pronunciation or the vocabulary of the dwellers in any part of the United States are neither so universal within the limits assigned, nor so strongly marked in their own nature, as to warrant the application to them of that term, — at least, in the sense in which we employ it when describing the corresponding variations from the literary language found in England. What we call the Yankee dialect, for instance, is never the characteristic tongue of any one man, or of any one class, or of any one district. It is nothing more than a laborious collection of the peculiarities which are to be found in various parts of New England; all of which are not to be met with in the speech of any one community, but some of which can be found in the speech of every one. The reason for this state of things it is not hard to see. No emigrants from one particular part of England settled here in a body, bringing with them the linguistic peculiarities of the district from which they came. What did not exist originally could not be transmitted. Moreover, no dialects have sprung up here, because there has never been an opportunity furnished for their birth or development. The general prevalence of education within a limited range might alone have been enough to retard their rise; yet, after all, it can hardly be spoken of as having been the most effective agent in preventing it. An ignorant population is favorable for the growth of a dialect; a stationary one is essential. Peculiarities of speech and of pronunciation must be transmitted from fathers to sons, dwelling for successive generations upon the same soil, and handing down the same ideas with the same ways of speaking them. Nowhere on the globe can conditions be found more unfavorable for the creation or continuation of such a state of society than in this country. Nowhere exists a people so restless, so fond of change for the mere sake of change. The ties which bind us to our early homes are rarely

strong enough to make them our permanent abiding places. Scarcely one of us spends his manhood in the spot where his life as a child was passed ; and the space which separates the cradle from the grave is often as broad as the continent itself. Our late political history has given us a new vocable, as Coleridge would call it, in *carpet-bagger*. It has rarely been employed as a compliment ; yet, without expressing any opinion upon the character or acts of those men for whose designation it was created, it is right to say that there are few citizens of our country to whom the term cannot properly be applied. Every one of us has within himself all those feelings of discontent with what is and of desire for what may be which underlie the meaning of that word, though they are far from including everything that has been fastened upon it. Every American, in fact, stands, carpet-bag in hand, waiting at the station of events, ready to take the first train which comes along, — no matter in what direction it is going, provided it seems to promise to carry him to higher success or happiness. Hither and thither surge the great tides of life in this land ; and a population as restless as the sea-wave never feels, even in its remotest localities, that physical and intellectual stagnation which to the existence of a dialect is the very breath of the nostrils.

But this, after all, is a difference on the outside only, — a difference, moreover, which is sure to disappear entirely with the disappearance of the provincial dialects of England. It is the speech of the educated or partially educated classes in the two countries which alone can fairly be taken as the subject of comparison ; and in that, also, a further distinction must be made between the colloquial and the literary language of each people. It is the former which apparently presents the most marked divergences, and it will therefore be the first to receive consideration. Even here a slight examination will be sufficient to show that the differences are far fewer than is generally supposed.

Certain it is that many and perhaps most of the colloquial expressions, which both here and abroad go under the name of Americanisms, are found also in the colloquial speech of the provincial dialects of England. From there they were brought here. There is little originality, so far as we are concerned, in those odd words and phrases which we hear on every side, those peculiar pronunciations, those linguistic changes of every kind, which amuse if they do not edify. Objects and practices, peculiar to this country, are of course to be excluded from any such statement. It must be admitted,

moreover, that the special difficulty, already mentioned, attends the investigation of this branch of the subject. It is only within the last six years that a society has been organized in England for the express purpose of collecting and preserving the peculiar words, phrases, and pronunciations still existing in its provincial dialects; and not until that work has been fully completed shall we be in a position here to compare the colloquial language of the two countries, and separate in our own speech what is original from what is imported. At present, all assertions must be based upon the scattered labors of independent observers, possessing, it is to be added, in nearly every case, very imperfect qualifications for the task. Still, even with these defective sources of information, the results obtained are somewhat striking. Let us take, for illustration, a solitary volume, — the glossary of words and phrases used in the County of Suffolk, compiled by Edwin Moor, and published in London in 1823. In this one small work, confined to the colloquial speech of a single shire, and embodying that incompletely, will be found much that we have been disposed to consider as peculiarly our own. A rapid glance over its pages will reveal such pronunciations as *'cute* for “acute,” *chaw* for “chew,” *drownded* for “drowned,” *hoss* for “horse,” *gal* for “girl,” *natur* for “nature,” *taters* for “potatoes;” such phrases as *to flop in a chair, to trim one's jacket, to haul over the coals, to ride like blazes, gift of the gab, in a horn, in a jiffy, a tip-top fellow, before you could say Jack Robinson, that's a whopper*; such oaths and exclamations as *by gum, by gosh, darnation, dang it, lawk-a-daisy*; such words as *bobbery* for “disturbance,” *gawky* for “awkward,” *glum* for “gloomy,” *gumption* for “sense,” *hullabaloo* for “clamor,” *obstropolous* for “obstreperous,” *sappy* for “silly,” *scaly* for “shabby,” and *spre*, with its wide varieties of meaning; such contributions to culinary speech as *flap-jacks, apple-fritters*, and, indeed, *saace*, as applied to garden vegetables generally; the same felicitous description of states of mind conveyed by such expressions as *to be in a tantrum, to be in a pucker*; such terms of abuse as *dunderhead, ninnyhammer, nincompoop*, and a whole tribe of vigorous common words denoting personal chastisement, such as *baste, larrup, lather, lick, welt, wallop*, and *whack*; and, in addition to all these, that peculiar qualifying phrase, heard often with us, of *kinder* (*i. e.*, kind of) in the sense of “somewhat,” as, “He is kinder cold.” The list of expressions common to the colloquial speech of the two countries, which is contained in this one work, has by no means been exhausted; but enough has been

quoted to make it clear that we are not so original as many of us are inclined to think. It is to be conceded, to be sure, that the dialect of the East-Anglian counties bears, on the whole, a much closer resemblance to our so-called Yankee dialect than that of any other part of Great Britain. Yet, in spite of this fact, if so small a glossary can furnish so many of our common terms, what will be left us when once a complete collection of the colloquialisms and provincialisms of all England shall have been made?

The colloquial speech of this country has, therefore, little to boast of in the way of originality. In regard to it, moreover, we can make a still further assertion. The colloquial speech of the educated class in America is to some extent archaic, compared with that of the similar class in England. This is due to the operation of certain causes which are well known to students of language. A tongue carried from one land to another, and keeping up no communication with the tongue of the mother country, undergoes what is technically called an arrest of development. The words and phrases and meanings in general use at the time of separation remain fixed in the language which has been transported. On the other hand, changes are constantly taking place in the language which has been left behind. It abandons words and phrases once widely employed; it introduces words and phrases hitherto unknown. In this development the transported speech does not share. It clings to the vocabulary with which it started; and, as regards the terms constituting it, and the meanings given them, it is apt to remain stationary. A development of its own the speech of the colony may have, it is true; but it will be different from the development which characterizes the speech of the mother country. It is inevitable that the language of the former, in contrast with that of the latter, comes to be to a large extent archaic. It is hardly necessary to say that this result cannot follow on any complete scale, unless the separation between the two tongues is itself complete; and that is something which, constantly becoming less possible with the progress of the colonies, has in these latter days become impossible. To a certain extent, however, this agency has been sufficiently at work in the past to give to the speech of the cultivated classes in this country a slightly archaic character, as compared with that of the cultivated classes in England. The main settlements in the United States were made in the former half of the seventeenth century, and some of the words and meanings of that time have been preserved and perpetuated here to the present. The pages of the

Elizabethan dramatists and theological writers abound in expressions which, rarely heard in England, are well known to us. A familiar illustration is our use of the word *mad* in the sense of "angry," a signification not uncommon in Shakspeare and his contemporaries; and similar instances might be greatly multiplied, such as *sick* for "ill," *fall* for "autumn," *platform* for a "declaration of principles." But more powerful than anything else has been the influence of one book. The peculiar character of the early settlers of New England, their distinctly religious training, and consequent familiarity with the Bible, caused its phraseology to enter into the expression of every thought and feeling. Words found in it, which seem to have dropped out of the speech of the mother country, are understood here in all their original clearness, and are employed with all their original force. The effect on the language has survived long after the special reason which brought it about has ceased to exist. It is right to say, however, that any comparison between the tongues of the two people on this point must be attended with uncertainty, the nature of which a single illustration will show. A well-known English scholar, Mr. William Aldis Wright, has published a glossary of the words, phrases, and constructions found in the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, which are obsolete in his country in the sense that they no longer find a place naturally in the ordinary prose-writing of the time. About one sixth of the expressions contained in this work would apparently be used without thought or hesitation by an American author. But in such a comparison the difficulty of arriving at conclusions absolutely certain is very great; for, in making it, the personal equation becomes a factor of conspicuous importance. The problem, moreover, is a double one by its very nature, since it is necessary to take into consideration not only the question of how accurately the English scholar represents the usage of his own country, but also of how accurately the person who makes the comparison comprehends the usage of America. As our means of getting exact knowledge on both points are still scanty, the inferences which are drawn from the facts given must be unsatisfactory, and may be erroneous.

Still, the general statement, that our cultivated speech is to some extent archaic, may be looked upon as true, although it may not always be safe to insist too strongly on individual illustrations. Even in the religious or ecclesiastical phraseology, which is often spoken of as being peculiarly our own creation, there is probably little originality. It

is certainly in many cases a survival from the past ; in others, a reproduction of what has once before had being. Perhaps there is no one usage which is more generally regarded as owing its existence to the religious life of New England than the employment of *fellowship* as a verb ; none, unquestionably, which has been more violently attacked. Language has hardly been denunciatory enough to express the feelings of those who object to it. Mr. Bartlett, in his glossary, has a good deal to say about it. " This barbarism," he remarks, " appears with disgusting frequency in the reports of ecclesiastical conventions, etc., and in the religious newspapers generally." Here, as elsewhere, he displays an ignorance, not altogether creditable to a writer on Language, of what constitutes a barbarism. He uses the term, as do so many, simply to designate any expression to which he has taken a dislike. A barbarism is a formation opposed to the natural idiom of a tongue ; and if there is any one practice in entire consonance with the genius of the English speech, it is that of turning at pleasure any noun into a verb. As a matter of fact, this particular transformation, inelegant and unnecessary as it may seem, is five hundred years old. Chaucer, in his translation of Boëthius, says of Thought, that she " joineth her ways with the sun, and *fellowshipeth* the way of the old, cold Saturn ;" of wicked men, he points out " how great pain *fellowshipeth* and followeth them ;" and speaking of a circle, he mentions the result that takes place when anything " knitteth and *fellowshipeth* himself to that middle point." So, also, *professor*, in the sense of one who has made a public profession of religion, is a usage of the seventeenth century, if in its origin it does not belong to an earlier period. If authority be sought for its employment, the word with this meaning can be found, besides other places, in the greatest of Milton's prose treatises.

J. F. LOUNSBURY.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE question discussed last year in the "Nation," and more recently in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College,¹ as to the expediency of establishing, by the side of the scholarships restricted to indigent students, other scholarships open to rich and poor alike, and awarded upon special examination, is one likely to be raised sooner or later in all American colleges, and which touches a matter of still more general concern, — the principle of subvention or pecuniary assistance in the higher education.

At first sight the matter seems simple enough, and most persons will decide without difficulty in favor of the existing practice. Education is good for everybody, and the more of it the better. Supposing the money provided, and no questions open on that score, there appears to be no way of distributing it so good as that which pious founders have generally chosen; namely, to leave it in the hands of the authorities of the college, to be applied, at their discretion, to the assistance of poor and meritorious students.

There is no occupation or line of life in which the good effects of a sound training in liberal studies will not make themselves felt. The recipient will be the better for it, and the community will be the better. Every one of us is directly interested, not merely in obtaining for himself, but in making accessible to others, the wide outlook and the balance of mind which, as a rule, come only from a considerable period of time spent in the disinterested pursuit of truth. In a democracy especially it is important that the steadying and elevating effects of liberal studies should be as widely spread as possible. In these days, when the influence of passion and prejudice in public affairs is becoming more and more immediate and omnipotent, and the art of wielding these dire forces and directing them to private ends more

¹ See the collection of Reports lately printed, with remarks of President Eliot appended. These reports, we believe, are not published, but from internal evidence we judge them to be addressed partly to the public, and we feel, therefore, no delicacy which should prevent us from citing them.

and more perfected, anything that promises to counteract them receives an entirely new weight and significance.

Here is the real need for our universities. It is not their office in this country to be the nurseries of elegant leisure. It matters little to the nation at large whether our men of leisure give their minds to elegant entertainments and *bric-à-brac*, or to the niceties of Horace and Catullus. The power is not in their hands. It is the workers, the men of business, on whom our fate depends; and our only hope of giving to them, as a body, more public spirit and more rational, considerate habits of mind seems to lie in securing for as many of them as possible, at the outset of active life, some opportunity, such as the colleges afford, of considering things on their merits, without any private bias.

The question for us, then, is how this end can be most securely reached. One way is obvious. Let us make it easy for poor men to enter college and to remain there without too great privation. The rich will come at any rate; let us take care of the poor. They often cannot come without some assistance, and as a rule they will make the best of their time. They come to work, and not because it is the fashion. They stand, and will stand, close to the workers; and their presence here and there throughout all the lines of business will diffuse through the whole community points of resistance to the blind impulses of popular prejudice, — rallying points for concerted action upon deliberately-considered principles. These sentiments are widely spread. They have been acted upon more or less distinctly and consciously ever since our fathers crossed the Atlantic; for they make the foundation of the college and of the whole public-school system. Within the last thirty years one hundred and twelve scholarships have been established by charitable gift at Harvard, with an aggregate income of \$25,000, which is steadily increasing. In his Annual Report for 1877-78, President Eliot gave the results of a careful inquiry into their working, as shown in the after-lives of the recipients, and in the feelings with which they look back upon the aid they received. His conclusion was that these endowments yield a sure and rich return in services rendered to the public. In some remarks appended to the reports made this year to the Overseers by the visiting committees he comes to the same result, the correctness of which we see no reason to doubt.

Our objections to the system may be summed up in a single word: it is a system of patronage. This we know will be denied, and by

those persons whose positions and character give the greatest weight to their opinions. In the report of one of the committees the same criticism was made, and the opinion was expressed, that while it is not desirable to change the existing practice with regard to scholarships already established, — whether restricted by the provisions of their foundation or not, — yet it would be well if other scholarships should be created, which should be open to rich and poor alike, and awarded for merit alone, upon special examination, instead of being discretionary. This, it was thought, might relieve the existing scholarships from some objections which have been felt concerning them. President Eliot earnestly protests against the “unwarranted implication” that the scholarships are now awarded at somebody’s discretion. He then proceeds to say that they are awarded chiefly by the President and the Dean, to persons selected by them from the applicants eligible on the score both of need and desert, strictly according to merit proved by the ordinary examinations; and that the applications are every year much more numerous than the scholarships to be filled. What he is repudiating, then, seems to be the charge of favoritism in the exercise of this discretion. Has anybody made this charge? The committee do not appear to intimate anything of the kind. No one, we are quite sure, who has had the opportunity of forming a judgment on the subject believes that there is any favoritism, or anything but the most careful and judicious exercise of this important trust. We do not believe that such an imputation has ever been hinted. But that the distribution is discretionary is obvious, and indeed makes the ground of President Eliot’s objection to a recommendation of the same committee that the names of beneficiaries be not published. They must be published, he says, for security against injudicious, careless, or fraudulent administration.

It may be said that the assigning of the marks in a competitive examination would be in the same sense discretionary, since they also must be assigned according to somebody’s judgment; so that the committee’s plan would have no advantage in this respect. We do not think, however, that this argument will be pressed by any candid person who knows anything of the subject. If it had any foundation, it would form a most damaging criticism of the whole system of examinations. The exercise of judgment required from a competent examiner in conducting a written examination is of a wholly different kind, and far more automatic and impersonal than that which would be needed in such inquiries as those which would have to be instituted

by the President and the Dean, if the aim were to ascertain what persons in the community are the fittest objects of these benefactions ; that is, if it were what the highest advantage of the public seems to require that it should be.

The difficulties of such an inquiry are obscured by two natural and convenient assumptions ; namely, that mankind may be divided into the two classes of rich and poor ; and that a young man who is neither dull nor indolent, nor devoid of ambition for scholarship, but is in every way well qualified to be the recipient of these bounties, will be sure to show his quality by his place in the rank-lists of the college. In a rough way, both these assumptions no doubt are well founded ; that is to say, there are always plenty of candidates who unite both requisites, — unquestionable poverty and fair standing on the lists. The applications, President Eliot assures us, are every year much more numerous than the scholarships to be filled. And it is still more gratifying to have his assurance that the beneficiaries and the community have been the better for the money ; that the recipients, so far as can be judged, have been happier and more useful men than they would have been without it. It does not follow, however, that it accomplishes all the good it might under another system, nor that, with increase of endowments, it may not hereafter do harm.

In the first place, however eminent may be the qualifications of the distributors under the present system, they must act upon the information they have or can get ; and they have no means of knowing how many young men are deterred from coming to college, or from presenting themselves as candidates for scholarships when they are there, by the doubt whether they can make out a case of poverty clear enough to entitle them, in the judgment of the authorities, to pecuniary assistance. Such, for aught we or anybody else can know, may be the case of persons whom it is of the highest importance to attract. A young man of narrow means, conscious of exceptional abilities, may well hesitate to throw up opportunities of immediate lucrative employment on the doubtful chance of being able to bring himself within the category of men poor enough to be helped. Or, supposing him to have entered college, he may hesitate to give up outside work, such as instruction, or to give up studies or pursuits which he may think likely to bring a speedy return, in order to excel in those prescribed by the college.

It will be replied, perhaps, that these suppositions of ours are imaginary ; that there are no such cases. Be it so ; there has been dog-

matizing enough in this matter, — we do not incline to add any of our own. But then we say, So much the worse! If there are no such cases, then this fact shows that the college does not succeed in tempting able and ambitious men who are outside its walls, or outside the paths that lead to college honors, even to *wish* to come in; for there can be no doubt that there are plenty outside. This, we say, is a misfortune; for, however desirable it may be to extend higher education as widely as possible, it is especially desirable that it should reach the leaders; and no charity of intentions can entirely absolve the college from the charge of failure so long as it does not reach them.

It may be said that we are exaggerating the possible effects of these scholarships; that the aid to be obtained is too insignificant to operate as an inducement, and only serves to alleviate the lot of those whose minds are already made up. We see, however, from the letters in the President's report of last year, that it does operate as an inducement; and how widely it might operate cannot be ascertained from reasoning *a priori*, but only from experiment. Where the scales are evenly balanced, a light weight may turn them. However this may be, President Eliot's assumption that pecuniary prizes which open scholarships would offer would be prizes of pocket-money for the sons of rich men is entirely gratuitous; and his pathetic contrast of this imaginary class of recipients with a class of young men who are striving with all their might against adverse circumstances to obtain a thorough education is equally uncalled for. If the money-value of such a prize be sufficient to tempt persons in comfortable circumstances to compete, for the sake of the money, it is safe to say that the financial temptation would at least be less strongly felt by them than by poorer men; and that, depending upon its influence alone, they generally would be distanced in such a competition, and after a little while they would rarely undertake it. Wanting the chief motive to exert themselves in such a contest, they would not succeed where exertion is necessary. "Being accustomed," as President Eliot says, "to pass easily along a road from which all obstacles have been removed, or to succumb to the enervating influences of wealth," they would give but little trouble to competitors to whom such a struggle is a necessary part of life.

President Eliot seems to think otherwise, though his expressions are not entirely consonant with each other. The committee upon whose report he is commenting appear, he says, to have been infected

by the notion that the college is coddling a set of men who can succeed, perhaps, in a restricted, but not in an open, competition. It would not be strange that they should entertain such a notion, if they believe with him, upon another page, that the well-to-do men, from their better preparation, would often have the advantage in a genuine and hearty competition, — for it seems difficult fully to distinguish between the two propositions. For our own part, in the light of the English experience on this subject, we incline to dissent from this opinion ; and, until the experiment has been tried in this country, we prefer to believe that the apparent foundation for it in the fact that the beneficiaries do not uniformly reach the highest ranks in scholarship, is due to the protection it is supposed to necessitate. We do not believe that a young man, starting with the amount of preparation required by the entrance examination, and urged by the ever-present stimulus of poverty, would often be surpassed in a competition with those who do not feel this stimulus, unless he were deficient either in ability or in character to an extent which must render his college course of doubtful advantage, considering the loss of time and opportunity it involves. It would be spent in getting a feeble grasp of tools which he will be unable to use. No doubt there will be exceptions, and we may be heartily thankful that they are provided for ; but we are speaking of the rule. Peculiar conjunctions of circumstances, such as can be known and estimated only by those having full access to the facts of the particular case and weighing them all together, may make it desirable to interfere with the general laws which govern success in life, in order to give to a young man advantages which he has not earned. Most of our colleges probably have the means of doing this to some extent. We should be glad to see the foundation-schools below the colleges similarly provided. At Harvard the provision is very considerable ; enough to pay nearly a quarter of the tuition fees. We are satisfied that it has been and is productive of a great deal of good, and we have no desire to disturb it.

But those who agree with President Eliot must go much farther than this ; they must maintain, not merely that pecuniary aid restricted to indigent students is a good thing so far as it has gone at Harvard, but that it is desirable to have it extended indefinitely. For he says he is wholly at loss to imagine the grounds of a contrary opinion, or of the apprehension that it may go too far. We are not concerned here with the opinions of the committee ; but the grounds upon which an ordinary observer may feel apprehensive are, that, human nature

being what it is, increase of the endowments of a fund intended for charitable distribution is apt to lead to indiscriminate application,—not necessarily from any fault in the administration, but because students are attracted who, on the whole, might better have stayed away. If any proof of this assertion be needed, it may be found in another report in the same collection,—the report on the Divinity School, in which the following passages occur. We commend them to the attention of our readers, for their general bearing on the whole question of subvention :

Year after year this Report has renewed its confident assertion of the harm done to the School and the profession by indiscriminate aid to students, and the importance of transferring aid from its present form of charity to the equally available form of rewards for special and meritorious results. . . . The fact, again, that a great proportion of theological students are poor is the best of reasons why they should not be tempted. If the entrance to a profession is made easier than a moderate degree of later success in it, the risk of mistaken purposes and short-sighted plans is inevitably great, and severe trials await those of the incompetent who have no other resources. If, finally, the students of our School are, as a rule, exceptionally trustworthy and promising, then the offer of substantial reward for meritorious results would supply the same assistance on far more satisfactory terms.

Now it is not to be supposed that these benefactions were *intended* to be indiscriminate, or that there has been maladministration of them. What has happened, no doubt, is that the income of the fund has gradually grown out of proportion to the number of cases in which pecuniary aid is plainly and unmistakably desirable. The dividing line is plain enough to a certain point, but beyond that it grows indistinct and floating. We are not saying that this point has been reached in the college, but when we remember that the number of scholarships has increased from one in 1852 to one hundred and twelve in 1877, and is steadily increasing (while we write we hear the rumor of five new ones), some degree of apprehension for the future does not seem unwarranted.

We are not contending against the present system in its present dimensions. We believe that there will always be a place for it; but it need not be exclusive, and it would be better, we think, that it should not be extended much beyond its present proportions. There will always be young men whom it is desirable to help, but whose claim to aid could not be safely left to be determined by open competition. For them public endowments on the traditional plan take, as President Eliot says, to a certain extent the place of parents, whose aid may be claimed as of right, and who are governed by considera-

tions of duty towards the recipients, — yet not so as to exclude a large share of discretion. Indeed, the advantages and the drawbacks attending the restricted scholarships are those of paternal government in all its branches, as compared with the rough scramble of a democracy. Despotism is sometimes said to be the best of governments, provided you can choose your despot ; and for our part we could choose none more to our mind than the distributors of these scholarships. The advantages are obvious, — especially, perhaps, when we think of it as applied to other people rather than to ourselves, — but for many purposes it is indispensable, and among these, in this country, Education is rightly foremost.

The drawback is that such a system is apt to kill the spirit of enterprise and self-reliance upon which all real advance must depend, and to substitute for it an external and mechanical impulse which at the best can never go above its source. The tendency of modern opinion, accordingly, has been to make these systems everywhere the exception, not the rule ; and even to risk something rather than to resort to them. The go-cart, no doubt, prevented many tumbles and bruises ; but the go-cart has passed out of use. In Education we cannot dispense with the go-cart, but thoughtful persons are beginning to feel that it is nowhere an unmixed blessing, and that it is very possible, with the best intentions, to carry its use far beyond what is expedient. It is plainly expedient where it is the only means of bringing all the members of the community within reach of the ideas by which the community should be governed ; but beyond that there are speedy limitations which we cannot neglect without the risk of turning beneficence into obstruction. Nature is no leveller, and she will have it that a pound shall always weigh a pound, no matter what labels we may please to affix.

Nowhere is this tendency of opinion more marked than in the recent policy of Harvard College. It is becoming more and more exceptional among American colleges from the boldness — or, as some think, the rashness — with which, in spite of all the wiseacres of the country, it has gone on to throw all responsibilities upon the student, and to leave him to show for himself and in his own way what he is worth. The selection of his studies, even his attendance at the daily exercises, are left in great measure to his own discretion ; the supervision over his conduct in all ways has been relaxed to an unprecedented extent, — not, we suppose, on the assumption that he will always decide more wisely or regulate his life better than the authorities could prescribe for him,

but on the ground that it is, on the whole, better that the college course, instead of being merely a course of tutelage and instruction, should serve as an apprenticeship in actual life. This departure from the ancient ways is far from universally recommending itself to judicious persons at the first blush. We doubt if even the Board of Overseers would ever have advised its adoption. It is certainly attended with some risks. The rude breath of the outer world may be fatal to a feeble and cloistered virtue which would have survived its four years on the old plan well enough. But the change appears to have been made altogether from within, — through the conviction, gradually forcing itself upon the minds of those charged with the immediate oversight of the students, that the better policy is to aim at placing before them rational objects for self-control and exertion, and beyond that to interfere as little as possible.

Experience, we think, is more and more confirming the wisdom of this policy, and we are unable to see why it would not be a fitting extension of it to encourage and invite the establishment of pecuniary prizes, open, as are the prizes of the world outside the college walls, to free competition. Such a prize, if it fell to the son of a rich man, would be pocket-money, — just as his first fees as a lawyer or a physician will be pocket-money, — in which nobody sees any harm. But the college prizes would have the advantage of being a still fairer test of merit, for the competition would be on more equal terms. The rich man's son not merely relies on his father's purse for support, but he is often helped by his father's influence to success in business. This, as the world goes, is a far more potent factor than superior opportunities for preparation, and without it "the enervating influences of wealth" would be more certain to show themselves in the results. We incline, therefore, to agree with the committee, that in an open competition in the college the poor man would almost always carry off the scholarships. Some cases would be left to be provided for at discretion upon a consideration of all the circumstances of the particular case; but these could hardly be more than one in every eight possible competitors, — which is about the numerical proportion of the existing scholarships to the whole number of the students. We doubt if there would be so many; and we believe that if other scholarships were established, open to all students, rich and poor, it would soon be found advisable, in the interest of the poorer men, to throw open all the scholarships not restricted by the terms of their foundation. For while there is nothing degrading in the assist-

ance of the college, any more than there is in receiving assistance from one's parents, yet it is more satisfactory to earn one's own living, or at least to do something towards earning it.

We have enlarged upon this particular discussion because, as we said, it concerns all our colleges, and still more because it involves the question, which is becoming more and more a pressing one, of pecuniary assistance, in whatever shape, in aid of education beyond the point to which it can properly be made compulsory. It is easy to find persons who think that there ought not to be any question about the advisability of spending money, provided we can get it for the purpose, in giving to everybody, without price, whatever teaching he or she desires. Many go farther, and think the State ought to provide the money. But we believe that, on a closer view, it will appear that pecuniary assistance in education stands upon precisely the same footing with pecuniary assistance elsewhere, and that, in order to accomplish instead of to defeat its own end, it must be carefully restricted. In general, to quote again the words of the report on the Divinity School, "reward for meritorious results would supply the same assistance on far more satisfactory terms."

The question applies to the whole system of high schools, to foundation schools, and even to much of the work of the grammar schools. Into these applications we have no room to enter, but we commend it to the careful consideration of all judicious persons.

SKULLS, BRAINS, AND SOULS.

AFTER the collection of childish theories, known as phrenology, had passed, through refutation and ridicule, into forgetfulness, the idea remained that something of a person's character and mental power can be inferred from the shape of the head. The head was thought significant, however, only as an index of the size and shape of the brain. One of the most evident absurdities of phrenology was the placing of bumps in regions utterly uninfluenced by the growth of the brain. Recent students of the head have, for the most part, been careful to measure the skull in such a way as to obtain some idea of the size of the brain within it. Those who trust to such observations make light of serious sources of error, for there is more than a little variation among different persons in the thickness of the external tissues of the skull itself and in the amount of fluid surrounding the brain. It would be going too far to declare the work, based on such observations, worthless; but it may be said that slight differences must be disregarded, and that only general conclusions should be drawn. If we suppose, however, that this were not the case, and that the size and shape of the brain could be determined through the skull, as if its walls were transparent, we shall be brought face to face with the real question. The head has been studied because it was thought to be an index of the brain: now is the brain the index of the soul? Much careful study, and many painstaking (not to say pain-giving) experiments have of late years been lavished on the problem of the cerebral functions. It is needless to say that, beside the good work, and sometimes joined with it, there has been a vast amount of silly assertion, crude theorizing, and rash generalization. The cause of this, apart from the handling of the subject by those whose scientific attainments are quite inadequate, is, I think, a defective method, by which too much attention is devoted to phenomena, and too little to fundamental principles.

Anatomically, the brain is simply a mass of nervous tissue, situated in the skull and continued down the spine as the spinal cord. The

weight of the brain depends largely on the development of the upper part, the hemispheres, the great development of which is essentially a human characteristic. The inner part of the hemispheres is formed of white matter, the outer of gray, which is thrown into folds, called convolutions, whereby the surface of the organ is increased. There is something almost weird in the appearance of the brain to the anatomist wondering what its functions and mechanism may be. Though we may be ignorant of the precise nature of phenomena observed in other organs, we can see or infer the steps of the process more or less distinctly. Though we still dispute about the precise nature of the elements which form muscular fibre, and about the changes they undergo in its contraction, we know at least that the fibres swell and shorten, bringing the more movable end nearer to the more fixed. We can understand how this contraction of the heart, a hollow muscle, can propel the blood through the system, and how that fluid can interchange gases with the air as it passes through the lungs. Though we do not know how the mind becomes cognizant of the picture on the retina, we know at least how it is formed. But when we come to the brain, we are at loss. We have not the clew. We know, indeed, that the gray matter, thrown into convolutions on the surface of the organ and collected into certain masses at the base, contains nerve-cells, and that the white matter does not. We know that the gray matter contains much more blood, and we know that this implies increased activity. We feel sure that the gray is the nobler part, and we have assumed, a little too hastily perhaps, that the white serves merely for the nervous connection of different parts of the gray matter with one another and with the body at large. There is some reason to believe that the anterior lobes are the most intimately connected with intelligence. We strongly suspect that the irritation of certain centres will occasion certain movements, and that the destruction of certain parts will be followed by certain losses of motion and sensation. The action of the intellect may be perverted by certain lesions. Whether or not an impression made on the surface of the body is perceived at that point, or is conveyed to the brain, we know, at least, that there must be a nervous connection between that point and the brain for the sensation to occur at all. These and some other generalities comprise the outline of our knowledge. When we inquire how an impression is transmitted to the mind, how the will puts in motion the muscles, how reason acts on the sensation and directs the will, all that we know is our ignorance.

The above passage had been written in essentially its present form when I saw a paper on the brain of a chimpanzee,¹ in which the writer uses one of the very comparisons which I have used, but to quite a different purpose. The paper is, moreover, so admirable an example of crude theorizing on imaginary premises that I cannot let it pass. "The consciousness of matter must be admitted and recognized for the same reason that we admit it to possess any of its other properties. We affirm that a muscle contracts, because of the nature and position of its molecules ; so must we affirm that a brain thinks, because of the nature and position of its molecules." The first proposition is rather an amusing example of unconsciously begging the question. One would think that the consciousness of matter had been demonstrated, and that certain people unreasonably refused to be convinced. Not only has it not been demonstrated, but, so far as I know, no theory has ever been advanced according to which it is even possible for matter to think ; while it would not be difficult to show that it is utterly impossible, unless our views of the nature of matter are entirely wrong. The second proposition, comparing muscle and brain, is, if possible, worse. This writer asserts that "we affirm that muscle contracts because of the nature and position of its molecules ;" but we do not make this affirmation in consequence of the anatomical structure of muscle, but because we have seen and felt it contract. Attached to most voluntary muscles are strong fibrous bands, called tendons, by means of which the movable parts are pulled according to the contraction of the muscle. They are neither contractile nor elastic ; but we assert this from our experience, not from what the microscope tells us of their elements. It is not surprising that thinking people should prove a little recalcitrant when, in spite of this, they are told that "we must affirm that a brain thinks because of the nature and position of its molecules." I, for one, decline to admit the obligation. There is nothing in the nature and position of the molecules to warrant the assumption that they are themselves conscious. I have often seen muscles contracting, and studied through the microscope the changes taking place in the living fibre. It might be unfair to ask to be shown a nerve-cell thinking, but we have a right to demand the clearest evidence that it does think before admitting the parallel proposed to us. Let us return from this digression, which, however, is not without a purpose.

¹ On the Brain of a Chimpanzee. By Andrew J. Parker, M.D., Ph.D., Philadelphia. *The Medical Record*, N.Y., Jan. 10, 1880.

The weight of the brain has often been held to be the criterion of the mind, though, apart from the want of confirmation obtained by investigation, there are serious theoretical difficulties. The brain, whatever other functions it may have, is undoubtedly a source of power supplied to the muscles, and we are ignorant to what extent the activity of the muscular system or the size of the body may influence that of the brain. We know that a muscle grows by judicious exercise; why, then, should not the brain, supplying it with the nerve force necessary for its increased duties, enlarge *pari passu*? It may be doubtful whether we can prove that this is so. It is, I think, certain that we cannot prove that it is not so. Dr. LeBon, in a work to which I shall refer again, has decided that the height of a person has an effect, though a very slight one, on the size of the brain. He found that the influence of the weight of the body is greater, but by no means sufficient to account for the variations of the brain. Another disturbing element is age. It has been estimated that after a rather uncertain date, say forty-five years, the brain gradually dwindles. Again, may not some wasting diseases preceding death cause a shrinking of the organ; and may not other pathological changes increase its density? All these sources of error must make us sceptical as to individual results, though, at the same time, we cannot free ourselves from some share in the general belief that the weight of the brain is an index of the mind.

The weight of the brains of numbers of known men, distinguished and otherwise, has been cited for and against this theory.¹ Cuvier is usually found heading the list, with a brain weight of 64.33 ounces. (The average for the male is between 49 and 50.) One is struck with the apparent propriety that this vast intellect should have worked through a heavy brain. Within the last ten years, however, a laborer has died in England, whose brain weighed 67 ounces. Of his history and habits little is known. Though intelligent for his rank in life, he apparently gave no signs of fitness for a higher one. His most intellectual trait, if I remember rightly, was his fondness for reading newspapers, probably the only literature he could easily obtain. "Chill penury" may have "repressed his noble rage," if he had any. He may have been a "mute, inglorious Milton." But who knows whether the sublime imaginations of the poet betoken remarkable cerebral development? The late James Fiske, Jr., had a brain weighing 58

¹ Most of the examples given are taken from Wagner's "Vorstudien zu einer wissenschaftlichen Morphologie und Physiologie des menschlichen Gehirns, als Seelenorgan," and from Flint's Physiology.

ounces, surpassing Daniel Webster, Chauncey Wright, Dupaytren, and a mathematician of the first rank. Indeed, all these, except Fiske, come after a man who from his second year was reckoned an idiot. A celebrated philologist is below the average, and a distinguished mineralogist much below it. In spite of many exceptions, however, we find distinguished men most numerous near the top of the list, and laborers, criminals, and idiots at the other end of it.

A series of very interesting observations has recently been published by Dr. LeBon in a really valuable paper, which the Société d'Anthropologie has honored with a prize.¹ Among other methods of investigation, he classified the circumferences of about twelve hundred heads, which he obtained from a fashionable Parisian hatter. He divided these into four groups, according to the social position of the persons measured. There were the learned (*savans et lettrés*), those of the middle class (*bourgeois*), nobles of old family, and servants. The mean size of the heads of each class was found in the order given. The nobles were but very little below the *bourgeois*, less than the *savans* were above them. The striking feature of the class of servants was the rarity of really large heads among them. Of course this method is open to severe criticism. The value of the classification is, at best, very doubtful. But, if not a demonstration, this series of observations is at least a strong suggestion that the brain increases with intelligence. That the idiot has usually a very light brain, and that the educated man, as a rule, has a heavier one than the ignorant man, are undoubted facts; but it does not follow that in individual cases there is any rigorous relation between the weight of the brain and the degree of intelligence.

If we consider the significance of the convolutions into which the surface of the brain is thrown, we end in precisely the same uncertainty. We know that they are more complicated in the higher races than in the lower; we know that their arrangement and subdivisions have been found remarkably complex in the brains of some very gifted men; but, on the other hand, they have been found relatively simple in persons of more than average ability.

Before leaving the literature of the subject, I must mention a paper by Dr. J. S. Wight, of Brooklyn.² The basis is a series of measure-

¹ Recherches anatomiques et mathématiques sur les lois de variation du volume du cerveau et du crâne, par Gustave LeBon. Revue d'Anthropologie; second série. Tome deuxième. Premier Fascicule. Paris, 1879.

² Measurement of Heads. Reprinted from the Archives of Medicine, October, 1879, New York.

ments, which show clearly enough the outline and capacity of the head, taken on forty-two men and as many women, one half of each set being educated and the other half ignorant. The numbers, no doubt, are far too small to give a satisfactory mean, and other objections — as, for instance, the mingling of those of different races in the same category — might be raised ; but the work is ingenious, and not fruitless. The author shows that the forepart of the head is more developed in educated men than in educated women, and also in ignorant men than in ignorant women. He finds, moreover, that the brain of the uneducated male somewhat resembles in size and form that of the educated female. Possibly it was anxiety concerning "*dulcis Amarylidis iræ*" which induced Dr. Wight to assert rather irrelevantly that "under similar circumstances of mental work and heredity the female brain would fully equal the male brain." This looks more like a propitiatory offering than a scientific statement. So far as heredity goes, the girl may be supposed to start with better chances than the boy ; for while the children partake of the bodily and mental characteristics of both parents, the sons are supposed to resemble more particularly the mother, and the daughters the father.

The question of the influence of sex on skull and brain cannot be more than lightly touched on, but must not be altogether omitted. Anatomists give very discordant directions for determining the sex of skulls. In a great many cases it cannot be determined. The female skull, as a rule, is smaller than the male, and, moreover, the jaws and prominences for muscles are less developed ; consequently the brain case, though smaller than in man, is larger in proportion to the face. Dr. LeBon gives some very curious statistics concerning the capacities of female skulls. There is no question that the differences in skull and brain between the sexes increase with the degree of civilization ; but it is astonishing that while the skulls of male Parisians are among the largest, those of the women are remarkably small ; they are even smaller than those of the women of Polynesia, and but little above those of the women of New Caledonia. This is a fact not easy to account for. Few will be inclined to believe that the women of the South Sea Islands are more intelligent than those of Paris. It is probable that they work harder than their more civilized sisters, and it is possible that their brains are remarkably developed, together with their muscles, as sources of muscular power. I should not dare, however, to offer this as an explanation. I am inclined to think that there is some disturbing element in the problem, which has been overlooked.

The reader will easily infer, from these slight sketches of various phases of the question of the relations of mind and brain, how unsatisfactory is the whole discussion. This will be especially evident if he considers the vagueness with which the terms "intelligence," "gifted minds," etc., are applied. How shall we compare the intellectual merits of Cuvier and "Jim" Fiske? Who has the greater mind, the profound mathematician or the epic poet? Is the chess-player greater than the novelist? LeBon is one of the few recent writers on this subject who have thought it worth while to attempt to define mental superiority. "If it were absolutely necessary to give in a few words a formula to measure intelligence, I should say that it could be determined by the degree of aptitude to associate — I do not say to accumulate — the greatest number of ideas, and to recognize most distinctly and quickly their analogies and their differences."¹ This is essentially the same as the old scholastic teaching. If we admit this definition, we have at least one definite basis. But, after all, this applies to purely intellectual power, which represents but one side of a man's character. It may be highly developed in certain directions, and dormant, or indeed wanting, in others. This is the place to allude to another source of confusion. When we speak of the brain as an index of the mind, we generally mean, rather vaguely, of the intelligence, or of the soul. The intelligence, however, is not the soul, but only one of its faculties, the will being another. Surely no time need be taken to show that the development of one of these is, largely at least, independent of that of the other. Many a man of very moderate intellect has achieved reputation by determined perseverance. The want of decision may render sterile the power of the understanding. The will, therefore, is a most important factor in the problem before us.

It may be asserted that I have assumed the existence of the soul. Suffice it to say that, in my opinion, the phenomena of consciousness and of free-will demand its recognition. A stumbling-block in the way of many materialists consists of their erroneous ideas of the doctrine of their opponents. They despise metaphysics too much to inquire what these teach. Let me quote Dr. Parker² again, who states what many doubtless consider the belief of the most steadfast opponents of materialism: "Already the old view — superstition, it might with propriety be termed — that all mental phenomena are the product of a distinct and separate agent, having no dependence on

¹ LeBon, *loc. cit.*² *Loc. cit.*

brain structure, but simply using it as an instrument in its communications with the external world, has been destroyed. It fell with the fall of the old metaphysical school." The theory suggested in these lines appears to me quite untenable. The soul does not play on the body as on an instrument. I am not aware that the old metaphysical school taught that the soul had no dependence upon brain structure. The soul is not the whole man, and the body a suit of clothes; but the two are most intimately united into one being, — and this being is man.

The scientific advantages of this view are obvious. It accounts for much that is inexplicable if there be no soul, and makes clear much that is obscure if we conceive the soul to be a spirit merely accidentally placed in the body. We can understand that the soul should govern the body by its free will, and at the same time that the growth of its faculties should be dependent on the development of the bodily organs. Doubtless, many of the queries propounded in this paper, and a host of others, will remain unsolved. I do not contend that the recognition of the soul is an explanation of these mysteries, but simply that it is a necessary step in the study of them, and one which it is unfortunately the fashion for physiologists to ignore. Maudsley treats metaphysics with contempt; but, as a reviewer¹ of his last work shrewdly remarks, "People are prone to dislike those from whom they have something to fear and those to whom they owe a debt." It should not be inferred that I would depreciate physical investigations of the functions of the brain, and deductions from anatomical facts. Far from it. What I claim is that the method which does not acknowledge the soul is radically defective. To physical studies must be added introspection and the much-abused metaphysics. If the soul exists, science demands its recognition. I am inclined to think that the number of those absolutely denying its existence is comparatively small. A larger and stronger class consists of those who, while admitting a soul as possible or probable, would consign it to the limbo of the unknowable. Then there are those who fully believe in the soul, but are half ashamed to admit a belief which seems to them a weakness. They think it well enough that the clergy should speak of it to their flocks, and parents to their children; but to allude to it in scientific society appears to them, if not contrary to good manners, at least in very poor taste.

THOMAS DWIGHT.

¹ Edinburgh Medical Journal, September, 1879.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE banquet given a few months since by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly," for the purpose of celebrating the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holmes, has called forth on all sides fresh expressions of admiration for his genius and of respect for his personal character as one of the most conspicuous of American authors. At the favorable opportunity afforded by this quickened enthusiasm, it may be a useful service to present in one brief and comprehensive view some of the more striking characteristics of his writings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. His father was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., LL.D., a native of Woodstock, Connecticut, born in 1763. A graduate at Yale College in 1788, he was afterward a tutor, and while discharging the duties of this office pursued theological studies, and afterward became pastor of a Congregational Church at Midway, Georgia. During the five or six years of his residence there he married a daughter of President Stiles; but owing to the failure of his health he returned to the North and settled at Cambridge, Jan. 25, 1792, as pastor of the First Congregational Church, whose house of worship stood as if under the very eaves of the university, on the southwest corner of the university grounds. Here he lived and filled an honored place through a pastorate of upwards of forty years, though for a few of the latest released from active service. He was a man of sound mind and of fine culture. His "Annals of America," first published in 1805, and republished later in England, won him reputation, and is still regarded as one of our most accurate authorities in American history. His first wife died in 1795; and he was married a second time, in 1800, to a daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wendell, of Boston, whose name her son has made so familiar to his countrymen.

Whatever there may have been of hereditary qualities in the boy, there was everything in the surroundings of his childhood to form

him to refined and intellectual tastes. With such gifts and sensibilities as Holmes has since shown that he possessed, he doubtless felt strongly the influence of his environment. He developed rapidly, and at an early age was placed at Andover, in Phillips Academy, the Eton of our country, to prepare for college. In the autumn of 1825 he entered Harvard University at the age of sixteen, and graduated in course in 1829. His personal appearance in his college days was very youthful; his face fair, bright, cheerful, and expressive of the intellectual keenness and quickness which have distinguished him in later years.

Like Bryant, Dana, Lowell, Longfellow, and so many other men of poetic temperament, Dr. Holmes at first applied himself to the law as a profession; but only, like them, to abandon it soon as wholly uncongenial. Turning his attention next to medicine, he devoted himself heartily to this profession, which from 1834 to 1836 he studied at home and abroad, attending on hospital practice in Paris and other large European cities. In 1838, but two years after receiving his degree of M.D., he accepted the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. This position he continued to hold till 1848, when he was chosen to fill the same chair, in place of the eminent surgeon, Dr. John C. Warren, in the medical department of Harvard University. From that time to the present he has laboriously and with honor discharged the duties of this professorship, adding to its routine not the responsibilities of a practising physician, but such studies as have suited his literary tastes, together with the frequent labors of authorship. Of course his life has been but little diversified with outward changes. He married the daughter of the Hon. Charles Jackson of Boston, where he has made his home. He is a thorough Bostonian in taste and sympathies, and has an honorable pride in its Puritanic love of learning, of wholesome liberty in civil life, and of the largest freedom of thought. From the window of his library he looks out on the Charles River where it sweeps around on the west of the tri-mountain peninsula, and across the water on his native Cambridge, and the towers of the venerable university so associated with his earliest years.

With such occupations and amid such surroundings, Dr. Holmes has produced the works which have made his name famous. That his writings, both in prose and verse, exhibit individuality in a marked degree, no one who has read them intelligently can have failed to note. So strongly impressed on all his productions are the peculiari-

ties of his own mental constitution and æsthetic temperament, that one could hardly light accidentally on any considerable piece of his, although anonymous, without recognizing it at once as bearing his image though not his superscription.

That he has found time to write so much amid the labors of such an official position as he has held, and with the necessity of keeping abreast of the time, affords ample evidence of the diligent use of his past years. We have before us eleven volumes from his hand; of which three—"Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science," "Border-Lines in Medical Science," and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals"—are professional or semi-professional in their themes; a volume of miscellaneous pieces entitled "Soundings from the Atlantic;" two romances, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel;" the Breakfast-Table Series, "The Autocrat, Professor, and Poet;" the "Memoir of John Lothrop Motley," the historian; the collection of his "Complete Poetical Works," which, however, does not contain "The School Boy," which has been published later in a separate and beautifully illustrated volume. Of course we cannot particularly notice the contents of these volumes, one by one. It is of the literary work which they all exhibit, the characteristics of the genius, culture, and taste, of the lines of thought and the revelations of feeling embodied in them, that we propose to speak.

It is no easy task to characterize with nice discrimination a writer so versatile, and in some respects so nearly unique. If he exhibits some single intellectual traits which in themselves are rare, it is likewise true that the combination which he exhibits is very rare indeed. First of all, he thinks clearly. One finds nowhere in his volumes crude and half-formed thoughts. He writes as clearly as he thinks. His sentences come from his pen clean-cut. The language of his prose is pure, classical English; affluent, in the sense that it apparently never fails to come spontaneously at need, and in the fittest form; but not exuberant, to the obscuring of the thought. His style is simple, direct, forcible; not ambitiously elaborate nor fastidiously finished to excess. In his professional and literary addresses there is a compactness and polished vigor in his sentences, an effectiveness and point, which remind one of the pungency of Junius. To these characteristics Dr. Holmes adds a wonderful wit and humor in rare conjunction. The two qualities may well enough be conceived as merely different developments of the same intellectual electricity; and with this Dr. Holmes's genius is so thoroughly charged, that

whether he be discussing a medical thesis, or reading a lyric to classmates and literary friends at an anniversary dinner, or sketching character in the romance, or playing the autocrat at the breakfast-table, it is sure to be found acting effectively on those who hear or read him. Of course, a mind so armed will almost certainly be disposed to indulge in satire. Its quick perception of what is ludicrous or grotesque, incongruous or absurd, will naturally incline it to turn the batteries of its ridicule against whatever may displease it; to chastise what it regards as folly by presenting it in such lights and under such aspects as shall make it appear worthy of contempt. A fondness for the satirical treatment of persons or things that seem to furnish a fair occasion is one of the most conspicuous peculiarities of Dr. Holmes. His pen has the point of a French rapier, and draws blood whenever he chooses to use it with that intent.

But we pass from the writer to the writings. The three volumes on topics directly or indirectly related to his own profession offer to the reader the results of profound study and lucid thought, in a style exceptionally excellent and pungent. The articles on the "Mechanism of Vital Action," and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," are not only specially valuable in themselves as acute discussions of some of the most interesting physiological and psychological questions, but also as clearly defining the position of Dr. Holmes in relation to some of the principal theories which the modern atheistic materialism has propounded. While he shows himself familiar with the remarkable revelations of true science, and not only progressive but even aggressive in his philosophical and scientific thinking, he has not cut loose from the solid foundations of religion. Witness the following brief passages from the former paper:—

We recognize two, and only two, great divisions in created things. To the first class of his creatures the Deity sustains only active relations. All their qualities, functions, adjustments, harmonies, are immediate expressions of his wisdom and power. Every specific form is a manifestation of the Supreme thought. Every elemental movement is the Sovereign's Self in action.

To the second class of his creatures the Creator stands in passive as well as active relations. They are no longer simple instruments to do his bidding. They may disobey him, and violate the harmonies of the universe. They have the great prerogative of self-determination, which, with knowledge of the moral relations of their acts, constitutes them responsible beings.

In the concluding sentences of the same work, we find the following explicit words:—

In the view we have taken, whatever part may be assigned to the physical forces in the production and phenomena of life, all being is not less one perpetual miracle, in which the Infinite Creator, acting through what we often call secondary causes, is himself the moving principle of the universe he first framed and never ceases to sustain.

The being and providential agency of God and man's personal responsibility could not well be more definitely stated than we find them here. Dr. Holmes's belief in the Christian revelation is, one may say, interwoven with a large portion of his writings.

The two romances, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," are not popular novels, adapted to the million of superficial readers, but were written with a serious purpose, and are thoughtful and elaborate productions. Dr. Holmes has dwelt much, in his various writings, on the questions relating to the human will and to the moral constitution and responsibility of man; and these volumes were written to maintain, or rather to illustrate, the thesis that for what is constitutional and innate, and therefore necessary, the subject cannot be held morally responsible, whatever, as a matter of fact, may be its results as regards the determination of the will and the development of moral character. This metaphysico-theological doctrine is maintained by delineations of character, so managed as illustratively to place the author's views in the strongest light. In insisting on the truth that moral responsibility must necessarily be limited by the constitutional powers of the agent, Dr. Holmes is in entire accord with the great majority of the theologians and pastors of New England. It is one of many important results of the earnest discussions which have kept theological thought alive and progressive since the days of Jonathan Edwards, that this truth has come to be recognized as fundamental in what is known technically as the New England theology, or as the New School theology within the Presbyterian Church. These two volumes may therefore with some fitness be characterized as Dr. Holmes's theological works. Nothing less than a genius as fertile and original as his could have formed such a conception as that of *Elsie Venner*, and wrought it out with a measure of success which renders the story profoundly interesting to the thoughtful reader. The same substantially may be said of *Myrtle Hazard*, in the "Guardian Angel." These volumes received, when first published, severe criticism at the hands of some, by whom they were regarded as indicating a spirit of hostility to the Christian religion itself. Some of his nominally religious characters certainly

could not have been drawn by the most skilful pencil in more odious colors. Yet it must be admitted that the errors and absurdities of sincere Christians, no less than the frauds of the hypocrites, cannot be exempted from treatment at the hands of the novelist whose undertaking is to paint men and manners as they exist. It is indeed a question of taste, as well as of Christian wisdom and charity, how far a satiric or ridiculing method of treating persons and things connected with religion and its institutions should be carried. A grave responsibility attends it. But it surely is not wise, on the part of religious people, to assume too readily that blows struck at wolves in sheep's clothing are intended to wound the sheep, nor that spears hurled at men of straw, or windmills, are likely to do much harm. It is possible that there may sometimes be a little over-sensitiveness under such experiments.

That Dr. Holmes, in the two romances, and a few other passages of his writings, has treated what he has deemed questionable opinions and characters with a very free hand is true; that, in his humorous sketching, he has rendered some sorts of clergymen, and of other nominally religious people, ridiculous, is equally true. His satire has been as keen and caustic as it could well be made, and he has seemed to use it *con amore*. But every sensible reader knows that it belongs to the very nature of this kind of writing to work up, by exaggeration and travesty and burlesque, as telling a picture as can be made; and every such reader, accordingly, makes the required allowance. The writer understands this, too, and does not mean that his delineations shall be literally taken, any more than a picture of Hogarth's should be interpreted like one of Turner's. Dr. Holmes grew up in the very focus and in the heated atmosphere of embittered religious controversy, when extreme views on either side were naturally attributed to those whose opinions were opposed, and each party to some extent misapprehended the real meaning of the other. It would be almost a miracle if the impressions of those earlier years had in no degree affected his habits of thought and his mode of viewing religious questions. But it is quite another mood that now prevails in the religious circles of Boston; and almost anybody, it would seem, may to-day read "Elsie Venner" or "The Guardian Angel" without the slightest nervousness lest the heavens should be about to fall.

The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table Series, probably the most widely read of all Dr. Holmes's prose writings, may perhaps be taken

as exhibiting, more fully than any of them, the writer and the man. The dramatic machinery of these volumes is very ingeniously contrived. It enabled the writer to use all the liberties of the freest conversation while discussing, often elaborately, the most important topics. It allowed him to mingle sober thought with badinage, to introduce at will his favorite opinions, and to place them in various lights, unembarrassed by the limitations of continuous logical discourse; to mingle fact and fiction, the visions and passion of poetry with the most realistic pictures of all sorts of persons and things. It gave him the advantage which an editor always has in a controversy, — that of giving the discussion whatever direction he chooses, and then having the last word. These supposed conversations have been justly regarded as unsurpassed in brilliancy, in exquisite delineations of character, and in subtle analysis of the motives, instincts, and passions that naturally sway the human heart. The prominent characteristics of the author's genius, of which we have spoken on a previous page, here find their freest play. He often recurs to his favorite themes and theories — especially to those relating to heredity, the will, and human responsibility — as one having thoughts which he felt bound to utter, and, as far as possible, to impress on the minds of others. These seem, as it were, to haunt him, and find expression at every opportunity. We are not so sanguine as Dr. Holmes would sometimes seem to be, that these great questions are even now quite settled, or are likely soon to be, notwithstanding the vast advance of the human race in many departments of knowledge. Indeed, although apparently at times rather positively asserting his own personal conclusions, Dr. Holmes seems, after all, to feel obliged to stop where the great majority of the world's best thinkers have always stopped, — content to wait in patient faith till God shall lift the veil and reveal the hidden things of the great unseen; for near the close of the last volume he brings the "Master" just to the point of announcing the grand solution, and then represents him as accidentally interrupted, and never afterward willing to resume the subject. He then adds the following notable passage: —

To tell the honest truth, I suspect the Master has found out that his formula does not hold water quite so perfectly as he was thinking, so long as he kept it to himself and never thought of imparting it to anybody else. The very minute a thought is threatened with publicity, it seems to shrink towards mediocrity, as I have noticed that a great pumpkin, the wonder of a village, seemed to lose at least a third of its dimensions between the field where it grew and the cattle-show fair-

table, where it took its place with other enormous pumpkins from other wondering villages. But however that may be, I shall always regret that I had not the opportunity of judging for myself how completely the Master's formula, which, for him at least, seemed to have solved the great problem, would have accomplished that desirable end for me.

We cannot dwell longer on the prose writings of Dr. Holmes. We will only add that the memoir of his friend, John Lothrop Motley, is a fine and loving tribute to the eminent historian of the Dutch Republic. Enlarged from a biographical paper, originally prepared at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, it reviews at some length, and with evident care, the controversy arising out of the circumstances connected with the recall of Mr. Motley as ambassador to England. It is a charming specimen of the eulogistic style of biography.

It is observable that the distinctive characteristics of Dr. Holmes's genius appear in his prose and in his poetry alike. But in his poetry, inasmuch as this species of composition demands a more dainty choice of language, a wider range of imagination and fancy, and nicer subtleties of thought, they naturally present themselves in more brilliant and striking form. We doubt if any living writer has written so many pieces called forth by particular occasions, many of which have been quite similar in their character; yet he has never repeated himself. Open at any page the volume of his poems, and read the first piece on which the eye may fall, and, while you at once recognize Dr. Holmes's personality in it, you will at the same time perceive that it bears, in its thought and substance, very little resemblance to any other poem in the book. It would be hard to find another poet who has struck so great a variety of chords. There they stand together,—the humorous and comic, which shake the sides with laughter; the pathetic, which open the fountains of tenderness and fill the eyes with tears; the sentimental lines, and the martial stanzas. You find the legend that, with its simple recital of romantic and pathetic incident, awakens the heart's quick sympathies, and beside it the outbursting joyousness and fun of a greeting to college classmates at their annual reunion dinner. Utterances of the purest and warmest social affections, breathed out in memory of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, appear beside conventional tributes to strangers, graceful always and most fitting, but of course signifying little more than the etiquette of the hour. The sadness of uncertain aspirations and wavering hopes, the doubts and dreams of souls half bewildered in the mazes of scep-

ticism are found on the same page with the cheerful lays of faith which, like the notes of birds wafted to one from summer woodlands, suggest only tranquil happiness and peace. In choosing some brief passages as specimens of thought and versification, it will be impossible to offer any adequate illustration of this rich variety of "Songs in Many Keys," to borrow and extend one of the author's titles. We cannot, however, refrain entirely on this account.

Dr. Holmes's poetical career began early, even in his college days. The first collection of his poems was published in 1836. From that time volume after volume has appeared in repeated editions both at home and abroad. The household edition of his complete works, with the exception of "The School Boy," contains a considerable number of his earlier pieces, some of which will certainly not be among the first of his writings to be forgotten. He was certainly modest enough at the outset:—

Deal gently with us, ye who read !
Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —
The promise still outruns the deed, —
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find ;
Our ripest fruit we never reach ;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms ; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them ; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

Among these earlier poems are some which, as specimens of the humorous, have already become almost classical. If Dr. Holmes himself had under treatment a desperate case of hypochondriasis, and should prescribe for the patient the reading of his own humorous pieces, he might well anticipate that the prescription would prove more efficacious than all the drugs which are known to pharmacy. The most persistent demon must, it would seem, be exorcised. It is quite possible that, in the minds of many, the name of Dr. Holmes is associated almost exclusively with his lighter and especially his playful poems, and it is on this account the less necessary for us to speak of these. But those familiar with his works are well aware that beneath the brilliancy and sparkle which play on the surface of his nature there runs a deep, strong current of serious and earnest thought

and feeling, which moves him, at fit times, to strike the graver and richer chords which profoundly move the soul in its highest moods. Many of his poems express some of the most tender sentiments and affections which warm the human heart. Many give voice to the deep, vague yearnings and imaginings which in poetic natures are ever transcending the prosaic realities of common life, and creating ideals to be perpetually pursued but never reached. Many burn with the ardor of patriotic fire, and are vital with the spirit of healthful liberty. The love of Nature is the inspiration of some ; although Dr. Holmes delights in the objective rather than the subjective, and cannot be classed with the meditative Wordsworthian school. He would probably have found as great difficulty in attempting to write the "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," as Mr. Wordsworth would have found in trying to produce "The Spectre Pig" or "Rip Van Winkle, M.D." In illustration of what we have just said we give a little piece entitled "Departed Days":—

Yes, dear departed cherished days,
Could memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair Phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam ;
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea ;
The mists grow dark, — the sun goes down, —
Day breaks, — and where are we ?

We can refer only briefly to Dr. Holmes's patriotic pieces. One of these, entitled "Lexington," found among his early poems, and written in the measure of Scott's "Hail to the Chief," will hardly suffer in comparison with that very popular lyric. We take from it a single stanza :—

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on the northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine,
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblems her heroes have won!

But it was during our sad civil war that his pen was most frequently employed in producing strains fervid with love of country and of the great cause of human freedom,—strains full of spirit-stirring words and thoughts, well fitted to kindle popular enthusiasm and incite energetic action. In more than one evidently hearty tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers as a noble ancestry, whatever faults they may have shared with the age in which they lived, he had shown his sympathy with the grand principles in devotion to which they found the inspiration of their heroism and the strength which sustained them in their self-sacrifice. It was only, therefore, what should naturally have been expected of him that he held the life of the nation worth preserving at any sacrifice, and was ready to lend his utmost influence to save it.

But Dr. Holmes has given us another class of poems, of a still higher order than those already noticed. We refer to those in which, with a wider range of thought, he ascends into the region of moral and spiritual beauty, and gives us poetry embodying elements of truth and feeling to which belong the attributes of universality and permanence. It would not be easy to find a lyric more exquisitely touching than that entitled "The Voiceless,"—expressing with a true poet's sympathy and insight the anguish of suffering affections which were carried unrevealed to the very end of life. We can give but a fragment of it:—

.
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them:
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

 O hearts that break and give no sign,
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till death pours out its cordial wine,
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!—

If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven !

How much is comprehended in the following stanzas from a brief poem, entitled "The Two Streams" : —

So from the heights of will
 Life's parting stream descends,
 And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
 Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle side,
 From the same mother's knee, —
 One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
 One to the peaceful sea !

Along with the pieces we have cited, let those not already acquainted with this class of Dr. Holmes's poems turn to such as the following ; namely, "Our Limitations," "The Promise," "The Living Temple," "The Mother's Secret," "Home-sick in Heaven," and "The Chambered Nautilus," and they will probably receive a new impression of his elevation of thought and depth of moral feeling. From the last-named piece we cannot help making another extract, — which, however, shall be our last : —

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lip a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn ;
 While on mine ears it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

We find, likewise, among Dr. Holmes's poems a dozen or more hymns which are really hymns of worship. Most of them have reference to some special occasion, and so are not suited for general use. There are two, however, — noble lyrics both of them, — which are found in our best recent manuals of song, and are often heard in the service of public praise. These alone might justify what we have said of an undercurrent of serious thoughtfulness as no less characteristic of the writer than his ever-ready and unrivalled wit. The man who could write —

O Love Divine, that stooped to share,

full as it is of tenderness and trust ; or that other grand strain of worship,

Lord of all being ! throned afar, —

cannot easily be supposed to lack sympathy with what is morally highest and most holy. Those written for special occasions, too, are not mere poems, but breathe the true hymnic spirit. One cannot well read, for example, the touching hymn sung at the services in Boston, June 1, 1875, in memory of President Lincoln ; or that entitled "Parting Hymn," sung presumably on the departure of soldiers for the field, — without deeply feeling their power to move the heart.

We have endeavored, as we proposed, to note, in a summary way, some of the prominent characteristics exhibited by Dr. Holmes in his professional and literary career. Successfully filling a high official position for so long a period, he has well earned in it the reputation he has enjoyed. How wide his influence has been and is, as a man of letters, was unequivocally shown by the public honors lately accorded to him with such heartiness. But it is, doubtless, as a poet that he will be best known to those who shall come after him, and will longest hold his place in the literature of his country. His most marked peculiarities, as a writer in verse, we have indicated and illustrated by examples. It need only be added, comprehensively, that as a master of language and versification he has long been recognized as eminent. In skill to touch the lyre so as to make it express the most varied and even the most dissimilar harmonies, and to adapt, in each particular case, its tone and key to the diverse moods and passions of the soul, he is admitted to stand conspicuous. As a writer whose versatility and felicity of poetic invention have proved equal to the demands of all times and places, it is, we believe, widely acknowledged that he has no competitor, and that his success in this

respect has indeed been something wonderful. To wish, as one can hardly refrain from doing, that he had given greater unity to his poetical life, — had concentrated his best power on some themes less related to passing events, and of more universal and enduring interest, — would only be to wish that he had been a man of different intellectual constitution and providential training. It were wiser to be thankful that, as a star in the poetic firmament, it has been given him to shine with a lustre so peculiar that something is thus added to the variety of glories in the constellation we admire. We cannot but express the earnest hope that many of his ripest thoughts and of his richest and most enduring lays are yet, before the evening shadows of his life shall fall, to be given to the world.

RAY PALMER.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

ON a cold, dreary morning in the winter of 1822, several travelling carriages, escorted by dragoons, entered the city of Florence, and, through the Boboli Gardens, came to the private entrance of the Pitti Palace. From the first one there alighted a tall, thin, stiff young man, of military air and distinguished appearance, but with a sad, severe, thoughtful countenance. He helped from the carriage a handsome blond lady, who, though speaking the purest Tuscan accent, yet revealed in her complexion and features the Teutonic descent. On the landing at the top of the short stairway stood the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with his family and household, to receive the new-comers. But before the lady would ascend the few steps, she waited for the next carriage to draw up; then taking from the arms of the nurse a child not quite two years old, she walked hastily up the steps, and with deep emotion rushed into the outstretched arms of the Grand Duke, who embraced her tenderly.

The austere, sombre man was Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano; the lady was his wife, Maria Theresa of Austria, daughter of the Grand Duke; the child was Victor Emmanuel of Savoy, the future king of Italy. But why were they thus escorted by dragoons, who served to prevent intercourse with the people, while appearing as a guard of honor? Why were they so privately received? Why did the Grand Duke, who greeted the princess so cordially, scarcely notice the prince, her husband, who followed her into her apartments like an attendant, and there left her, bowing with glacial politeness, as if he were a family culprit? Why after a few weeks of almost secluded residence, and the birth of another child, did he leave his family in Florence and go to Spain, there to serve in the army of the Spanish king against the Constitutionalists? These questions must be answered, before we proceed in the history of one of the most colossal figures of our century.

Prince Charles Albert of Carignano, of the younger branch of the royal house of Savoy, was the presumptive heir to the kingdom of

Sardinia, by the failure of male heirs in the elder branch. It was a most extraordinary case, and almost a providential one for the future of Italy, that of the six male children of Victor Amadeus III., of whom most were married, there should have been no heir left to the throne. Of these, three succeeded each other; namely, Victor Emmanuel I., Charles Emmanuel IV., and Charles Felix, with whom the elder branch of the family became extinct. Charles Emmanuel of Savoy-Carignano, father of Charles Albert, had married Maria Christina of Saxony, and during the French Revolution, when his cousins had been driven from Piedmont by Napoleon, he had lived obscurely and in retirement near Paris, where he died in 1800. Charles Albert, his only son, after the fall of Napoleon, and the re-establishment of the King of Sardinia in Piedmont, had been recalled to court as the presumptive heir; but he was not a favorite there, as is often the case with heirs presumptive. His training had been wholly military and religious. On the failing of all hopes of heirs in the elder branch, in 1815, at the age of seventeen, he had been married to Maria Theresa of Austria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Neglected at court, he had sought solace in books of history and chivalry, and in the society of men of liberal ideas. The oppression of Piedmont by the French under the first Napoleon, and the ensuing subjection of Italy by the Austrians, had excited his youthful fancy toward independence. He joined the secret society of the Carbonari, whose scope was the federation of the Italian princes, with constitutional governments, against Austria. Convinced of the important part that Piedmont would play in such a league, he looked forward anxiously to the day when he could openly work for the cause of Italy. He took for his motto, "*J'attende mon astre!*" Unhappy man! The star flashed several times in the horizon during his career, but it was destined never to rise or shine forth, except on the head of that child whom we have just seen in its mother's arms, on the palace stairs.

The Carbonari rising of 1821 failed in every part of Italy. Austria triumphed completely. With her assistance the King of Naples crushed it bloodily in Sicily and Naples; so did the other small kings and dukes in the rest of Italy; and the example which Austria set in the treatment of her subjects in Lombardy and Venice she compelled these small potentates to follow elsewhere. Executions, imprisonments, and exiles were the order of the day for any one belonging to that secret society. Charles Albert was a prince of the blood royal

and heir apparent to the throne of Sardinia. Yet some satisfaction must be given to Austria, and to the conservative absolutism of the several courts of Italy. Accordingly he was ordered to Spain, there; as an atonement for his Carbonari tendencies, to fight in the king's army against the Constitutionalists, — that is to say, against the party whose liberal ideas he had embraced. His heart could hardly have been in the work, but he distinguished himself for that military valor which is traditional in every branch of his family.

It was while Charles Albert, with a generous though inconsiderate spirit, was deep in the secret working of the Carbonari society, that Victor Emmanuel was born in Turin, March 14, 1820. His infantile days were spent in Florence with his brother, the Duke of Genoa, father of the present Queen of Italy, under the care of his mother.

At the termination of the Spanish war, Charles Albert returned to Italy with the halo of military glory there achieved, but with a dark cloud over his liberal aspirations. His depression was visible in his taciturn habit and severe face, which seldom changed or smiled. In 1831, on the death of Charles Felix, he ascended the throne of Sardinia, suspected by the liberals, who accused him of having abandoned the Carbonari cause; suspected also by Austria, by the other princes of Italy, by the retrogrades and absolutists for his liberal tendencies. This isolation and loss of the assistance to be derived from true and wise advisers was a serious matter to him, for though gifted with high intelligence he yet seemed to lack a strong decision of character; or it may be more charitable to say that many failures had made him mistrustful that the times were ripe for liberal movements. In the first months of his reign, surrounded by all the elements of the ancient *régime*, under the threats of Austria and the insinuations of the other princes of Italy, all related to him, he had to suppress the secret societies, to condemn and imprison the leaders, and to sign sentences of death against some of them, — among the rest, against Mazzini and Garibaldi. Who can tell what his internal feelings were? His only interest seemed centred in the army. The sketches of the time represent his tall, thin person, seated rigidly on a fiery war-horse, with a pale, stern, silent visage, passing, dumb and cold, among the people. Around him shone military uniforms, waved officers' feathers, clashed cavalry sabres, sparkled to the sun thousands of bayonets; while the people doubtfully asked of each other, "For whom are these weapons?" Who, indeed, could pretend to read the thoughts of this austere, statue-like, cheerless monarch?

Victor Emmanuel was educated to the traditional strictly military discipline and fastidious Spanish etiquette of the house of Savoy. It was doubtless this court ceremonial, forced upon him in his youth, which produced in his after life that contempt of courtly formalities so characteristic in him. But the military education was to his taste, and he took to it kindly. On April 13, 1842, Victor Emmanuel married his cousin, Marie Adelaide of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Prainieri, Viceroy of Lombardy and Venice, whose wife was Charles Albert's sister. The usual splendid court festivities took place on the occasion at Turin. But there was wanting the best and most precious element, the joy and participation of the people. When the cortège passed through the crowded streets, the white uniforms of the Austrian officers who had escorted the bride, mingled with the blue ones of the Piedmontese, offended the national sentiments of the Turinese. Not a cheer was heard nor a handkerchief waved on their passage. The people asked each other, "Is this wedding a new pledge of subjection to Austria?" That lovely princess afterwards earned, by her goodness and saintly virtues, the love of her people; but at that moment they would hardly acknowledge her personal beauty and modest grace, surrounded as she was by those hated uniforms. It was, however, the last time that Austrian officers appeared in the streets of Turin in outwardly cordial intercourse with the Piedmontese.

After this short incident of courtly life, things resumed their usual monotonous course. Except in the army, the king continued to take little interest in anything; but sad, taciturn, and abstracted, he led a retired life, with only a few old friends and veteran generals around him. Victor Emmanuel and his young wife lived at the royal estate of Veneria near Turin, more like landed proprietors than crown princes. He commanded a division in the army, attended to all the duties of a general officer, and for recreation hunted the chamois in the Alps. She personally cared for the children which were born in quick succession after their marriage.

Thus, by force of arms and family connections, Austria ruled supreme in Italy. The voice of liberty was stifled; the press was under political and religious surveillance; the government was an absolute monarchy of the purest form; commerce was hampered by all sorts of customs-regulations, and long-dated abuses; public education was meted out in niggardly fashion by the most bigoted party in the Church. Very few in Piedmont dared to instruct the people. Those

who did — Balbo, Sclopis, Gioberti, D'Azeglio, Cavour — were kept aloof from public life, and were suspected and watched by the police, with whose full sway the silent king never interfered.

About 1846, a wide-spread, secret agitation was in motion, headed by the best patriots of Italy. D'Azeglio, after a tour of propagandism in the Papal States and Central Italy, where he had met all the chief liberals who were preparing a general rise against Austria, came to Turin, and had several private interviews with Charles Albert, expressing the wish of all that he would place himself at the head of the movement. The austere king listened to all that the faithful patriot had to say without reply; but at their last interview, as D'Azeglio took his leave, he said: "Sire, it is the last time I appeal to you, for to-morrow I shall leave for Central Italy. What reply shall I carry to them?" The sad face of the king suddenly brightened, his eyes flashed, and, seizing D'Azeglio's hand, he whispered in a low tone, as if afraid that an Austrian spy might be listening to him, "Marquis, tell your friends that, when the hour comes, I will stake my crown, my life, the lives of my children, for the independence of Italy!" Then, as if terrified at having said so much, he hastily withdrew. But in good time he kept his word, and in so doing lost his crown.

We can but glance at the events which followed this promise. After the accession of Pius IX., in 1846, and his liberal reforms, — the revolution in Sicily and Naples, — the five days of Milan, in which the Austrians were driven out by the people, — the Piedmontese cried aloud for reforms. Charles Albert hesitated: during his long life he had been always compelled to repress his early liberal tendencies; he had been often bitterly disappointed in the people, and had been suspected by all his fellow-sovereigns of Italy. Now his faith in the possibilities of success was somewhat shaken. From the windows of his palace he watched with emotion the people's enthusiasm in singing the hymn of Pius IX., wavering the while between the traditional absolutism of his predecessors and his own youthful liberalism. The latter finally conquered, and he granted the desired reforms. Later, however, when Naples, Rome, and Florence had asked for a Constitution, Turin and Piedmont could not be satisfied with mere reforms. Cavour in his new paper led the cry for a Constitution, and was followed by the best patriots and the universal demand of the people. This time Charles Albert hesitated no longer; the enthusiasm for liberty and independence was so great, that he felt that the "hour was at hand;" the star he had so long watched for seemed to

have risen. It had risen, indeed, but red as the planet of Mars, and ushered him only to a bloody defeat and utter ruin.

On March 14, 1848, the birthday of his son Victor Emmanuel, he assembled the royal family and the dignitaries of state, and in their presence and that of his two sons, who were always excluded by traditional usages from all political deliberations, with his habitual grave and austere countenance, he announced that the ancient monarchy of Savoy, adapting itself to the modern conditions of the times, would now call the people to a share in its sovereignty. Victor Emmanuel witnessed the oath which his father took to the Constitution, and to that oath he himself ever held loyally and tenaciously through life. Thereafter the former subjects, now made free citizens, stood by king and throne with a transport of love never before witnessed in history.

Lombardy, at this moment in rebellion against Austria, was in jeopardy, and while volunteers from all Italy flocked to her defence, there was needed a regular army and an authoritative leader. All eyes turned to Charles Albert, who alone had disciplined troops. Piedmont seconded the movement. Even Turin, a proverbially tranquil city, tumultuously cried for arms. It was midnight on March 25, 1848. An immense crowd filled the vast square of the castle in front of the royal palace. In the darkness they were still and silent as spectral ghosts, while they anxiously awaited the king's determination. Suddenly the large windows of the Museum of Ancient Weapons were opened, and a torrent of light broke over that gathered multitude. Thousands of expectant faces were turned upwards, thousands of eager hearts ceased for an instant to beat. The pale, solemn, lofty figure of Charles Albert, with face strangely illumined by an unwonted smile, appeared on a balcony; his two sons, Victor Emmanuel and the Duke of Genoa, stood on either side. Charles Albert waved over the people a tricolor scarf, and at once the hurricane of applause broke forth from the assembled crowd with shouts of "Long live the king! Long live Italy!" Then a herald proclaimed to Italy and the world the war of Italian independence, declared by the house of Savoy. But it was to be a disastrous conflict in this its earliest stage. The small Piedmontese army, brave and enthusiastic, but supported only by young and undisciplined levies of volunteers, could not long make head against the veterans of Austria under Radetzki. They won several battles in the beginning, but suffered every privation in the field for the want of a proper commissariat. In the thickest fire, where death

reaped its ghastliest harvest, would ever appear through the smoke of battle the emaciated form and passionless face of Charles Albert, not unlike an apparition for which death could have no terrors. The valor of his sons, however, was more impetuous. Victor Emmanuel, at the sound of the first gun, would leap on his horse, and, at the head of his division, rush upon the enemy. From childhood he had disliked music; but on the evening after receiving his first "baptism of fire" in the fields of Lombardy, returning to his tent from the whirr of balls and thunder of artillery, he exclaimed, "What charming music this has been! This is the music I like! This is what I can understand!" On May 30, at Goito, he enacted prodigies of valor. Being wounded in the thigh, he refused to retire or even to dismount; but, having his wound hastily bound up, he remained at the head of his division. This having been repulsed several times, he placed himself at the head of a fresh regiment, commanded by Colonel Lamarmora, the future hero of the Crimea, and won with it a long-contested position.

On the evening of that day, the enemy having been defeated in every attack, Charles Albert, statue-like on his horse, sat in the midst of his staff, receiving the reports from the different corps. A courier brings a despatch from the Duke of Genoa, who was besieging Peschiera; the king opens it, reads it, and with an unusually animated and proud expression, exclaims, "Gentlemen, my son, the Duke of Genoa, announces to me that the fortress of Peschiera is ours." At the same moment Victor Emmanuel, his garments stained with the soil of battle, arrives at a full gallop, and halting before his father, exclaims, "Sire, the day is ours. This day's battle will henceforth be inscribed in the annals of the Piedmontese army, 'The victory of Goito'!"

Well might that immovable king rejoice in the valor of his sons, who thus followed in the footsteps of their renowned ancestors, Umberto of the White-Hand, the Count Verde, Emmanuel Philibert, and Eugene of Savoy; but it was the last joyous moment in the life of that unhappy monarch. In less than two months, Radetzki, having received powerful reinforcements from Austria, resumed the offensive. Several battles were fought; the king and his sons were ever in the front, sharing the fatigues and privations of the field with the common soldiers. Advances alternated with retreats. The enemy was checked at Villafranca, repulsed at Staffalo, but the next morning was victorious at Custoza. The Italians concentrate again at Goito, fight desperately at Volta, are defeated again, and ask for an armistice. This the Austrian marshal grants, but coupled with unacceptable

conditions, and the Italians retreat farther ; then make a stand under the walls of Milan, and are again defeated. Milan capitulates, and an excited rabble accuses Charles Albert of treachery. The unfortunate king has to leave the city on foot, late at night, escorted by a company of troops, to save himself from the wrath of those for whose liberty he had risked his life and his crown.

The liberal army was finally driven back into Piedmont. Charles Albert returned to Turin, ready to sacrifice everything in the attempt to recuperate. But he found himself alone ; the rest of Italy had succumbed to force and treachery and internal dissensions. Yet Charles Albert, in a last effort, collected all his available forces, though now in the dead of winter, and advanced against the enemy in the line of Novara. On March 23, 1849, just one year after the declaration of war, a dark, drizzly day, the Piedmontese army fought for hours, with the king and his sons as usual among the first ranks ; but they were sorely defeated at all points. Toward evening a furious rain set in, yet still they fought. Victor Emmanuel, riding boldly within range of grapeshot, animated his soldiers ; the Duke of Genoa, having had two horses killed under him, was on foot at the head of his division, leading it for the fourth time to the assault ; Charles Albert, more pale, more austere, than ever, stood motionless at the most dangerous points, exposed to the fire of the enemy : he seemed to court a glorious death on that fatal field. At last he was forced into the city, where his defeated army took shelter. He ascended the walls, and there stood with folded arms, watching the flash of the enemy's cannon and the rockets that were still fired over the desolated town ; around him were his generals, staff-officers, high officials of state, who had followed him into the field, and his two sons. Thus he remained for a long time ; finally, turning his looks slowly around, and noticing the sad expression of all, he asked, "Gentlemen, is there a chance to renew the battle to-morrow with any hope of a better fortune?" "None!" was the unanimous reply. He paused a while, plunged in thought ; then, raising his head with an air of strong resolution, he said firmly, "Then I have ceased to reign. From this moment Victor Emmanuel is your king!" and embraced his astonished son with such deep emotion as no one ever supposed him capable of. An hour afterward a travelling carriage left Novara with two travellers in civilian clothes, without attendants or escort. Charles Albert's star had sunk forever ; his life-dream had been dispelled in blood ; he was on his way to exile.

Here begins the political life of Victor Emmanuel, a young man of twenty-nine years, without political experience, taking untimely an ill-starred crown, beneath a crushing defeat, his army annihilated, the triumphant enemy encamped on his territory, his father an exile for the cause of Italy, which seemed now rather a chimera than an impossibility. With the example of the Pope, the King of Naples, and the other local despots all in league against liberty, with all his own family traditions tending to the old absolutism, why should he still rely on a system which had brought such ruin on his father and his father's kingdom? Why not do like the rest? Fortunately he was made of better stuff.

Immediately after the departure of the fallen king, commissioners were despatched to Marshal Radetzki to ask a truce, and to inform him of the abdication of Charles Albert. The old general in return expressed his desire to meet the new king, and treat personally with him. Accordingly the next morning, before dawn, Victor Emmanuel met the marshal at Vignale. The conditions offered were very liberal: Austria would overlook Charles Albert's provocations; would not even claim the expenses of the war, provided the Constitution should be abrogated and Piedmont restored to its ancient absolute *régime*. All the world knows the reply of that loyal king, amid his desperate circumstances: "Marshal, if those are the terms of Austria, let us resume our fight. I will call all Piedmont to arms. I shall succumb, indeed, but it will be without shame, for I shall keep inviolate the oath of my father. My race knows the way to exile, but not that of dishonor!" Radetzki then named other terms,—a large war debt, and, until payment, the delivery of the fortress of Alexandria.

After signing an armistice preliminary to the treaty of peace, the king toward noon returned to Novara. The remains of his troops were under arms to salute him. The bands struck up the royal march. As he rode at a gallop before the battalions, eye-witnesses observed his look to be grave, severe, resolute, with eyes fixed intently before him, and with that decision of countenance indicative of a powerful soul, accepting events, but not yielding to them.

Three days afterward, March 27, 1849, he issued his first proclamation at Turin, announcing his accession to the throne. But to what a throne! In his little kingdom there were less than five million of souls. Genoa was in actual rebellion, Turin was wavering between discouragement and exasperation. The ultra radicals were crying treason, and were on the point of issuing a decree of general insurrection, and forming a committee of safety.

"Citizens," said the manifesto, "fatal events, and the will of my august father, call me long before my time to the throne of my ancestors. The circumstances under which I assume the reins of government are such, that, without the most efficacious co-operation of all, it will be impossible for me to fulfil my only wish, which is the safety of the country. Our greatest endeavor shall now be to preserve untarnished our honor, to heal the wounds caused by adverse fortune, to consolidate our national institutions. I appeal for this end to all my people, giving my solemn oath, and expecting from the nation, in exchange, assistance, affection, trust."

Forthwith Massimo d'Azeglio, still suffering from the wound received in the early campaign against Austria, was made premier. His first aim was to gather round the throne all the honest lovers of true liberty, to reorganize the army and the finances, to consolidate the constitutional laws, to educate the people to their political life, to extend protection to all the patriots of the other parts of Italy by admitting them to the rights of citizenship. Thus he opened a broad field in the parliament, in the press, in the public instruction, to the best liberal men of the country, and constituted Piedmont the defender, in the face of Europe, of the oppressed Italians; so that, while the rest of Italy groaned under the iron despotism of Austria, this kingdom alone kept aloft the constitutional flag as the rallying point for all Italian patriots.

Austria soon discovered that, in allowing a constitutional government and free press in a neighboring State, she had lost the chief fruit of her victory. The idea for which Charles Albert had fought was boldly proclaimed by his successor, and attracted not only all Italians, but especially her own subjects in Lombardy and Venetia. What she had not gained by victory she now, therefore, sought to accomplish by diplomacy. In European courts she represented Piedmont as an unruly boy, an anarchical little State, needing chastisement. For a time she almost persuaded them; and France, Prussia, Russia, even England, sent friendly remonstrances against the too liberal and revolutionary institutions of Piedmont; while the other Italian States, doing police duty for Austria, ostracized from their borders everything Piedmontese, even travellers. But to all such approaches, generally in friendly form, but sometimes threatening, the king made indignant and plain-spoken replies.

Disappointed at the failure of these processes, Austria committed an act of despotism famous among political crimes: she confiscated

the property of those Lombards and Venetians who had accepted citizenship in Piedmont. Cavour, then at the head of the cabinet, strongly protested against this iniquitous act, and appealed to civilized Europe; but the foreign courts held their peace. Thereupon Victor Emmanuel recalled his ambassador from Vienna, and the two governments remained for a long time in a semi-hostile attitude.

It was about this period (1855) that a domestic bereavement gave to the enemies of liberty their only occasion to influence, for an instant, Victor Emmanuel's mind on a religious question. Cavour had introduced a bill for the suppression of the religious corporations and the taxation of church property. While this bill was under discussion, there happened within a few days the death of the king's mother, of his brother the Duke of Genoa, and of his beloved wife. This princess, at first so coldly received, had since won all hearts, and was now mourned by the nation as a public loss. Mother of five children, modest, pious, charitable, delicately beautiful, she had earned, by her personal charms and goodness of heart, the love of those who were strongly prejudiced against her nationality. During the political turmoils which brought face to face in opposite bloody fields of battle her brothers and her husband, she knew how to conciliate so delicately her duties as daughter, sister, wife, and queen, that she deservedly earned the admiration of both peoples. She was earnestly religious, and her saintly influence pervaded the religious sentiment of her husband to the day of his death. He loved her with a sort of holy veneration, and the clerical retrogrades, availing themselves of his despondency, represented to him these family calamities as indications of divine wrath at his persecution of the Church. It is no wonder that such artful insinuations made a temporary impression on him, so that he requested the ministry to withdraw the bill, and to effect some compromise with Rome. Cavour and the cabinet, however, thereupon resigned. But while the rejoicing clericals were striving to form a new administration, the alarm of the people brought all the Liberals to the rescue. D'Azeglio rushed to the palace, and, being refused admittance several times, wrote a famous letter, characteristic both of the author and the king. It began thus: "Sire, in Spain it was forbidden under pain of death to touch the king. There was one king whose robe caught fire; no one ventured to lay hands on him, and he was burned to death. But were I to lose my head or your majesty's favor, I would deem myself the most abject of men if, in a moment like this, I should allow your refusal to see me to deter

me from addressing you." He then detailed the dangers impending over the liberty of Piedmont and the glory of the house of Savoy. He wrote not in vain. Cavour was recalled, the cabinet was restored, and the bill was passed by a large majority, and received the king's signature. It was the only time in this monarch's life that he wavered in his path of reform.

The Crimean war breaking out soon afterward suspended for a time all action in the matter of the rupture of diplomatic relations with Austria. The acute mind of Cavour divined at once what profit Piedmont could derive from this complication; seconded by Victor Emmanuel, he effected that treaty of alliance through which the Piedmontese army could fight side by side with the armies of France and England, and by its valor retrieve the humiliation of the defeat of Novara, and open the way to a recognition of Piedmont in the Congress of Europe. The conduct of that little body of troops in the Crimea led a distinguished Russian general to say to General Lamarmora, after the taking of Sebastopol, "You Piedmontese, with your expedition in the Crimea, have taken a very long and roundabout way to Lombardy." And Lamarmora replied, "Ay! very long, but perhaps the surest." "I have no doubt of it," rejoined the Russian, "judging from the way your soldiers fight." Cavour's endeavor, after the Crimean war, was to introduce the question of Italy before the Congress of Paris; and though prevented by the opposition of Austria, he yet won many friends, and led the way to the alliance with France. Not long afterwards occurred the meeting at Plombiers between Napoleon and Cavour, from which resulted the secret treaty of alliance, the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's daughter to Prince Napoleon, and the Franco-Italian war of 1859 against Austria.

What part the soldier-king took in this war is easily imagined. Following his father's example, who had taken him and his brother to the battle-field in 1848, he likewise carried his two young sons, Umberto and Amadeus, to the field. The French and the Piedmontese armies, which had fought side by side in the Crimea, were now again side by side in Italy. Napoleon planned and Victor Emmanuel fought. At Palestro, at Custoza, at San Martino, at Magenta, and at Solferino he was ever in the front. At Palestro, where the Austrians, outnumbering the allies, were pressing them hard, he placed himself at the head of the third regiment of French Zouaves, and led them to the attack. The enemy's fire was so hot that the Zouaves threw themselves in front of his horse, begging him to retire. "What! do I

stand in your way?" exclaimed he. "Fear not, my lads, there is glory for everybody here!" He rushed forward, and the enemy fell back before the point of the bayonet. It was after this that the regiment elected him by unanimous vote their corporal. His youthful sons distinguished themselves not less. Prince Amadeus, a lad of fifteen, was wounded in the breast at Mount Croce; and Prince Umberto, a boy of seventeen, with only one battalion of Bersaglieri, sustained and repulsed the charge of a regiment of the celebrated Uhlans at Custoza.

The defeated Austrians abandoned Lombardy, and Victor Emmanuel entered triumphantly at Milan, whence eleven years before his father had retreated in a defeat now well avenged. The war was pushed on toward the Adriatic; but after the bloody victory of Solferino, Napoleon, without consulting his ally, signed a treaty of peace with the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca, and then asked Victor Emmanuel's assent. He, though indignant at the sudden check to his victorious career, was forced to acquiesce; but signed the treaty with the famous limitation, "As far as I am concerned." Cavour, protesting against it, resigned the premiership; and the anger of the Italians was such that Louis Napoleon left Milan hurriedly, made a very short stay at Turin, and returned to France. When he had so eagerly allied himself with the King of Piedmont, he had proclaimed that "France would not sheathe her sword until Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic." Why now did he so suddenly stop, and disappoint a nation in the career of victory? Many reasons have been given: that he was appalled at the great loss of life; that he feared the strength of the fortresses of the quadrilateral; that he had news of a coalition of Prussia and the German States in favor of Austria; that the clerical and legitimist parties in France were plotting against him. Another and more probable explanation may be added. The great statesman Cavour had by his policy connected the family of Napoleon with the house of Savoy by the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's eldest daughter, Princess Clotilde, to Prince Jerome Bonaparte. In making this alliance, the Frenchman and the Italian had had their respective and very inconsistent purposes. The victim was the good, patriotic, and self-sacrificing princess, whose remark, not written perhaps in history, is yet well known in all circles of Italy: "If such a sacrifice is necessary for the liberty of Italy and the glory of the house of Savoy, I willingly submit to it!" Napoleon's aim was to destroy the power of Austria in Italy, and to substitute

for it the French, or rather the Napoleonic as it was under the first empire. Cavour probably allowed this idea to loom in the distant future at the meeting at Plombiers, knowing well the while that the Italians, once freed from Austria, would not submit to French dictation. When the war broke out, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, deserted by his army which joined the Piedmontese, fled from Florence, Prince Napoleon, as son-in-law of Victor Emmanuel, was sent to Tuscany at the head of a French division, hoping to make friends and to be proclaimed grand duke or king; but the Tuscans showed him the cold shoulder, and annexed themselves to Piedmont.

Now Napoleon had designed, after driving the Austrians from Italy, to annex Lombardy and Venice to Piedmont, and form a kingdom of upper or Northern Italy; while Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Bologna should make a kingdom of Central Italy, with Prince Jerome as king; then in good time Sicily and Naples might be revolutionized and made into a southern kingdom, with Murat, or some other Napoleonic off-shoot, for king; the Pope would be between them in the patrimony of St. Peter, with Cardinal Bonaparte ready to be elected pope at the death of Pius IX. Thus Italy would be Frenchified, as under Napoleon I. But when Napoleon III. saw that the Italians were very far from acceding to these comfortable arrangements, and one after another the several sections, as they revolted, — Lombards, Emilians, Tuscans, Romans, — all annexed themselves to Piedmont, he saw that his political game was a failure; and so he stopped short at Villafranca, indemnifying himself for the assistance rendered by almost forcibly obliging Piedmont to cede Nice and Savoy.

Here begins the history of the so-called annexations. Tuscany and the States of Central Italy, having got rid during the war of their dukes, voted to annex themselves to Piedmont. Austria protested; the dukes protested, Napoleon, who had inserted in the treaty of peace that the dukes were to be restored, protested, but was quieted by the aforesaid cession of Nice and Savoy. Then followed the expedition of Garibaldi to Sicily, the subversion of the throne of the Neapolitan Bourbons, and the annexation of those kingdoms to Piedmont. It was after this last annexation that parliament, composed for the first time of members from all these annexed States, conferred on Victor Emmanuel the title of King of Italy, and declared Rome the capital of the kingdom. Again the powers protested against these annexations; and Napoleon refused to recognize the new kingdom, until the unexpected death of Cavour, leading him to fear new complications, caused him to admit the accomplished fact.

Victor Emmanuel has been wrongfully charged with assisting in the dethronement of his cousin Francis II., of Naples, whose mother was a princess of Savoy. Over and over again, both privately and officially, he had warned that young king of the perils he incurred in continuing his father's policy of despotic rule and subserviency to Austria. When war was declared, he invited Francis II. to join the alliance, and wrote to him privately, placing before his eyes the true position of the case. In a private autograph letter he stated, "I shall soon have to face the terrible alternative of either sacrificing the most sacred interests of my country, or myself becoming the principal instrument of your ruin." Unfortunately for himself, fortunately for Italian unification, the stupid offspring of a wicked race could not throw in his lot with the patriot cause. Victor Emmanuel was not to blame for the inevitable consequence.

After the death of Cavour the enemies of Italy prophesied the dissolution of the country, since no one, as they thought, could take the helm after that powerful statesman. But Victor Emmanuel was more of a statesman than people gave him credit for being. He called the best men around him, and following the policy marked out by Cavour they brought the nation successfully to her coveted end.

There have been admirers of that great statesman who have said, that without Cavour Italy would never have been made. Neither could it have been made without Victor Emmanuel. It is invidious, as well as impossible, to compare different kinds of usefulness, where so many combined, each doing his allotted and necessary part. The liberalism of D'Azeglio, the statesmanship of Cavour, the sword of Garibaldi, the patriotic propaganda of Mazzini, the strong will of Ricasoli who effected the annexation of Tuscany, the political honesty and valor of Lamarmora and Menabrea were all essential factors, which Victor Emmanuel was able to combine and so to accomplish success.

The alliance with Prussia in 1866 was chiefly brought about by Victor Emmanuel himself, whose aid-de-camp, General Govone, travelled backward and forward between Florence and Berlin. On the declaration of war between Prussia and Austria, the latter offered Venice to Italy as the price of her neutrality. It was a great temptation; but the king resisted it, and preferred another war rather than to fail in his word to Prussia. Prussia would hardly have won at Sadowa, had not two hundred thousand Austrian troops been detained in Italy to oppose Victor Emmanuel's army. In the treaty of peace Austria ceded Venice to Italy.

There then remained only Rome, which was still occupied by the French to protect the tottering throne of the Pope. The Franco-Prussian war, ending in the fall of Napoleon, opened the way to this. The French garrison was recalled, and the Italian army, scattering to the wind the foreign fanatics who attempted a resistance, entered the capital; the seat of the government was transferred thither, and the final unity of Italy was accomplished in 1870.

Let us compare these dates. In March, 1849, Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne of Sardinia on the morrow of a crushing defeat; in twenty-one years he became the king of all Italy, not by the sword, — which he unsheathed only against foreign oppressors, — but by the unanimous vote of the whole people, who hastened to turn to him as the only Italian potentate who had nobly defended their cause abroad and religiously respected their liberties at home. This loyalty to the Constitution and liberties of the people, more than his military bravery, won for him the title of *Re Galantuomo* and the crown of Italy. From the day of his accession to the throne of United Italy to the day of his death, eight years afterward, he never for an instant swerved from the path of a constitutional king. His ministers, representing the majority in parliament, were ever most free in their acts; and their will was even accepted by him in the choice of persons in the royal household. Nor did any one, even of the most intimate friends of the king, ever remain in power when he had not with him the vote of the nation represented by the parliament.

Thus much for the public life of Victor Emmanuel. A few words should be added concerning his private life, which has been subjected to many misrepresentations by scandal-mongers. He was above middle height, but his stout figure was not pleasing, especially when not in military uniform. He held his head erect, his features were regular, and his face was very remarkable. He had blue eyes, a *retroussé* nose and long mustache, a bold, resolute expression, with something of grandeur in his mien. In manners, as in appearance, he was rough. He hated fashionable society, theatres, court etiquette. He was shy, and disliked to exhibit himself to the public. Yet he was very popular, especially in Turin, where everybody called him "Papa Vittorio," on account of his lack of affectation; for he was wont to walk about the streets with the utmost freedom, bowing and speaking with any one he met, smoking a cigar, which he would light at any public tobacco shop. Under this rough semblance, however, he had a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment for which few people gave him

credit. His predominating quality was a courage bordering on temerity. His education was somewhat limited, and he preferred to speak his native Piedmontese dialect rather than the Italian. He disliked the routine of official duties, calling it "*questo mestieraccio di re*," — "this disagreeable trade of king," and he seldom interfered in the internal administration of the government, or even of the palace. In war and foreign politics, however, he always took a leading part, and never failed to preside at the cabinet meetings. He had a keen knowledge of men, and chose them well. His personal habits were of the simplest. He took but one meal a day, and preferred common and popular dishes. When compelled to be present at an official court dinner, he did not unfold his napkin nor touch a dish; but with his hand on the pommel of his sword he talked with the guests, without dissimulating his impatience and *ennui*. He was passionately fond of horses, of the chase, and of bodily exercises. Often in autumn, and even in the middle of winter, he would start with two aids to chase the chamois among the Alps, remaining for days and even weeks encamped in a tent. There, dressed in a hunting-jacket, with his carabine, he climbed the steepest rocks in company with the most daring peasant hunters, sleeping often in the open air, eating in a farmhouse whatever happened to be cooked there, and returning after such excursions refreshed and vigorous, while his unfortunate aids would be ill and attenuated. He seldom lived in the palaces, except when obliged to, but was usually at his country seats, of which his favorite, La Mandria, was a hunter's lodge among the woods, a few miles from Turin. It is most extraordinary, and shows his great personal popularity, that in twenty-nine years of reign, in turbulent times of wars and revolutions, with bitter political and dynastic enemies, — the red republicans, the reactionists, the clericals of Rome, the Bourbonians of Naples, the Austrian partisans of Lombardy, — there never was a single attempt against his life, though no monarch ever gave freer opportunity to the assassin.

He had five children by his queen, — Princess Clotilde, who married Prince Napoleon; Prince Umberto, now King of Italy; Prince Amadeo, elected King of Spain, but who, following his father's teachings, abdicated at once when he could no longer rule by constitutional means; Princess Pia, now Queen of Portugal; and Prince Oddo, who died young. He married againmorganatically the daughter of a body-guard of the palace, who survives him, the Countess Miraflores, by whom he had two children, — Count Miraflores, who married the wealthy

heiress Sarderell of Leghorn ; and a daughter, who married the Marquis Spinola. He venerated his first wife, and dearly loved his second. Of the discreditable stories told of him we may believe only the most infinitesimal part. His free and easy manners—for he would not hesitate to stop and talk with a flower-girl, an equestrienne, or an actress—and his unbounded generosity often gave rise to gossip which had no more foundation than the smoke of his cigar.

His private and public generosity was proverbial : every year there was a deficit in his budget, and he died in debt. There was not a distress, a fire, an inundation, but the king's bounty came in aid. The house of Savoy has almost no private property, and Victor Emmanuel used jokingly to say, "If I should lose my crown, I should not have a coat left to my back, nor a name to call myself by, unless it were Mr. Savoy." The latter part of the statement, at least, was literally true ; but it was a source of pride with him, since it proved the antiquity of his house, which dates from the ninth century, when no surnames were in use. All his democracy could not prevent an occasional exhibition of this feeling. Once, in a moment of irritation, he exclaimed to Louis Napoleon's ambassador, La Tour d'Auvergne, "Who, after all, is this man, this last comer among the sovereigns of Europe? An intruder among us! Let him remember who he is, and who I am,—the head of the first and most ancient race that rules in Europe!" The diplomat quietly replied, "Am I to understand your Majesty's words as official?" The king, thus suddenly recalled, replied, "No, there is no occasion for you to report them ;" and the minister only wrote confidentially that, "Our ally, though biting the bit, still obeys the orders from Paris."

His tenderness was beautifully illustrated on the occasion of the opening of Parliament in Rome, after all Italy had been united. In the address from the throne he spoke of his gratification that his relations with the Austrian court might now be such as became friends and kindred. One of his ministers remarked to him, afterward, that in reading this passage his voice faltered. "Ah, well," he replied, "I was thinking of my poor queen then!" This was fifteen years after her death.

He was a devoted Catholic, and through his lifelong contentions with Rome his faith never wavered. He revered Pius IX., who in turn personally loved him. Even in occupying the Roman territory and suppressing the temporal power of the Church, he ever protested his filial respect for the sacred person of the Pope as the spiritual head of his religion.

In December of 1877 Victor Emmanuel was staying at Turin, and, as was his habit after transacting the business of the day, he drove out in an open carriage to his hunting lodge of La Mandria. It was in those cold nightly drives that he must have contracted the malady which developed itself so rapidly afterwards. Before the 1st of January he went to Rome to be present at the usual New Year official reception. When there he complained of not feeling well, but would not listen to the advice of his physicians who insisted upon his keeping his bed. On January 5, 1878, the illness manifested itself as a fever, which advanced so rapidly that by the 8th it became alarming. Yet still he neglected the precautions urged by the physicians, and the next day they felt obliged to tell him of his approaching end. He received the news with perfect coolness and courage, and sent for his priest, the Abbé Ansimo. The abbé had been authorized by Pius IX. to give unconditionally all the religious assistance which should be desired by the king. He came and received the king's confession alone; then, in the presence of his family and ministers of state, administered the Holy Communion, while the dying king lay on his camp-bed. In a few hours Victor Emmanuel was no more, dying with the courage with which he had lived.

The event is too recent to call for a description of the grief of Italy at this loss; suffice it to say that the Pantheon, which had contained the monuments of the great heroes of ancient Rome, was again opened, after two thousand years, to receive the remains of Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy by the unanimous will of the Italian people.

LUIGI MONTI.

THE ABUSE OF THE BALLOT AND ITS REMEDY.

IF popular government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, the ballot is not only a right, but the most sacred of all trusts. The word "election" means choice, and this implies the exercise of intelligence and will. The voter is not a real sovereign, but the mere tool and slave of another, if his ballot is not the honest expression of his own personality. It is by voting, that public opinion is crystallized into law; but if the ballot is a counterfeit, the government becomes a huge imposture and an organized lie. Lord Macaulay, in one of his letters to his constituents, declares that "the man who surrenders his vote to caresses and importunities forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note." A false vote or a false return is treason against the republic. Like the crime of regicide in a monarchy, it is the murder of the sovereign. It has been likened to poisoning a well, from which multitudes are obliged to draw water. The act of voting necessarily involves all that is sacred in the idea of country, or priceless in our institutions. To make a foot-ball of the ballot is akin to playing with nitro-glycerine or steam. In voting, every citizen is his brother's keeper; and if he votes falsely or unfaithfully, his responsibility is to be multiplied and compounded by the multitudes whose welfare is of necessity committed to his hands as the citizen of a representative government.

These are old-fashioned notions, but we believe the time has fully come for their renewal. The inquiry is daily becoming more and more pertinent whether elections any longer elect. We think we are safe in asserting that in every State in the Union, and especially in the cities and large towns, votes are not unfrequently bought and sold in the political market, and their price regulated by the law of supply and demand. This is extensively and fearfully true in particular sections of the country. The debauching power of money in elections is notorious, and constantly on the increase through the steady decline of political morality. Poverty increases with material prog-

ress, while the centralization of capital and the power of corporate wealth make the poor more and more dependent upon the rich. We know of several cases of contested elections now pending in the National House of Representatives in which wholesale intimidation and bribery of the voters are proved; and such cases are becoming more common with each succeeding session of Congress. We speak of all political parties, and of the Northern as well as the Southern States. The civil service of the government has itself become a regularly organized machine for interfering with the freedom of elections, and thus defeating that untrammelled expression of the people's will which is the true and only source of power in a republic. It is political prostitution cunningly fashioned into an institution, and the ballot, which should

"Execute a freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God,"

thus becomes the shameful travesty of our politics. Its moral value is forgotten in its commercial. In selecting men for high offices the financial resources of the candidates are now rarely overlooked, and we presume the man would be laughed at who would seriously propose to any of our party leaders a poor man as an available candidate for the presidency. Everything, in fact, is subordinated to the paramount question of party success. On the alleged ground of Democratic intimidation in Louisiana in 1876, the vote of that State was counted by the Republicans for their presidential candidate, and the people were thus defrauded of the right to their choice. This very naturally begot the recent project among the Democrats of Maine to make a small reprisal in that State, which failed, however, just as the game of "tissue ballots" in South Carolina, which was attempted by the Republicans two years ago, was defeated through the more extensive use of that ballot by the Democrats. The spirit of the times and the purpose of our party leaders are pretty clearly discerned in the fact that by common consent no safeguards are to be provided by Congress against a recurrence of the electoral troubles of four years ago; and it seems quite manifest that the real question to be settled by the presidential contest of this year is not so much who shall be elected, as who shall be "counted in" after the votes are cast. The leaders of each party will justify themselves in the use of the most questionable methods in securing the victory, on the ground of the badness of the other and the predicted ruin to the country which its success would involve. They are playing the game of "tit for tat." A prominent party leader recently made the remark, that

"we must train up our boys and young men to vote as often as ten times at our elections. The other party does it, and if we do not play the same game we shall continue to be beaten." This demoralization seems to increase in the dominant parties in proportion as the issues which once divided them disappear, and their contests degenerate into a mere struggle for power and the spoils. That a republican government can permanently endure such a mockery of its principles no thinking man can believe; for the form without the power of democracy is as worthless as the form without the power of godliness.

But what is the remedy? It is far easier to ask this question than to answer it. What the country needs is such an awakened conscience among the great body of the people, and such a reverence for the ballot as the real expression of the people's wish, as shall thoroughly regenerate our politics, subordinate party machinery to the public good, and send to the rear the trained mercenaries under whose lead the conduct of public affairs has been degraded and disgraced. But this is a task so immense that nothing but the enthusiasm of a living faith in the principle of democracy will count it possible. We shall be told that the very facts which we present prove the unfitness of the people for self-government and the impossibility of making the suffrage conform in fact to the ideal we set forth. It will be argued by some that the only remedy is the restriction of the ballot. But this is as utterly impracticable as it is absurd. How shall it be restricted? If the poor man, who sells his vote under the pressure of want or, perhaps, to relieve the pangs of hunger, is to be disfranchised, what shall be done with the rich rascal who leads him into temptation? Is poverty only to be disgraced, and wealth made a crown of glory? Where is the line to be drawn? If the ignorant man must be disfranchised, what shall be done with the educated reprobate who thus becomes a pillar in the aristocracy of knowledge? If the right to vote is to depend upon the moral character of the voter, who shall define and fix the particular measure of virtue required for the successful administration of the government? The winnowing of the sheep from the goats on the Day of Judgment may be perfectly accomplished, because the proceeding will be supervised by unerring wisdom; but who will be able to determine the principle upon which those who are fit for the suffrage shall be set apart from the unfit? If "government by the people" works badly, what possible help is there save in the people themselves? No satisfactory answer to these questions has ever been given. Are we mad enough to jump out of

the frying-pan of democracy into the fire of any form of aristocratic rule? Could that lift the brutalized and poverty-stricken elements of our population to a higher level, or minister to the aggregate well-being of the nation? The regeneration of our politics, through the right working of our democratic machinery, is confessedly a very difficult task; but no task could be more hopeless than the attempt to save the country by confessing the failure of our republican experiment, and resorting to expedients which have broken down as often as they have been tried. When even the slaves of despotic power in Europe have caught the spirit of democracy, and thrones are tottering to their inevitable fall, it is worse than madness to think of retracing a single inch from the ground on which we stand.

Another remedy for the prevalent debasement of the ballot, however, is proposed, and that is "a strong government." This is favored by a very formidable party. The restriction of the suffrage is not demanded, because the popular current is deemed too strong at present to be resisted; but the ignorant and degraded masses — the "driven cattle" of politics — are to be fed and herded by the leaders whose success in controlling their ballots has become so shamefully proverbial. The champions of this scheme are the believers in a third term for General Grant; and leading and influential ministers of the gospel, like Henry Ward Beecher, are among them. They tell us that a settled constitutional head for the government is necessary, and that "God will put Grant in a place of power." We are assured that this is especially necessary for the purpose of maintaining order in the South; and a prominent Pennsylvania politician declared, in the late Republican convention at Harrisburg, that the people were ready to "place a crown upon his head." These strong-government men tell us that the business interests of the country need rest, and that to prevent the frequent recurrence of presidential elections, and the perils incident to the strifes and rivalries of parties, we need permanence in the presidential office. They say that what we want in our government is "stability and continuity." They make no disguise of their opinion that the wide diffusion of power among the people is an evil, and that one of the reasons for giving Grant a third term is that he will have the nerve not to be counted out by the Democrats if he should believe himself to have been elected. These peculiar champions of political reform struggle for power for the sake of plunder. The only government they sincerely believe in is a plutocracy, and they repudiate every political principle in conflict with

their faith. They regard with secret but supreme contempt the very idea of popular self-government; and this is illustrated in the fact that Senator Cameron and Senator Conkling hold the States of Pennsylvania and New York as conquered political provinces, while the pro-consular power of Senators Logan, Carpenter, and other champions of the strong-government idea is scarcely less noteworthy. These leaders have no other thought but to win; and they are doubtless emboldened in their purpose by remembering that when the title to the presidency was in dispute in 1876, and General Grant was massing his troops in Washington for the purpose of settling the issue in favor of the Republicans by the strong hand of power, should it become necessary, the Democrats quailed before the prospect, and the timidity of capital turned the tide against them.

This theory plainly means, if it means anything, the government of the country by Mexican or South American methods, and the final ascendancy of autocratic power. The proposition to elect Grant on the false pretence of maintaining order in the South proves it. There has been no general disorder in that section since his retirement from office, and peace now prevails, with unprecedented prosperity. If it were otherwise, General Grant, like any other executive, could preserve order only in the way authorized by the Constitution and laws. The government would be no stronger, unless made so by revolutionary measures. It must be remembered, besides, that his failure to preserve peace in the South during his two administrations was as signal as it was disgraceful. Outrages and lawlessness ran parallel with the use of the bayonet and the maladministration of the men he entrusted with power. The fact thus stands palpably revealed that his proposed re-election means extra-constitutional action through the military arm of the Government. This is the logic of the movement, whether the men behind it contemplate it or not. It means, of course, more than this. It means the reinstatement of the adventurers and knaves who formed the body-guard of the "strong man" during the frightful "moral interregnum" of eight years, which so humiliated the republic in the sight of the civilized world, and from which we are only now slowly emerging. Such is the novel project for averting the evils of universal suffrage and deodorizing the rottenness of our politics; and if the performance would not be so diabolically spectacular, we should be impatient to see it attempted.

Dismissing these remedies as decidedly worse than the malady for which they are proposed as a cure, and returning to our question, we

have only to say that the sovereign remedy for all the evils connected with popular government is *popular government*. No other is possible, and whoever rejects this must therefore take refuge in political despair. To attempt to reform the working of democratic institutions by arbitrary methods is like turning Jesuit to save the Protestant faith. The chief danger which threatens our country is the decline of faith in the great maxims of free government, and in the ballot as its safeguard and support. Here is the root of all our political troubles. Without this faith, the fate of the republic is sealed. We are absolutely shut up to this alternative, and the work of political regeneration must begin with its acknowledgment. The case would be different, of course, if any possible substitute for our popular system were at hand ; but there is none. Faith in the people, notwithstanding the lamentable facts to which we have referred, is the indispensable condition of reform. It was the power of this faith which saved the republic in the beginning from the deadly paralysis with which Federalism threatened it. We have no sympathy whatever with those political dyspeptics who spend their spare time in whining over the evils of universal suffrage, and whose only plan of political salvation seems to consist in giving up the ghost of republican government. What is needed, above all else, is a brave and honest leadership. The masses, with all their faults and shortcomings, are capable of responding to it, and the supply of this desideratum would be one of the surest means of their further political enlightenment. This, in fact, is the great problem of our politics to-day ; for it involves the complete destruction of what is called the political "machine," and the thorough emancipation of the people from their party shackles.

Of the particular methods by which all this is to be accomplished, we do not now propose to enter into the discussion. We have dealt with this subject in a previous article in this Review,¹ in which we pointed out the necessity for a better system of household training, having special reference to the great moralities of life ; the need of a thorough reform in our system of education, in which less attention shall be given to the study of ancient languages and more time devoted to the branches of knowledge bearing directly upon the practical interests of life, such as the science of government, political economy, and morality ; a thorough revival and more practical assertion of the power of the Church as a moral instructor and guide ;

¹ January, 1879.

and the duty of the better sort of men in all parties to bear personal witness to their interest in the work of political reform by doing their share of the hard and disagreeable work required for its accomplishment. These were suggested as some of the means of escape from existing political disorders; but whatever may be thought of their practical value, and however dark and even dismal the outlook may now seem, we are by no means inclined to despair. The spirit of liberty still lives in the great body of the people, and when the hour is fully ripe will make itself savingly manifest. The traditions of the republic are not wholly forgotten, and their power over the people will be revived by every effort put forth to stifle it. The enemies of free government, through the folly of their methods, will become the servants of the very principle they seek to crush, just as the Antislavery struggle was constantly strengthened by the madness of the slaveholders, and the nation saved again and again during the late civil war through the blunders of its enemies. The strong-government project will be likely to fare no better. Its champions have already spoiled their game by showing their hand. The effort to give General Grant a third term, which began in his journey around the world and the honors everywhere lavished upon him by royalty, is now perfectly understood, and is producing a very healthy republican reaction. The undisguised struggle now going on for his nomination, and evidently inspired by himself, is bearing good fruit in the diminished chances of his success; and should he secure it, we are confident that his defeat at the polls will be so overwhelming that at least another century will elapse before the project of a third term will be revived.

Kindred observations apply to the threatening power of wealth over the dependent classes. That power has its bounds, and will be apt to find them through the very audacity with which it asserts its claims. "The wealth of the country," says Senator Sharon, "has to bear the burdens of the government, and it should control it. The people are becoming educated up to this theory rapidly, and the sooner it is recognized in the Constitution and laws the better it will be for the people." He adds, "The railroads, the banks, the manufacturers, the heavy importers, and all classes of business in which millions are invested will maintain the supremacy of the Republican party." This was undoubtedly the opinion of the late Senator Chandler, as it is the creed of the great political captains who have so marvellously succeeded to the leadership of the party which signaled

its early life by its championship of the rights of man, and showered its honors upon such men as Sumner, Chase, Lincoln, and Greeley. It reminds one of the old-time swagger of the slave dynasty about "filthy operatives," "greasy mechanics," and "a pauper banditti," which did so much to rouse the people of the free States, and prepare the way for the final conflict which ended in the triumph of freedom. When the great moneyed interests of the country thus openly take their stand as a political power, and throw down the gage of battle to the people, we do not fear the final result. The rapacity of organized wealth in the State of California has already met with an effective check. It was accomplished by crude and awkward methods, but the lesson is none the less valuable as a sign of the times, and an augury of further victories by the people. The family oligarchy of the Camerons, in Pennsylvania, has evidently spent its utmost force, and a slowly-returning sense of humiliation and shame will yet lead her people to rebuild a free commonwealth on its ruins. The educational influence of self-government will everywhere constantly invite popular resistance to the unhealthy domination of capital, and tend to hold it at bay. The average American citizen stands in little real danger of losing his individuality and self-respect through the blandishments or frowns of wealth. The wholesome practical efficacy of that democracy which the tyranny of capital so dreads will keep that capital within manageable bounds and teach it to take counsel of its fears. In England the condition of the people has improved and their fitness for self-government increased with every widening of the basis of political power. This, we believe, will become an accepted truth in the United States, and constitute the great breakwater against every form of inequality and oppression. Our people are not the drilled subjects of arbitrary power, but the citizens of a free republic, whose will is the sole fountain of authority. That will must be respected; and although temporarily thwarted, it must finally prevail. In its expression the poor man as well as the rich has a rightful voice. He breathes the air of our free institutions and cherishes the traditions of the republic; and his just demands cannot be safely disregarded, nor can he be enslaved without its overthrow. The greed of organized cupidity cannot permanently harm him, because democracy means equal laws. To the millions crushed by poverty it means a home and bread and education, and fair play in the race of life; it repudiates the maxim that capital should own labor, and it wages war against every form of aristocracy and privilege because it places

humanity before property, and believes in the gospel of equal rights.

We do not say there is any magical power in democratic government. It must be carried on under conditions, and eternal vigilance is the price of its success. As we have endeavored to show, it is our only hope; and for this reason we would exhort the wealth and conservatism of the country to lend it their powerful aid, instead of throwing themselves across its path. Should it break down in anarchy or communism, it will be their fault, and not its necessary failure. It will come of the ravenous appetite for gain which "overrides even the love of life," and now openly demands that the wealth of the country, and not its citizens, shall be its master. "The railroads, the banks, the manufacturers, and the heavy importers" must all be protected in their just rights; but so also must the millions whose toil is the source of all wealth, and from whose ranks the best part of our military establishment is drawn when the country is in danger. Humanity must not be sacrificed to the Moloch of wealth. The free play and natural sweep of popular liberty must not be fatally hindered by a self-appointed plutocracy, which subordinates justice and the rights of man to its greedy behests. Democracy asks for "a free field and a fair fight," and it will accept nothing less. Its defeat, should it happen, will be temporary, while the ruin of its foes will be certain and overwhelming. The march of Freedom is onward and inevitable, whether heralded by the kindly agencies of peace or the iron hand of war; and this truth cannot be too soon or too earnestly pondered by the believers in the coronation of wealth as our king.

We think the hopefulness of the political prospect may be fairly illustrated by other cases, in which great and menacing dangers bring their own compensation or cure. "It is a comfort to reflect," says Emerson, "that the gigantic evils which seem to us so mischievous and so incurable will at last end themselves, and rid the world of their presence." We have already referred to our debauched civil service. At the close of the last administration it had stripped the Republican party of its overwhelming ascendancy, and brought it to the very gates of death. It had so completely disgusted the whole people, that the demand for civil service reform was most vigorously and unequivocally made by both political parties in their national platform. The candidate of the Republicans was singularly emphatic on the subject, declaring that the reform should be "thorough, radi-

cal, and complete ;" but the best thing that can be said of his administration is, that, after playing the game of fast and loose for several years, it has finally surrendered to the enemy. The famous order of the President to his subordinates, issued early in his administration, is now everywhere treated with derision and contempt, while his Secretary of the Treasury is defiantly wielding the entire Federal machinery under his control in the work of procuring his presidential nomination. Indeed, there is not the least ground for believing that either of our contending parties can be trusted in dealing with this question, which so vitally involves the reform of great abuses and the purification of our politics, for which good men everywhere pray. They have evidently made up their minds to continue the work of mocking the people's wishes, while rivalling each other in the palpable insincerity of their professions. Their audacity thus far has received no serious check, and is likely to have free course till it shall be arrested by a popular outcry still more formidable than that of 1876. In the very nature of things, this will come. The endurance of the people will not last forever. They move slowly, but they will move surely, against a great and intolerable national grievance. Our model republic will not continue much longer to lag behind the governments of the Old World in its manner of transacting the business of the people ; and when the cup of party misrule shall be full to overflowing, the grand work will be undertaken, and quite as thoroughly accomplished as was the suppression of the Rebellion.

The state of our parties furnishes a still better illustration. No man can name any well-defined question on which they are divided. Their paradise is power, and it furnishes the sole basis and inspiration of their contention. To say that this state of affairs is to be prolonged indefinitely is to surrender the country to its foes, and to join the army of evil prophets whose counsels we totally abjure. It is true that parties, like individuals, sometimes outlive their usefulness. The parties which ruled the country a quarter of a century ago kept up their strife years after the issues which originally divided them had been settled. They lived upon their traditions, and each cherished the desperate purpose of saving its life by scuffling for power only, and by keeping out of sight the one living issue of the time. They doubtless had as little thought of bringing their quarrel to an end as have the parties of to-day ; but the living question came to the front through every effort to keep it back, while the hollowness of the scramble became more and more apparent. The final result was the

birth of new parties, whose descendants are now called Independent voters. They defeated Clay for the presidency in 1844, and Cass in 1848. Independent voters of the Democratic persuasion rent their party in twain in 1860, and made Abraham Lincoln president. Independent voters created the Republican party, and they will destroy it whenever it shall become perfectly apparent that its life can be continued only for evil. Independent voting in the city and State of New York has become an exceedingly interesting if not a picturesque proceeding; and the men engaged in it, who are now known as "scratchers," have served a notice on the engineers of the great party "machine" that their purpose is to "ditch" it, unless it shall be run conformably to their beliefs. Neither party is now strong enough to win without the help of these political "malcontents," whose numbers are constantly on the increase. This is especially true in the States which now constitute the pivots of party victory, and it gives to this element a most commanding position. It becomes still more commanding when we remember that it forms the nucleus of a possible new party, which will become a certainty on the demonstrated failure of the old ones to do what is required; for these Independents do not mean to be driven from their purpose by the old-fashioned howl of ruin to the country, as the consequence of either Democratic or Republican ascendancy.

In the light of these facts, the notion that existing parties are fixed and enduring forces, in the ranks of one or the other of which men are obliged to muster, fades away into a mere superstition, and our escape from the evils which have grown up under their sway becomes altogether practicable. It is also made very probable that new formations are at hand, in which parties will be honestly divided upon questions of practical administration, and our politics thus again be made decent and respectable, as in the better days of the past. In this blessed consummation we shall witness the end of that sectional animosity under cover of which the most shameful abuses have found shelter, and which has so long stood in the way of real national unity and peace. Putting away old memories and rallying round new banners, we can thus enter upon a new political dispensation, and dispassionately confront its requirements. Long neglected questions, such as the reform of our tariff laws, of our civil service, of our land policy, and of railway management, can be coolly discussed and settled upon their merits. Political moderation and a restored feeling of national brotherhood will take the place of passion and party rancor,

and will temper the rivalries of our leaders. All this, we believe, will sooner or later come to pass, in spite of the fearful obstacles in its way. It will come through the healthy action of democratic government, and the natural tendency of society towards improved conditions: but its coming may be hastened by wise and timely effort. This new era may be a mere dream, but so is all human progress before its realization. In the history of the past, the dream of a better future has always inspired the will and nerved the arm of the men whose toil and endeavor have moved the world. They have succeeded because they were men of faith, while the march of civilization has constantly been impeded by the deadly influence of unbelief in humanity.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

GOVERNMENT MACHINERY.

THE publication of Mr. Eaton's volume on Civil Service Reform in Great Britain, with the introduction by Mr. George William Curtis, is a fresh evidence of the interest now taken by thoughtful men in our methods of public administration. Mr. Eaton does not make his book, in form, an examination of the evils of our own political system, or of the remedies for those evils. It purports to be, in the main, a recital of certain historical facts connected with civil administration in England. Yet the book is meant as an argument; and Mr. Eaton's belief apparently is that an adoption of the system of competitive examination, as it is used in the British Civil Service, will give us complete relief from our present political troubles, and will make pure and efficient our whole public administration.

It is important, on these points, that we make no mistakes. It would be a misfortune if the people were to labor for years to procure the adoption of some particular reform, and were then to find that they had not so much as touched the real disease. Such a disappointment would be a greater evil than all our existing abuses. The abuses themselves act as so many blisters, which will sooner or later excite a healthy national life.

This proposed remedy of competitive examination is, therefore, a subject full of interest for the American people. It is the most important practical question of the day. What, then, is this system? What practical results does it promise, supposing it were adopted in its full length and breadth? And what practical measures must we take to procure its adoption, or the adoption of any modification of our government machinery, which will give us substantial improvement in the management of our public affairs?

In its distinguishing feature it is a system which provides only for the selection of subordinate officials, by an examination, at the time they enter the service, as to certain branches of knowledge. It does not test their capacities for doing the work they are to do; it does not test them after they are in the service; it does not test supe-

rior officers; nor does it provide any security for enforcing efficient work.

To determine its value in its own province, let us take an example from our actual government service as it now is. An applicant for an appointment in our Railway Postal Service, before he receives his permanent appointment, undergoes several examinations. His work, be it remembered, is to carry and distribute the mails. He is first examined as to his knowledge of the location of post-offices by counties. He is given a tray of cards, containing (in the instance of Pennsylvania) the names of 3,000 post-offices. A frame of pigeon-holes, labelled with the names of the sixty odd counties in the State, is placed before him, and he is required to distribute under the different county heads the cards bearing the names of the post-offices belonging to each county. Few men, even after six months of study and practice, are able to do this correctly at one sitting. After the applicant has made himself familiar with this task, he has to fit himself for a "scheme examination" on a division of post-offices by railway routes. Before he is permanently appointed he must show on his examinations a record of at least 50 per cent. In other words, he must know the location of half the post-offices in a State, by counties and railway routes. It is said that the head clerk and principal examiner in the New York Office, who has been in the service since 1869, passed examinations on twelve different States, and on seven of them reached a record of 100 per cent. His lowest percentage on any State was 98.73. During the year 1879, on examinations as to over 2,000 post-offices, 131 clerks made an examination record of over 90 per cent. The number of questions asked on these examinations, in regard to the postal laws and regulations, was 21,432, of which 20,352 were correctly answered. To show the efficiency which results from examinations of this kind it is enough to state, that, in the distributions on our railway postal cars, during the same year, of over 200,000,000 letters, there occurred only one error in each 3,540, and out of over 1,000,000 registered letters only one was mis-sent.

Now for the purpose of getting men who can do work like this, of what value is an examination only in arithmetic and geography? No doubt, it is wise to have no employé in our public service who does not know arithmetic and geography. But is that enough? Is that going to purify our whole political system? What we must have for our public officials, even as a mere means of selecting them,

is an examination in the special work which each one is to do. We must put them to the tests of actual service, and we must keep them under those tests. For it does not follow that a man who is once fit for his work will be so forever. As a mere means for selecting men, then, this plan of competitive examination is entirely insufficient. We must have a machinery for selecting men who will be able to do their own especial work.

But is that all we need? Suppose we secure, for subordinate positions, men who are fit to do the work of subordinates. Do we need fit men only at the bottom of the service? Can we have ignorance only at the top? That is the doctrine soberly held and promulgated by some of the theorists who discuss this matter of Civil Service. It is a peculiarly English idea. The present theory in the present stage of the search of the English people after a government is this: that through the whole executive administration each man must know the duties of his place, until you come to the heads of departments; but that the head of an executive department is to be a man selected solely because he, with some other men, has been able to carry a vote in the House of Commons on Roman Catholic Emancipation, or a Water-Works Bill. He may have great skill in manipulating a parliamentary majority, but he knows nothing about administration. He is not selected with a view to that point. Now it may be that the public affairs of a great people can be managed in flat defiance of all the laws of human experience and common-sense. But we all know that work of every other kind in the world requires the most experienced men at the top of the machinery, instead of at the bottom. It may be that the management of the postal work, the armies, the navies, and the finances of a great nation is the one thing in the world which can be done best by having the most ignorant men in the places of power. But that is a point which has not yet been demonstrated. When it shall be clearly established by some ingenious theorist, then we can be satisfied with a machinery which will give us skilled and experienced workmen only in subordinate offices. But until then — ?

But there is a question which lies back of all this. What is the real practical difficulty which stands in the way of our adopting competitive examination, or any other plan for the solid improvement of our Civil Service? Most men will agree that our greatest obstacle in this direction is the opposition of our public servants themselves, the very men who ought to be making the improvement. And the

reason is that by the very system under which we put our public officials we compel them, whether they wish it or not, to sacrifice our interests. Our government system is one continued series of elections. Every year we have one. Once in four years, or in two years, or in one year, we offer the control of every public office and the keys of every public treasury throughout the land, — those of our national, state, county, city, and town governments, — as a prize to be awarded to that combination of men who can succeed in carrying these elections. The prize is an immense one. It means employment for many hundred thousand men, and the spending of hundreds of millions of dollars.

This immense mass of election work, with its immense rewards, develops a regular class of professionals who give to this work their whole time and labor. In this calling they gain great skill. What is more, they perfect a vast and powerful organization, by means of which and of their skill they are enabled substantially to take the control of our elections completely out of our hands. We keep the form of an election. But, in substance, these professionals appoint every official in the country, from the President of the United States down to a street-sweeper. The great body of the people are compelled to give their time and thought to their ordinary daily pursuits. The control of our many elections calls for the expenditure of more time and money than men who have other occupations can possibly afford to give. And a contest over the choice of our public servants between the people and this body of professionals is a contest between an organized army and an undisciplined mob. Its result never can be in doubt.

Not only, too, do we develop this class of politicians, but we drive all our public officials to become members of it. For it is on carrying the next election that each one of them depends for keeping his place, for rising in the service, for earning his bread, and for his whole future career.

The system is a false one. We have not a government for doing the people's work, but an election machine for capturing their offices.

The evils which result are many and costly. In the first place, the mere direct money-expense of the elections themselves is something enormous; and, in one form or another, it is all paid out of the people's purse. Official returns in Great Britain give as the cost of a single general election for the House of Commons the amount of over five millions of dollars. That is the amount of acknowledged

payments. The real expenditure must go far beyond that figure.¹ These official returns show, too, that the cost of an election in the English counties is seldom less than at the rate of one pound sterling for each voter. In several of the counties at the last election it was more than two pounds, and in two counties it was more than three pounds, for each voter. Probably this rate is no greater than that of elections in this country. In our last presidential election the number of votes cast was nearly eight and a half millions. An expenditure at the rate of five dollars for each voter — the lowest average computed in English counties — would make the cost of one presidential election forty millions of dollars. If we consider what must be the expense of all our state, county, city, and town elections, it must be admitted that we pay heavily for our proprietary privilege of owning an election machine.

But the mere money-cost is the least evil. It is this powerful election machinery which has driven our best men out of the public service. The leaders who control this machinery will not have in our public offices men who will not submit to their decrees. They drive out of public life the men who are independent and honest; and the men whom they retain they hinder from doing even as good work as they know how to do.

The result is something which we need to think of. Our finest harbor is being ruined; our largest and richest city is each year exposed to the danger of a pestilence; we have a navy without a ship, and an army without a gun; and our whole sea-coast is at the mercy of any third or fourth-rate power which can buy an iron-clad on the River Clyde. In our one great war our rulers threw away upwards of twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and one hundred and fifty thousand lives.² And while brave and honest men were fighting on the field of battle for mere national life, they found their most dangerous foes behind their backs in the men who were at the head of our own government. And all this has come from the fact that we make our public servants the slaves of this election machine.

But what are we to do? We must cut out the roots of the disease, and not play with a symptom. Men say, "Reform the election machine by work within it." That cannot be done. When we can find a novice who can beat Mr. Edward Hanlon in a boat-race, when we can so remodel human nature that every man can do every thing

¹ The expense of the coming general election for the House of Commons is estimated at ten million dollars.

² See *Note* on p. 558.

without learning how, and skill and experience count for nothing, then it will be time to think of our attempting to compete with these professionals in their own profession. No doubt they are highly pleased at such a proposition. They are delighted to have honest gentlemen go to their political conventions, make eloquent speeches about platforms and principles, and serve as political bell-wethers to lead the flock to the shearing, while the professional managers quietly select the shearers, and dispose of the fleeces even before the sheep are shorn. So long as we keep this profession of election-carriers, and compel all our public servants to join it and do its work, any attempts at reform will bring no lasting results.

We never can abolish popular elections. Nor do we wish to. Popular elections,—elections by the whole people,—so they be real, and not a mere form, are the beatings of the nation's heart, which send the life-blood through its frame. We must have elections. But it does not follow that we must elect every official, or that we should elect our officials once in every year, or once in four years, any more than that we should elect them every month or every four months.

We have been using this machinery of election for a purpose foreign to its nature. Its true purpose is the mere selection of the few men who are to be at the head of our affairs. We have been trying to use it to enforce their responsibility. We might as well try to turn a plough into a dredging-machine. What we must have, in order to compel men to do their work after they are in office, is a machinery for putting men out, not for putting men in. Instead of continually *using* the process of election, we should simply *hold in suspense* the process of removal. The preamble of the Constitution of the United States, to be a true recital, should read, "We the people of the United States, . . . do ordain and establish—a Choosing Machine."

To correct our mistake we must do three things: First, we must reduce the amount of this election work; we must use the process of election only for its proper purpose. Second, we must make the machinery of election as simple as possible, so as to place all men, as nearly as may be, on an equal footing in its use. Third, and chiefly, we must take our public servants out of this profession into which we have driven them. This is the point especially to be considered here. To discuss the uses of the process of election, and the nature of its machinery, is beyond the lines of this present inquiry.

We can take our public servants out of this profession of election-

carriers only in one way, — by putting them above the need of doing its work. That is, we must abolish these term elections, and, instead of a system for removing and electing public officers once in two or four years, we must have a system for removing public officers when the people's interests demand it, and electing new officers only when old ones are removed.

This change would not only take our public servants out of the election profession, but it would destroy the profession itself. It would take away the possibility of gain by following it. So long as the profession pays, and no longer, will men do its work. If our public officers were secure of their tenure, and were placed above the need of doing election work, they would soon cease to do it. They would abandon this profession of election-carriers. On the other hand, if there were to be no vacancies at the end of any fixed period, if no one could tell when vacancies would exist, then this mass of men who are out of office, but who do election work on the hope of getting in, would be compelled to betake themselves to some other employment to earn their bread. They, too, would be driven to abandon the profession; and nothing would be left of it. In short, if we were to abolish this system of term elections, and were to put our officials on the tenure of good behavior, whatever other results might come, we should at least destroy this trade of election-mongers.

Let us go a step farther. What are the absolutely essential points in any plan which is to secure that our public work shall be well done?

It is very clear that if we are to have anything like a complete system of administration, we must have something more than a plan for examining subordinates at the time of their entrance into the service. And it is easily seen that any system which will answer our needs must have these main points: it must, —

1. Draw good working men to the service.
2. Select the best men for the service.
3. Give these men training in the service.
4. Get from them their best work after they are trained.

To secure the first point, — to draw good working men to the service, — we must offer in our government service the same inducements which are offered elsewhere. Now, every other trade, occupation, and profession insures to faithful men a certainty of permanent employment. We must give our public servants this same certainty.

To secure the second point, — to select the best men for the

service, — we must test men in the service itself; test them till we find what they can do; drop them so soon as we find they are unfit to do the work, but keep them if the work is well done.

To secure the third point, — to give these men training in the service, — we must give them the same opportunities for learning their profession which men have elsewhere. They must have the experience of a lifetime.

To secure the fourth point, — to get from these men their best work after they are trained, — we must put them under the same pressure which they are under elsewhere. They must have, —

1. A certainty of permanent employment, and of *advancement in the service*, if they do their work well.

2. A certainty of dismissal from the service if they do their work ill.

In short, to secure either of these four points, our public servants must hold their places for no fixed term of years. Any term, for one year or ten, is too long for a bad servant, and too short for a good one. But our public officials should hold their places "during good behavior," — the only system under which efficient work of any kind has ever been secured.

Before we entered on this last branch of our inquiry, we found that to root out this trade of election-mongers, which destroys free government, which takes from the people the choice of their servants, and from their servants free action, we must abolish this system of term elections.

Now, this removing officials for a failure to do their work well is all that constitutes "responsible government." We must have "responsible government," and we must have it throughout the service. The one distinctive point which is good and sound in what men term "parliamentary government" is that ministers are removable at any time, and have no tenure of office for a fixed term of years. But *all* our officers should be "responsible." The machinery should provide for the removal of every official throughout the service. No official should be "irresponsible," even for a day.

But that is not all. We must have, throughout the executive administration, the one-man system. In the first place, it is the only way in which we can secure organization; and, in the second place, it is the only way in which we can enforce responsibility. If we are to have any responsibility at all, we must have the responsibility of one man. Each officer must be held responsible for all the work

which is to be done under him; but in that case he must have the power of appointing and removing all the men under him who are to do that work. For he is the only man who can know anything of the real capacities of his subordinates. He has their work under his eyes day after day. Moreover, this power of appointment and removal should be absolute, without any concurrent action of a council, a legislature, or a court. If we expect good work we must not tie men's hands.

But it may be asked, Is it intended to give to the President of the United States, to one man, the absolute power of appointing and removing upwards of one hundred thousand officials? Precisely that. It is intended to take the power of appointing those officials out of the hands of the irresponsible heads of an election machine, and to put it in the hands of a responsible head of the government *whom we can punish for its misuse*. It is intended, in the State of New York, to take the same power out of the irresponsible hands of Mr. —, and to put it in the responsible hands of the Governor of the State. It is intended, in the city of New York, to take the same power out of the irresponsible hands of Mr. —, and to put it in the responsible hands of the Mayor of the city. Make these chief executive officers something more than puppets. Give them power, and then hold them responsible for their use of it.

But that is centralization! So it is; and wherever affairs are vast there will be centralization. That is the order of Nature. We have now, and we always shall have, in our government affairs centralization of power. And we must have the corresponding safeguard, — centralization of responsibility.

What is here proposed is that we should have a "responsible" chief executive. And every point in our argument applies with more force to the head of the executive administration than to any subordinate. He, above all others, must have the opportunity to gain experience and training for his official work. But, above all things, *he* must be free from this dependence on an election machine. Placing *him alone* under the term system simply puts him, with every official in our executive administration, in the power of the managers of this election machinery. Our security must consist, not in having an election for President once in four years, but in having the power of removing him at any time.

Here we need make no rash experiment, nor ramble in the realms of speculation. We need not go beyond the teachings of experience.

All we need to do is to adapt a piece of machinery from that crooked, misconceived abortion which men term parliamentary government, which is only a practice (it cannot be called a system) of removing, indirectly, the wrong man, for the wrong thing. The English people remove, not the chief executive, but all his heads of departments, not (in the large majority of cases) for anything that concerns executive administration, but for some blunder in the legislature. Let us not have this humorous scheme of government by town meeting, admirable though it may be for towns. But instead of having our chief administrative officers always in a turmoil, perpetually busy in manipulating votes in a legislature, and then having a wholesale revolution in all the departments whenever these men fail to secure their legislative majority, let them attend to the work of administration, the putting into execution the measures which the legislature decides, and then let us hold them responsible for doing work. Let the chief executive hold each head of department responsible for his department, and let the legislature hold the chief executive responsible for all departments. Have a simple machinery for the removal of the man who ought to be removed, on the proper ground; that is, remove the chief executive, by a direct vote, for a failure to give us good administration. Give him the selection of his men, and then hold him responsible for results. For the sake of greater security, require for this removal a two-thirds vote. But leave this removal in the discretion of the legislature. Let them remove without notice and without a hearing, if the needs of the people demand it. It is the interests of the people, and not of the officer, which we must protect.

But it might be feared that the absence of the term system in the legislature would be a source of danger; that this legislature might in some way attempt the overthrow of the people's liberties. That, however, is a danger which does not exist. A body of a reasonably large number of men not appointed by election managers, but chosen by the people, living with the people, and having the same interests with them, cannot in these days be persuaded to attempt the overthrow of the people's liberties.

But if such a thing can be; if the people, when these powerful organizations are destroyed, cannot be trusted to find and choose honest men who will not betray their interests, — then we must give up free government; or, rather, we must give up government of any kind, and submit either to a despotism, or to anarchy. When that state of things comes, it will be because the people deserve no better fate.

We must trust men, and we can do so. We never yet have had so bad a set of men in our national legislature that we could not trust our affairs in their hands, if we would only leave them free.

But there is no difficulty as to men. The men we have in public office at this very day are good enough, if we place them under a decent system. They are our neighbors at home. They will never make the attempt to overthrow our liberties. If they should, the country would in an instant be too hot to hold them. The only difficulty we now have is that we compel them to manage primaries and conventions. We drive them to sell our offices instead of using them for our service. Even these men whom we now have would prefer to do for us good work, if we would only allow them. Take our prominent public men of this day, — Mr. Sherman, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Conkling. No one can question their very great ability. They have, indeed, been selected on false tests. But take them as they are, put either of them at the head of our public affairs, release them from this grinding slavery to the election machine, leave them free to learn how to do our work, and to do it as well as they know how, and within five years we should have (I say it in all sincerity) the "finest Civil Service on the face of the earth." I do not admire the methods of these gentlemen. I have always voted against them. But we can trust power in their hands with entire safety, if we will only make them free.

For the mere purpose of selecting men, I would rather have our present election machine than all the plans for competitive examination in all the known sciences. We need men of knowledge, no doubt; but we need, more especially, in our government service men of affairs, and men of special experience in administration. Now these men are not the best men we have. But they are selected by Nature's own process, — the survival of the fittest in a struggle for existence. The struggle is of the wrong kind. But we do get men of power, and men of administrative power. They would learn how to do our work with wonderful quickness if we would only give them the opportunity. Mr. John Sherman, four years since, knew no more about finance than he did about Sanskrit. He is now, in my humble opinion, better fitted to manage our Treasury affairs than any other man in the country. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling, in these long years of their life at Washington, have gained great experience in the management of the public business. If they could only give us the benefit of it!

But, of course, we cannot hope for that. These gentlemen are now engaged in the process of appointing our next President. They have been so engaged ever since they appointed the last one. And on the fourth day of March, 1881, they will begin the process again. And we, the people of the United States, are to be converted into a football, and are to pay millions of dollars for the proud privilege of owning, but not operating, a Choosing Machine, and for the possible luxury of substituting for the practices of Mr. Don Cameron and Mr. Roscoe Conkling the metropolitan methods of Tammany Hall. Now then let us prepare to witness that grand quadrennial spectacular drama, "The Battle for the Treasury Keys." The managers will announce the caste at an early date.

Political reforms have, in this country, usually consisted in a plan for placing a new set of men in charge of the people's money-boxes. What is here proposed is that we should keep the men that we now have, and put them under a new system. If we would only give our public servants a permanent tenure of office, the mere necessities of the service would soon purify it. A man who has under him a hundred thousand men is compelled, in simple self-defence, to select for his subordinates the best men he can find. If he should do otherwise, he would soon find his whole machinery blocked. His work could not go on. The evil consequences resulting would soon work their own cure. Let us use in our government service the same old process of natural selection, but change the nature of the struggle for existence, — make it a struggle at doing the people's work. And let us remember that this process of natural selection, in order to work out its lawful results, takes time. We cannot have a geological upheaval of the whole fabric once in four years. That stops the working of Nature's forces until we have a new readjustment of atoms.

But it may be said that such a system as is here proposed would not be a democracy. That depends on what democracy is. We certainly do not have it now. If democracy consists in our going through the form of an election once a year for the purpose of registering the decrees of the professional politicians, then we should not, under the plan here proposed, have a democracy. I venture to doubt if that is the true meaning of the word. We cannot all govern, or take turns at governing. All that we — the people — can do is to *select the men* who are to take charge of our public work, and let them select and control the men who are to do the work. Democracy consists in giving the people a voice, but not a hand, in the government machin-

ery. And they need nothing more than a voice. It is a perfectly possible thing for us to have *a government*, a body of trained, responsible public servants, a few of them directly chosen, and all of them indirectly controlled, by the people. That will be a democracy, — a system where the people *have the power*, but do not go through the idle form of pretending to use it once a year, — the only wise, strong, and stable government which can be formed, the one which we are now in the process of forming. But our first experiment has not been a thorough success. Let us try a second — and watch the results. That, too, may fail. And then we will try a third. We have thousands of years before us, and a superb laboratory.

ALBERT STICKNEY.

NOTE. — The official figures from the War Department give the losses, in the Union Army alone, in the War of the Rebellion as follows: —

Killed in action	44,238
Died of wounds	33,993
Died in hospitals	190,017
Died in Confederate prisons	26,168
Total	294,416

It is estimated by the authorities in the Census Bureau that these figures are 12 per cent (those of men dying in prison 20 per cent) less than the actual number. Adding a correction on that basis would make the above total 327,184.

General Schofield has written that it is "capable of demonstration" that the war might have been finished in half the time and at half the expenditure in life and money, had the control of our military operations been given to any one soldier of fair ability. The cost in life and money resulting from the interference of the politicians with army operations cannot reasonably be put at a lower estimate than is given in the text.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

- I. Memoirs of Prince Metternich.
- II. Woolsey's Communism and Socialism.
- III. Wilson's Reciprocity, Bi-metallism, and Land-Tenure Reform.
- IV. Krause's Erasmus Darwin.

I.

WE have received the first instalment of the Memoirs of that Austrian statesman¹ who was ambassador at Berlin during Napoleon's second campaign against Austria, ending with the battle of Austerlitz; ambassador at Paris during his campaigns in Spain and against Austria, ending with the battle of Wagram; and foreign minister from 1809 till the downfall of Napoleon. At this appropriate stage the present volumes stop. They were written in 1820, though the explanatory preface was not added till 1844, and in the words of the writer they are "to remain in my family archives forever, so far as that can be said of anything man intends. I permit them, however, to be used according to time and circumstances to fill up the defects in historical narratives, or to correct those which are untrue, whether in regard to facts or in regard to my own person." Prince Richard Metternich, however, has been able to place upon this dignified language some construction which has seemed to him to justify publication in the present form. We are reminded of Bolingbroke, who, having written "The Patriot King," declares that he laid a sort of testamentary injunction upon Pope to have a few copies printed and shown only to their intimate friends. But Pope, dying first, left St. John his literary executor, who then found that the poet had directed the publication of fifteen hundred copies of his essay; and, though his eyes were hardly dry with weeping for his friend's death, he never after forgave him for this alleged breach of trust.

The book before us will disappoint many readers. There is too little about the life and personal characteristics of the men with whom Metternich lived, too little of their wisdom, their habits, their

¹ Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773-1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

witty and weighty sayings. But Metternich was too important a personage to be the Boswell even of such an illustrious group, though they set up the ladder by which he climbed to fame. History records only great events. Whoever was intimately connected with Napoleon and his wars and foreign policy, whether with or against him, obtains historical prominence. He drew his associates and enemies alike out of the Stygian bog where ordinary men and occurrences are left to perish. In his introduction to the history of the alliances of 1813-14, Metternich says, "The true history of this epoch can never be set forth with exactitude without the help of the materials given in the present work" (p. 171). Early in this book the writer lays down the principles of diplomacy by which he was guided,—what he calls his confession of faith. He says that he did not believe in a policy resting solely on the usurpations of force or craft, and breach of one's plighted word. Richelieu, Mazarin, Talleyrand, Canning, are mentioned as believers in this creed, which he abhorred. Talleyrand, who was the foreign minister of France during the years covered by this book, and with whose name Metternich's is historically connected and necessarily compared, used to say that words were given us to conceal our thoughts. He was the servant of a man who in the march of conquest held his enemies scrupulously to their engagements without always keeping his own.

Napoleon's ambition never ceased to grow. At twenty-eight, when he was a soldier of fortune, it meant a command in the army; after his campaign in Italy and in Egypt, it meant the consulship. At thirty-one he wanted Italy; after Austerlitz he wanted the Rhine as the boundary of France, and a kingdom for each of his brothers; at thirty-eight he wanted to divide Europe with Alexander of Russia; at forty-one he seems to have wanted one capital for all Europe, and that to be Paris. Talleyrand had to adapt his principles to the wants of his master. Metternich, on the other hand, believed, and in general acted upon the belief, that the same rules should guide a statesman in conducting the affairs of a nation which govern a merchant in conducting his business. He deemed it good policy to stand by one's agreements, and to tell the truth. Any other rule would ruin any man's reputation either in business or society, and why should it not in affairs of state? "It will be well," said Sir Walter Scott, "with the world, when falsehood and finesse are as thoroughly exploded in international communication as they are among individuals in all civilized countries." The author of these memoirs tried to make

and did make a step in this direction ; and others have since caught the step and followed it, till candor and truth are by degrees becoming the rule in the diplomatic correspondence of all countries. It is so now of necessity. In the reign of Louis XIII., Richelieu had his agents at rival courts to collect the news and inform him. Now the telegraph and newspaper press, by their agents, collect and carry the news with marvellous energy around the globe. Cabinet ministers no longer have a monopoly of intelligence. They get most of it as the rest of the world gets it. About some matters partial secrecy may exist for a time, and to a greater extent in a monarchy than in a popular government ; but it is only for a time. If the temptation to deceive is as strong now as then, at least the same opportunity no longer exists. The press and the telegraph have made diplomacy more honest.

These memoirs are essentially a record of facts, not discursive or imaginative, but a business-like narrative of the diplomacy which was at work to defeat Napoleon ; and until the eighth chapter it is a lamentable tale of the uselessness of negotiation to defeat artillery when directed by the eye of genius. Parchment could not resist the cannon of Austerlitz or of Wagram. After the battle of Wagram on July 6, 1809, Austria seemed hardly to exist as a country of Europe. Twice had the soldiers of France marched into Vienna. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon dictated peace in Berlin, and carried to Paris as a trophy the sword from the tomb of the great Frederick. Denmark became his vassal, and Bernadotte, one of his marshals, was crown-prince of Sweden and the successor of Gustavus Adolphus. The Pope was his prisoner at Fontainebleau, Ferdinand he had locked up in Valencay, Joseph Bonaparte was King of Spain, and Soult and his soldiers had seen Sir John Moore and the red coats of the English disappear in hot haste from the Peninsula. After Wagram, Austria gave up 45,000 square miles of territory, which Napoleon parcelled out to the confederation of the Rhine, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Warsaw, the Czar of Russia, and the French Empire. Austria thus lost her last seaport. It was at this time, on the morning of July 9, 1809, that "I was sent for by the emperor," says Metternich. "He received me with the following words : 'Count Stadion has just given in his resignation ; I commit the Department of Foreign Affairs to you in his place.'" After a modest and proper suggestion of his inability to encounter the terrible emergency, he accepted the portfolio. Such pride, rashness, almost imbecility as had characterized hitherto

the councils of Austria in the cabinet and in the field, as had twice madly declared war against France, and suffered the dreadful punishment of conquest, almost verging upon national extinction, it is safe to suppose could not be exceeded by the new minister. But a change in Napoleon's fortunes was close at hand, and he who had been invincible to man was to succumb to Nature. The month of June, 1812, found Napoleon with an army of 1,187,000 men, including 367,000 Italian and German auxiliaries, of whom 800,000 were effective; 150,000 of them were in Spain, and 470,000 were on the shores of the Baltic, prepared to march into Russia. On June 24 they crossed the river Niemen. He had explained to Metternich the general plan of his campaign. It was to last two years; but the Russians retreated before him so fast, declining to give him battle, and devastating the country as they went, that September 7 found him before the walls of Moscow. The horrible story of the burning of that city, and the retreat, appalls the mind. That vast genius, as Metternich calls it, was overmatched, and the rigors of a Russian winter, aggravated by the fury of the Cossack cavalry, left him only 40,000 men with whom to recross the Niemen. The prestige of the great commander was gone, and Europe felt the relief.

The next June found Napoleon besieged in Dresden by the three armies of Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, with their plan of campaign laid out by Bernadotte and Moreau, two of his own marshals. Austria had promised to join the alliance unless Napoleon would make peace and give up large acquisitions of German territory. We now come to the great event in the life of Metternich, — his meeting with Napoleon at Dresden on June 24. Upon the decision thus made depended the destiny of France, of Napoleon, of Europe. Both men appreciated the occasion (pp. 185-192). The interview lasted nine hours. We have not space to recount it. Napoleon treated Metternich with all the arrogance of a conqueror; boasted of having three times replaced his master on the throne; threatened that "in next October we shall meet in Vienna," and declined "to yield one hairbreadth of soil." Austria joined the alliance, and the grand army of the allies commenced their march toward France. Napoleon, with his army of boys, — for there were no men left in France, — did all that consummate genius and bravery could do to oppose them, but in April of the following year the allies marched into Paris, and Napoleon went into exile on the island of Elba.

The first chapter in interest, though one of the last in order in the

volumes, is the portrait which is drawn of Napoleon. It is sketched from sight by the hand of a master, who does full justice to all the great qualities, equally with the weaknesses, of Napoleon. There is nothing of bitterness, meanness, or unjust depreciation, and every student of history will at once recognize the likeness. One feature, however, requires notice, and that is his treatment of women, — not of Josephine, which is nowhere condemned, but of women in general. He says (p. 280), "Out of his mouth there never came one graceful or even a well-turned speech to a woman, although the effort to make one was often expressed in his face and in the sound of his voice." He respected them, but he was ignorant of the ways of society. Sincere lovers of deportment have been severe on him for this, and hardly any woman has a kind word for him. They should not forget, however, that the camp is not the place to learn good manners. The gods do not give all things to one man; and we must allow genius to have its deficiencies. Metternich could have taught Napoleon as much in etiquette as Napoleon could have taught Metternich in the art of war.

II.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY has done a good service to many persons by giving in this compact form¹ a sufficiently comprehensive survey of the schemes which have been proposed for reforming society by putting the State, or an association within the State, in the place of the individual, as property-holder or even as head of the family. He writes dispassionately and in a truly scientific spirit; as one whose aim is to understand and appreciate, and not to make out a case for or against the advocates of these theories. This gives to the book an attractiveness for the ordinary reader which is apt to be wanting in more ambitious treatises.

After a brief discussion of the definition and nature of Communism and Socialism, he passes in review the various attempts which have been made from the earliest times to put these theories into practice :
 1. Voluntary associations within the State, — of ascetics aiming to put an end to the ills of life by secluding themselves from the world and its corruptions, through vows of poverty and chastity; of enthusiastic persons of extreme opinions, held together by a common feeling of repulsion towards the rest of mankind. 2. Utopias, — ideal

¹ Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory. A sketch by Theodore D. Woolsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880. 12mo. pp. vii. & 309.

images of society as regenerated by regulating or reconstructing the fundamental institutions of property and the family on a better basis. 3. The modern schemes for realizing such ideals on a comprehensive scale, by an international association of working-men, which is to supersede more or less completely the capitalist and employer of labor, and to become the only proprietor and paymaster.

It is with these latter, their history and prospects, that he principally deals. He points out the advantages which are expected from them, the evils they are intended to cure, the sacrifices they would involve, and the likelihood which there is of their being carried into effect. His conclusion is that the likelihood is very small, since the movement could never go far without coming into conflict with forces which it would be powerless to resist. The evils it aims to abolish are real evils, but they are not essential to the present constitution of society, but diseases, which can be cured without revolution. Indeed, the proposed regeneration would be, to whatever extent it were carried, the suicide of human nature itself. In doing away with private interest it would do away with the motives to action, and the regenerated body-politic would be a cripple, working with two fingers instead of all five. The inequality of situation, which socialism seeks to abolish, is in fact only the scope which is essential to personal liberty; and when that is attacked it will be defended by the whole energy of society.

But on the other hand, if inequality of *situation* should go on to fortify and perpetuate itself indefinitely, and so become inequality of *condition*; if it should turn out that the free use of private property must end in making a few capitalists of enormous wealth, and a vast population of laborers dependent on them,—then it would itself become an obstruction to liberty, and must bring on a crisis in which the existing order would be opposed to the best interests and the strongest forces of society, and would be overthrown. The murmurs of discontent, in this country at least, seem to be dying away for the moment; but we may be sure that they will come again, and that the next time the tone will be deeper and stronger. Meanwhile it is for the friends of the established order of things to consider how to prevent this antagonism of interests, upon which the vital movement of society depends, from degenerating into an antagonism of classes. The matter will not arrange itself, and only at their own peril can they neglect it.

III.

It might have been believed, in 1873, that there was a corps of economists in the world so well trained in the principles of the science, that they would maintain those principles successfully against any onset of popular folly and prejudice. It might have been believed that the press of the civilized world was in the hands of men who had mastered the principles of political economy so thoroughly that vigorous and correct criticism would meet and destroy any very outrageous economic fallacy at its birth. We might have thought, with Mr. Bagehot that "its teachings [those of political economy] have settled down into the common sense of the nation [England], and have become irreversible." After the "hard times" began, all sorts of economic fallacies sprung up in the United States, and many of us thought that this proved that political economy was at a low point in that country, but we hoped that, elsewhere, sounder views prevailed. The further history of the hard times, however, has proved that all these opinions were erroneous. The economists have not risen to the height or dignity of the new problems. They have not proved capable of applying the established principles to new cases. They have fallen into panic and disorder, and have taken to preaching all sorts of fallacies. The journals on which we relied most have given way, staggered by some plausible but fallacious notion. The United States, however, need take no special shame to themselves in this matter. It is not necessary to dwell upon the case of Germany, where, according to an acute prediction of the "Economist," in the Commercial Review of 1872, the course of undue elation and consequent depression has resulted in a "school" of economists, whose chief business is to bring political economy into contempt, and who, by a genuine psychological development, have advanced from their chosen premises to the advocacy of a larger military expenditure and the persecution of the Jews. The English have shown that the axioms of political economy have by no means entered into the common-sense of the nation. Of course there are silly Englishmen who are ready to nibble at any sophistry, and it is easy for them to get their whims into the newspapers. It is not by the productions of these persons that we judge. It is obvious that the pressure of commercial reaction has produced peevishness, folly, and willingness to have recourse to quack remedies, among large groups of Englishmen.

MR. WILSON¹ discusses two of these remedies, reciprocity and bi-metallism, with very vigorous dissent. His argument is not very closely wrought out, and is often inconclusive, because he accepts, in a great measure, the standpoint of his opponents. He looks at the problems as questions of "power to compete in the neutral market," of "reducing cost of production," and of "supremacy of English manufacturers." He also regards "English manufacturers" as an interest having unity and solidarity opposed to "foreign manufacturers." The problem, as he accepts it, is one of sustaining trade against the advances in transportation and the arts. He is anxious to sustain agriculture against foreign competition. The questions at issue must be viewed in a far wider and more philosophical light than this, if they are to be successfully solved. A man must be a very ill-educated free-trader who can hope anything from reciprocity. If he is not prosperous when a foreign country limits his trade by obstructions, how can he improve his position by limiting his trade still further by still more obstructions of his own making? In regard to the fall in silver, Mr. Wilson holds the view which is gradually winning acceptance, — that it is due to the relations between England and India.

As to land-tenure, Americans are not in a position to discuss it, and they may be very glad that they have no need to do so. Mr. Wilson leaves behind him, when he comes to this subject, much of the steadiness and sobriety of tone which he preserves during the earlier chapters. He talks of "aristocrats" as the radical of a century ago used to talk of "kings," — as if they were not men, but evil beings, with superhuman depravity of will and superhuman power. On page 250 he reaches a pitch of truculency in warning which resembles the tone of a socialist warning capitalists. The English radicals have petted the notion of peasant proprietors for a generation past. Mr. Wilson makes a dogma of this and of the "magic of property." It would puzzle him to find the "magic of property" among the "peasant proprietors" of New England. His language when he talks about giving back the land to the people, and restoring the urban population to rural life, is incomprehensible. There has been a great deal too much disposition among Americans and English radicals to draw inferences about land directly from American circumstances, and to apply those inferences directly to English circum-

¹ Reciprocity, Bi-metallism, and Land-Tenure Reform. By Alexander J. Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

stances. American land-owners would never submit to what is proposed for English land-owners. American conveyancing tends to become more and more complex and expensive all the time, and any one who tries to save any of that expense will be very likely soon to regret it. A nation cannot have peasant proprietors because it thinks it would like them. We could not have great proprietors and tenant farmers if we wanted them: it is difficult to see how England can have peasant proprietors, no matter how much she may wish them. Our experience all points to a new order of things, in which land will be held and worked in great masses, like any other industry on a large scale. Our peasant proprietors in New England are giving way to this, because the land can only be used economically when held in mass, and tilled with a great amount of capital. This is still more true of wheat and corn in the West and in California. The views which are urged by English radicals all favor the plutocracy, but the peasant and laborer will never, if wise, exchange the supremacy of feudal aristocrats for that of plutocrats. The constitutional rights of all parties may no doubt be more securely guaranteed by some modifications in the laws and social usages about land. All parties seem to be agreed on this point, and opinion is rapidly approaching the stage where modifications in the law may do what in them lies to produce improvement.

The whole series of phenomena with which Mr. Wilson's book deals are incidents in a great commercial and industrial revolution, of which the improvements in transportation and communication are very important elements. These improvements, by bringing food and raw materials to England cheaply, will strengthen her manufacturing power. By bringing food, etc., they will undermine her agriculture, and drive her population into manufactures. Both effects will render her more exclusively a manufacturing nation. The rent of agricultural land will decline, but the whole island will become one great city, interspersed with gardens, parks, and villas. The value of land will advance as the value of a farm advances when a town is built on it. At the same time the same improvements will increase the profits of producing food, raw materials, and minerals from the soil of this country, and will draw capital and labor away from manufactures into agriculture and mining. With the vast increase of population which is sure to ensue, the value of land will advance here also. In the presence of all these forces the tariff will be broken up and swept away, before the reciprocitarians can arrange a plan.

IV.

MR. CHARLES DARWIN, in his "Origin of Species," very briefly called attention to the fact that his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanical Garden" and other once-famous books in prose and verse, had proposed a theory of evolution, earlier than Lamarck's, founded on the same principle of spontaneous energy or action from within the organism, selecting among the influences of its environment and making use of them for its own development. A German naturalist, Dr. Krause, was led by this hint to examine the writings of the elder Darwin, and gave a short account of his inquiries¹ in the German periodical "Kosmos," of February, 1879. The theory itself Dr. Krause looks upon as rather fanciful than solid, though in comparison with the older view of a fore-ordained creation it deserved a higher appreciation than it has received. Now that science, and pre-eminently German science, has taught us to regard freedom and purpose even in man himself as an illusion, we are obliged, he thinks, to consider any attempt to revive these views as showing "a weakness of thought, and a mental anachronism which no one can envy," — a verdict which, with all due respect to German science, we need not regard as final. The interest of the book, however, does not depend mainly upon Dr. Krause's essay, but upon the extremely entertaining account of his ancestor's life which Mr. Darwin has prefixed to it, and which occupies the larger part of the volume. From family letters and traditions he has given a lifelike sketch of the somewhat crabbed yet generous, intelligent, and vivacious old physician, — scholar, practitioner, and man of the world, — a typical figure of the time. A photograph, apparently from a contemporary portrait of him, given at the beginning, entirely corresponds with this character.

¹ Erasmus Darwin. By Ernst Krause. Translated from the German by W. S. Dallas. With a preliminary notice by Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. 12mo. pp. iv. & 216.

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COLONIAL LIFE IN MARYLAND.

COLONIAL society in the American Provinces and Plantations was in its prime during the half century which preceded the breaking of political ties with the mother country. We have no good general picture of this life either in history or fiction, nor is it easy to make one. The subject would need to be treated in compartments, for society and social customs differed widely in the different provinces. The daily life and daily thoughts of the gentlemen of New England were as unlike those of gentlemen in the New Netherlands or Pennsylvania as theirs, in turn, were different from the ideas and daily interests of the cultivated classes on the shores of the Chesapeake, or nearer to the tropics under a southern sun. Even between Maryland and Virginia there were noteworthy differences. The former contained a much larger working-class of whites in proportion to its population; had a more diffused spirit of commerce, more activity and enterprise; and cherished far less intolerance, either sectional or religious, than prevailed within the borders of the Old Dominion. The colonial life of which we design to speak ranges through the fifty years from about 1725 to 1775. Unfortunately the census was not taken with regularity during that period, but the population increased from 107,000 whites and 46,000 colored persons in 1752 to 208,000 whites and 110,000 colored persons in 1790,—a very large increase in thirty-eight years. In 1752, 6870 of the whites were indentured servants, and about 2,000 were convicts from England, Scotland, and Ireland, sold to American masters for a term of years.

The social conditions of a country are always based on three things, — its climate, its means of communication, and its labor system. In the two former, Maryland was favored above all her sister provinces, but her labor system differed from that of the communities around her. Each vessel that passed the capes, and found its way up her rivers and broad creeks to the planters' very doors, brought "servants" into the colony as part of its assorted cargo. These servants were of three kinds, — convicts transported for seven years, the proceeds of whose sale went to the British Government; indentured servants, bound to a Maryland master, if minors till they came of age, or if adults for a service of five years; and freewillers or redemptioners, who might pay their passage, if they could, in two weeks from their arrival, but who, in default of such payment, were sold by the captain of the ship which brought them, for four years, to defray their charges. The same privilege of paying their passage, *if they could*, in two weeks, and so regaining freedom, was accorded likewise to convicts transported for simple felony; but it was an altogether worthless right, since it was the practice of the captains never to trust such persons ashore, during the stipulated period, except in their own company. On the arrival of a ship freighted in part with these unfortunates, the first action of the captain was to order the males to be shaved and trimmed, and the women to put on clean headdresses. Some captains, indeed, carried attention to this point so far as to provide the ship with a store of cheap and worthless wigs, which were distributed to the most shock-headed on their arrival. In 1767 great public indignation was excited in Annapolis by the discovery of such a "fraud," as the planters termed it.

As soon as the captain's arrival was made known, planters in want of servants flocked down to the vessel. The whole gang was then paraded and inspected, after which a great deal of chaffering took place over apple-toddy and Old Jamaica rum. The prisoners were all obliged to claim skill in some department. When a man knew nothing useful, the captain usually entered him on his manifest as a gardener. The favorite purchase was of boys and girls; the next of convicts, because they served seven years; while the poor redemptioner, deceived by the crimps and agents of the traffic into the expectation that he would step ashore to ease and fortune, found himself relegated to the roughest tasks and hardest treatment of slavery. Very frequently schoolmasters were sought out of these arrivals. There were no schools whatever in operation in the Colony till 1723,

and as a worthy clergyman in 1760 remarked, in a sermon delivered at Port Tobacco: "At least two thirds of the little education we receive is derived from instructors who are either indentured servants or transported felons. Not a ship arrives, either with redemptioners or convicts, in which schoolmasters are not as regularly advertised for sale as weavers, tailors, or any other trade; with little other difference that I can hear of, excepting perhaps that the former do not usually fetch so good a price as the latter." In an advertisement in the Maryland Gazette of that period we catch a glimpse of a pedagogical figure making its escape: "Ran away from the Rev. D. Magill, a servant clothed with damask breeches and vest, black broadcloth coat, broadcloth cloak of copper color, lined and trimmed with black, and wearing black stockings." Let us hope the dominie got safely off, and was not caught and sent to cruel labor in the iron mines of western Maryland.

Indentured servants came out always with their papers in good order. On one occasion the Mayor of Dublin signed a ship-load of them, and the magistrates of Aberdeen carried on a thriving trade in kidnapped boys and girls during a quarter of a century. There is extant a very curious book, "The Life and Vicissitudes of Peter Williamson," published in London in 1762. Peter was cajoled on board a ship when eight years old, as he was playing on the quay of Aberdeen, — "a rough, ragged, bumble-headed, long, clever, southy boy," as he was afterwards described in court, when, in middle life, he brought suit against his kidnappers. The efforts of his father to get him released at the time of his capture availed nothing against the might of the magistracy of Aberdeen; and, notwithstanding that he and the poor mother "made great clamor for the loss of their son," they were forced to go back bootless to their parish of Aboyne, not knowing what would become of him. A party of about sixty boys, ranging in age from eight to eighteen, were kept close in the tolbooth or on board the ship "Planter" for several weeks, till she had made up her full cargo. "The children," as Williamson says, "being intended to be sold to masters whose ill treatment obliges them oftentimes to elope to avoid slavery; and as there is no probability of making their escape, as they are always taken and brought back, for every day they are away from their master they serve a week, for every week a month, and for every month a year; besides being obliged to pay all costs and charges that are advertised for apprehending them, which will probably bring each in a slave for four or five years longer at

least." The vessel ran aground upon Cape May, where its cargo of helpless boys was deserted by the crew, and left to perish. They were rescued, however, by a ship sailing to Philadelphia, where the boys readily brought a good price, being sold for sixteen pounds apiece. From Williamson's narrative of his subsequent adventures among Indians Cooper is believed to have derived a good deal of local coloring for his "Last of the Mohicans." Sir Walter Scott's father was agent for the magistrates of Aberdeen, and had the ship's book, or what the sufferers called "the kidnapping book," for many years in his possession. It was restored to its owners, however, nine years before the birth of Sir Walter. One regrets that he did not have an opportunity of discovering it in his father's attic, and of reading, marking, and digesting its singular entries.

Bamfylde Moore Carew, King of the Gypsies, was another victim. The magistrates of Barnstaple, being anxious to fill up a vessel lying in the Bristol Channel, illegally put him on board of her when he was brought before them on a charge of vagrancy. His memoirs describe in vivid terms the horrors of the passage, the arrival in Talbot County, the bargaining that took place for his services as a rat-catcher (the only trade that he would own to), and his escape from under the very eyes of the captain. He was not long at liberty, however. Being ignorant of the laws of Maryland, which required all servants to travel with a pass, and gave a reward of five pounds to any person who arrested a servant travelling without one, he soon found himself lodged in Anne Arundel Jail. Here certain Devonshire captains visited him, and offered to purchase his liberty. This, however, he declined, and allowed himself to be returned to his own ship, where the mate in charge flogged him, put an iron yoke around his neck, and set him, thus encumbered, to work at unloading the cargo. From all this he escaped, however, with some connivance on the part of the friendly captains, but he was compelled to carry his yoke with him, and to go unarmed. There was a penalty in the Province of forty pounds and six months' imprisonment for removing such a yoke, and death was the punishment for suffering a gun or ammunition to pass into the hands of Indians. After spending some days in the woods, — where by his own account he had romantic adventures with "lions" and other savage beasts, — Carew reached some Indian lodges and was hospitably received by a chief, whom it was his pleasure to consider a royal personage. He thence begged his way northward, calling at William Penn's house in Philadelphia, where, he says, the door was

opened to him by a negro with a silver collar. He got back to England before Harrison, his late captain, but was subsequently rearrested and retransported. He, however, again made his escape, and returned to England.

Doubts have been thrown on the narrative of Carew, but its local coloring so exactly shades with that of the accounts of much more trustworthy observers, that a perusal of both will hardly fail to convince the reader of the genuineness of the gypsy's story. His grandfather had been a Devonshire clergyman, descended from the family of Carew, connected by marriage with Sir Walter Raleigh. His father was a reprobate, who married into a gypsy tribe, and was adopted by it afterwards.

There is also an earlier narrative of convict or indentured servitude written by George Alsop, who claims to have been a gentleman, but who with his brother was apprenticed to a London trader in 1658. Alsop was evidently the idle apprentice, and met in part with a similar fate. He was transported to Maryland. Here he found a good master, Colonel Stockett, pretended to be enamoured of servitude in the new colony, and on his return to England wrote a pamphlet in the interest of the agents employed in recruiting servants for Maryland. In a letter to his brother, after the expiration of his term of servitude, he says: "I have made a shift to unloose myself from my collar now as well as you, but I see at present either small pleasure or profit in it. What the futurity of my days will bring forth I know not; for while I was linked with the chain of a restraining servitude I had all things cared for, and now I have all things to care for myself, which makes me almost to wish myself in for the four other years. Liberty without money is like a man opprest with the gout, every step he puts forward puts him to pain." The usual accounts, however, of indentured servitude are far from being so favorable. The negro slaves were comparatively well treated, being permanently valuable to their masters; but the indentured servant or redemptioner was worked without mercy, unless he fell into the hands of a gentleman of humanity and position.

There is an anecdote told of a poor fellow bought by Mr. Jennings of Annapolis, that rich Jennings whose lapsed inheritance from time to time still excites the hopes of numerous heirs. The servant had been sold by his captain as a gardener, but he proved altogether unacquainted with manual labor. Mr. Jennings conceived that he was a gentleman by birth, and treated him with great kindness and con-

sideration, giving him light employment in his house, where for some time the young man did well, and appeared grateful. After a few months, however, he grew restless and unhappy, and at last made an attempt to escape, but was unsuccessful. He was then sentenced to the iron mines. His misery, however, and his earnest assurance that there were extenuating circumstances in his case which he could not confide to any one, made so much impression on the kind heart of his master that he not only gave him his freedom, but procured him a passage home. Two years passed, and nothing had been heard of him in America, when one day a letter arrived, enclosing to Mr. Jennings thirty pounds "as a trifling consideration for the remainder of that time which the sender had been so generously and humanely exempted from serving." No name was signed to the letter, but the address of a merchant in London was given, that Mr. Jennings might acknowledge the receipt of the bill. In vain he endeavored to return the note, only requesting some information as to his late servant's past history and present condition. The money was again sent back, with request that he would devote it to charitable purposes, and an intimation that, though now in a position of affluence and consideration, there were circumstances which prevented any communication of the information desired.

The weekly allowance made ordinarily to the convict or indentured servant was a peck of meal and some salt. His clothes were blue linen or coarse homespun. All else he was supposed to get by fishing or trapping, or to raise for himself on some corner of the plantation. The only indulgence seems to have been the right of lying by three hours at mid-day during the summer heat, if employed in field labor. On large plantations a great number of servants, white and black, were maintained. All ladies had their own waiting-maids, many of whom were white women, brought as redemptioners or convicts to the colony. These women were not averse to marrying negro slaves, and the practice became so common that a law was passed, dooming every white woman who did so to perpetual slavery, and fastening the same unhappy fate upon her children. One of Lord Baltimore's women — Eleanor Butler, or Irish Nell — fell under the operation of this law, and it required more influence than even the proprietary himself could command to get her exempted from the full penalty. It is said that Benjamin Bannecker of Ellicott's Mills — the colored mathematician who assisted in laying out the City of Washington, and whose Almanac was sent by Mr. Jefferson to the French Academy of Sci-

ence — was the grandson of a woman who had thus fallen into slavery. He was a man, however, of very dark complexion, and did not show white blood.

The number of slave-owners in Maryland could hardly have been very great, since out of 45,000 negro slaves in 1752, 1,300 were owned by one master, — Bennett, the descendant of one of Cromwell's commissioners for the government of the Colony. Bennett had four hundred more than the largest slave-owner in Virginia at that period, the celebrated "King" Carter. The last cargo of imported Africans was landed in 1769. The planters were very averse to being burdened with them, saying that owing to their brutishness, and the want of means of intelligent intercourse with them, "they were harder to break to work than dumb animals."

With water communication coming actually to their own doors, the gentlemen of Maryland were very independent of large cities. Each owned his pleasure schooner, in which he visited his neighbors along the bay. Thorough-bred horses were also greatly valued, and very early a Jockey Club was organized to maintain purity of breed. The first city was St. Mary's, at the mouth of the Potomac, founded by the first settlers under the grant to Lord Baltimore. But St. Mary's was overshadowed by Annapolis so soon as Protestant influence gained ascendancy over Roman Catholicism. Not that the Protestants of Annapolis did much honor to their religion by church architecture, for according to an old poet, —

"'T is in Annapolis alone
God has the meanest house in town."

So late as 1760 there were but one hundred and fifty houses in that lively little provincial capital, of which two or three were brick, and the remainder were framed, with "rare cypress" weather-boarding. The principal ones among them stood in handsome gardens, horticulture being a favorite object of interest to colonial Marylanders and their wives. The little city had a Governor's Palace, — unfinished, — which was subsequently turned into a college; and a very ruinous court-house. Its magnificent harbor was not in those days spoken of with the respect which it deserved, but travellers were eloquent about the beauty "of the well-settled plantations, lofty woods, and navigable streams" of the surrounding country. A theatre was built in Annapolis in 1773, during the gay rule of Governor Eden. Balls took place every two weeks in winter in a handsome public assembly-room, and

there were races in spring under the direction of the Jockey Club ; but the chief attraction of Maryland, according to all testimony (from the courtly Mr. Eddis, guest of Governor Eden, to George Alsop, the indentured servant), was in its charming women. Eddis grows rapturous as he describes them. "They possess," he says, "a natural ease and elegance in the whole of their deportment, and while they assiduously cultivate external accomplishments, they are still anxiously attentive to the more important embellishments of the mind. In conversation they are generally animated and entertaining, and deliver their sentiments with affability and propriety. . . . I am persuaded very many of these lovely women might appear to great advantage in the most brilliant circles of gayety and fashion." Alsop, speaking probably of a lower grade of girls in Maryland, or even of high-life below stairs, says : "The women of Maryland are extreme bashful at the first view, but after a continuance of time hath brought them acquainted there, they become discreetly familiar, and are much more talkative than men. . . . He that intends to court a Maryland girl must have something more than the tautologies of long-winded speech to carry on his designs." They were also distinguished before the Revolution (as they still are in our own day) by their admirable taste in dress and their ingenuity in adopting easily any hints as to "the fashion."

If the testimony of the men of that period to the charms of Maryland maidens agrees with the impressions still made on their descendants, no less do all witnesses agree about the good cheer spread upon every Maryland table. The *cuisine* of the Province seems not to have differed from that familiar to guests at the banquets of modern Maryland. There is not so much mention of oysters as one might have expected ; nor is there any distinction recognized as to the varieties of wild duck,—though ducks were served not by the pair, but by the dozen,—and so far as we know there is no mention in any ante-revolutionary *menu* of the incomparable terrapin. We presume that a century has developed the resources of the Maryland kitchen in the matter of cooking oysters. It has certainly improved the mutton, which was very indifferent in colonial days. Bears, wolves, beaver, elk, and wildcats, which abounded in the forests early in the eighteenth century, had disappeared along the Chesapeake before the Revolution, and deer had become scarce, not having been protected by game laws.

The houses of the larger planters were generally comfortable rather than elegant ; but when a lively party was assembled at one of them

in winter time, with blazing fires of great hickory logs, good cookery, generous wines, hospitable matrons, and charming maidens, one is rather disposed to envy the great- grandsires who in their youth had leisure to enjoy such creature comforts in such good society.

All accounts agree in attributing to the Maryland gentlemen of that period great shrewdness and quick wit, but too little education. A few sons of leading families were sent to school or college in England, but returned to find their erudition (if they brought back any) out of place ; and a great deal of ability lay latent in the Colony till it was called forth by events "that tried men's souls." Then, indeed, Maryland talent asserted itself conspicuously. No State sent to the Continental Congress better delegates than Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Chase, Paca, and Stone. No lawyers more distinguished themselves in the early jurisprudence of our country than Pinkney, Wirt, and Chief Justice Taney ; although up to the time of the Revolution no careers had been open to ambitious men in the Colony. The courts were of two kinds, provincial and county. The former took cognizance of capital cases, the others were attended by the county magistrates, who there (like the English magistrates at quarter sessions or in their own offices) passed judgment upon lesser crimes. Those who conducted cases were frequently not lawyers by profession. Nearly all public offices in the Province were in the gift of the proprietary (including the church livings), and were filled by persons whom he sent from England. There was a poll tax of forty pounds of tobacco (worth about three shillings) laid upon every male person in the Colony, and on every black woman from sixteen to sixty, for the support of the Church establishment. This was considered a great grievance by the working classes, and especially by Roman Catholics, who seem, after the Revolution of 1688, to have been ungenerously treated in the Colony. They paid double land-tax, their share of the Church tax, and were excluded from any office of profit or emolument. It has been the fashion of some writers to cast reproach upon the Church "as by law established" in colonial Maryland. But we shall do injustice to its clergy if we compare them with the clerical ideal of our own times. We must look back to the middle of the last century in England, where the popular idea of a parson, as described by Ambrose Phillips was, —

"Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one it covers a clown," —

and remember, in the words of a modern review writer on clergymen in fiction, in the early days of George III., that the notion "that a clergyman should take the lead, should represent light and progress, should be well-mannered, handsome, and interesting, is an idea of another century."

There was undoubtedly a proportion of rollicking, fox-hunting parsons scattered through the forty-two parishes of a rollicking, fox-hunting land, but at least six Maryland pastors, in the time of which we speak, were men of signal self-devotion to religion and learning. The Rev. Thomas Bacon and the Rev. Jonathan Boucher dedicated themselves for many years to missionary labor among servants and negroes. Bacon subsequently retired to Frederick, where he drew up a Compendium of the Laws of Maryland, still of great value. A great deal of disorder in the Colonial Church naturally arose out of the want of episcopal authority. No clergyman, however evil his life might be, could be displaced without a bishop, and the rite of confirmation was never administered. The Anglicans of Maryland persistently declined to have a bishop sent out to them. As he would have been appointed by political influence, it is probable they looked on the importation of such a dignitary as an obstacle to progress in the direction of civil liberty; for no sooner was the Episcopal Church in the United States severed from political connection with the Church in the mother country, than Maryland was eager to have one of her sons ordained to the episcopate, and she experienced great opposition and much unfriendliness in England before she accomplished it.

Meantime a great wave of the Methodist revival had surged across the Atlantic, and broken on our shores. A small beginning made by Embury in New York, in 1760, was followed four years later by the emigration of a fervent Irish Methodist farmer, Robert Strawbridge, to the backwoods of Maryland. He founded the Methodist Society in Baltimore, and paved the way for Asbury, a young evangelist, who, with his trunk of clothes and ten pounds in his pocket, was sent out by Wesley in 1771, to advance the cause of Methodism in the Colonies. The first General Conference was held in Philadelphia in 1773, when out of 1160 Methodist members 500 were in Maryland. That Province was the fruitful field of Asbury, where he labored for four years with faithful coadjutors, Rankin and others; but on the breaking out of the Revolution his fellow-workers forsook him and went home. "Let him go!" said Asbury of one of them. "If *he* has a call to go, *I* have a call to stay. The Lord is my witness that if my whole body

—yea, every hair of my head — could labor and suffer, they should be freely given for God and souls.”

The Methodists as a body deprecated the war, and took the side of the mother country in the struggle. Asbury in his loneliness was often in danger on account of his supposed political opinions, but he never received actual harm. The subsequent history of Methodism in Maryland, the arrival of its first bishop, Dr. Coke, in 1784, and the establishment of Cokesbury College, ten miles from Baltimore (a thorn in Asbury's side, till it was burned down nine years after), do not belong to colonial life or to colonial history. It will suffice that we picture to ourselves, during the ten years before the Revolution, the crowds that in back settlements flocked round the revivalists as they preached in private houses and in camp-meetings, where emotional natures found an outlet for those higher feelings which were repressed by the prosaic monotony of a backwoods work-day world. The preachers found a wide fallow-land for labor in the settlements of Western Maryland, and broke up the ground for a rich harvest with a rude but serviceable plough.

On the shores of the Chesapeake, the Quakers, somewhat earlier, had been successful field preachers. In 1747 they petitioned the General Assembly to prevent the fairs, horse-races, and debaucheries which assembled round their yearly meetings. The authorities took no action as to the fairs or the debauchery, but prohibited horse-races within five miles of the Quaker meeting-houses at yearly-meeting time at West River and in Talbot County.

Tobacco was not only the staple production of Maryland, but was also its circulating medium, — two hundred and seventy pounds of tobacco being held equivalent to an English guinea. But by the middle of the eighteenth century Maryland planters had begun to wear out their lands by injudicious farming. A poet of the colony presented to Lord Baltimore in 1733 a petition in verse, soliciting some relief for starving planters :—

“ Too long, alas ! tobacco has engrossed
Our cares, until we mourn our market lost.
Despairing, we impending ruin view,
Yet starving must our old employ pursue.
If you, benevolent, afford your aid,
Your faithful tenants shall enlarge their trade ;
By you encouraged, artists shall appear,
And gathering crowded towns inhabit here.
Well pleased would they employ their gainful hands
To purchase and improve your vacant lands.”

The country lying immediately to the west of Baltimore was peculiarly fitted for the cultivation of the staple. There is still the Rolling Road, nine miles from Baltimore, down which hogsheads of tobacco, pierced so as to turn on their own axles when drawn by mules or oxen, were rolled down to Elbridge Landing, now a sorry village on the Patapsco, but which once hoped to be the rival of Baltimore.

That city owes its origin, as it does much of its recent prosperity, to the grain trade. A certain Mr. John Stevenson, an Irish medical gentleman, seeing the fertility of the land in that direction, conceived the idea of making Baltimore a commercial centre. He contracted with the farmers in the neighborhood for considerable quantities of wheat; he freighted vessels, and consigned them to a correspondent in his native country. The cargoes sold to great advantage. A trade so lucrative at once attracted enterprise, and the city rose by magic. From a third-rate village in 1752 it became, in 1775, a handsome city; and Sir William Draper in 1768, astonished by its rapid rise and progress, "elegantly accosted" its founder, on his introduction, as the Romulus of America!

In Western Maryland a very different population from that which dwelt along the Chesapeake cultivated the soil. There were iron mines in that region already exporting much pig iron to furnaces in Virginia. There, too, was a considerable working population composed of Germans and white freedmen who had served out their terms of slavery. During and after the war of independence, a great many deserters from the ranks of the hated Hessians settled among their German countrymen there and in West Virginia. One German of great industry and enterprise, named Hagar, founded Hagarstown, and in this region of country were the chief triumphs of Methodism.

Thus we have had a passing glimpse of an enterprising, festive people, with exceptional advantages as to climate, generous living, and water communication. Labor was nominally cheap, but in reality of an unprofitable and unmanageable kind. The working people of the western part of the Province were coarse and rude; those whose lot fell along the Chesapeake were in a state of slavery, rendered more galling by the ideas of equality and liberty which for ten years before the Revolutionary outbreak pervaded the colonial air. Hospitality was at all times lavish, and was in general its own reward. It was matter of self-congratulation in country houses to have secured the visit of a stranger, whose presence would be the excuse for a fresh

round of festivity. Great entertainments always signaled the days of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David. According to Eddis there was also a local pseudo-saint, Saint Tamina, for whom bucks' tails were worn upon the first of May in caps, and whom the frolicksome young people delighted to honor.

The men, as we have seen, were of the planter type, gay, courteous, and convivial ; but with natural shrewdness, and considerable experience in commerce and in dealings with the outside world. The fact that ships from foreign parts unloaded at their doors preserved them from provincial isolation. They made excellent magistrates, delegates, and local officers, but had little use for books ; nor did they in general attempt to form those libraries of Queen Anne literature which Thackeray found so attractive in Lower Virginia.

No city in Maryland before the Revolution was of any great importance, and yet Baltimore and Annapolis took at once a distinguished place in Revolutionary annals. Inns were extremely bad, rarely rising above the rank of pot-houses. The Maryland Commissioners (headed by Edmund Jennings and Mr. Calvert) who met Commissioners from Pennsylvania and Virginia in 1774, at Lancaster, to arrange a treaty with the Six Nations, were deeply indignant at their entertainment on the road. They could get nothing at the roadside tavern where they stopped but "six eggs, fried with six pieces of bacon, and some clammy pone." Their liquor was "sorry rum, mixed with sugar and water, which bears the heathenish name of *bumbo*." What other horrors these courtly gentlemen endured when they retired for the night we will not dwell upon. Are they not eloquently written by the secretary of the commission, in his record, for the information of the Annapolis authorities ? But the next night, with the delegates from Virginia, they slept at Lancaster upon the court-house floor. Truly they loved their creature comforts, and they were forefathers of a people who appreciate the same.

E. W. LATIMER.

LIVLAND: A RUSSIAN EPISODE.

Russian literature, with less than half-a-dozen exceptions, possesses nobody who has shown himself both man enough to be a Russian and genius enough to find in Russian life materials to supply all the needs of an artistic purpose. Yet Russia abounds in the materials for literature. In her perpetual anxiety to be thought European, and under that resistless despotic power against which the wills of her people can contend only to their destruction, she affords abundance of the very elements out of which comedies and tragedies are wrought. I would point out here one of the sources of tragedy. Many a touching story has been told of the hopeless conflict of the individual against the crushing force of the Russian Government, but that the Russian Church, too, exercises this same crushing power has been passed over in comparative silence. Rightly understood, however, the Government and the Church are but the right hand and the left of Russian despotism; and from the history of Livland—one of the Baltic Provinces, which came under Russian control with its Lutheran religion preserved for it by the most sacred obligations of treaty, but which was nevertheless “converted” in 1845 in the usual manner—I propose to show that the Russian Church is ready to descend to practices amounting to a direct violation of the pledged Imperial word, in order to secure, by fair means or foul, an uncontested sway over the minds and bodies of all Russian subjects.

Poets, orators, and historians have had not a little to say about the merits of the Montenegrins; but fortunate as those brave mountaineers have been in having their praises sounded by such lips, their claims upon our sympathy must certainly be put second to those of the Baltic Provinces. With all admiration for the tenacious love of liberty which gave them pluck enough to reckon their own tiny province a match for the armed might of Turkey, we are yet bound to admit that the Montenegrins are at best barbarians. The Baltic Provinces, on the other hand, furnish a stirring example of the strug-

gle of Teutonic civilization with Muscovite barbarism, and the ultimate triumph of the latter moves in us the same deep regret as must every triumph of darkness over light. As early as the thirteenth century German institutions and a German sense of individual freedom had taken firm root in Livland, Kurland, and Esthland. German conquerors, though many times inferior in number to the aboriginal population of Letts and Esthonians, had forced upon them the acceptance of German laws and manners. I need not, however, trace the growth of these tendencies from the time of their introduction from Bremen and other North German towns; nor need I point out the modifications both in character and in influence under which they presented themselves in each of the three provinces. It is sufficient to understand that the essentially Germanic contributions to the progress of the country were never lost.

The history of Riga, the capital city of Livland, confirms this to a striking degree. Already in the thirteenth century it was important enough to have its own archbishop. It struck its own coinage, elected its own magistrates, and was a member of the Hanseatic League. Amid repeated struggles for the upperhand between the archbishop and the nobles, the rights of the burghers were never wrung from them. From foreign dealings, too, Riga always emerged victorious in the preservation of its rights of citizenship and its religious freedom. Its history is a long list of valiant struggles with Poles, Russians, and Swedes. It fell into the hands of the King of Poland in 1539, and was besieged and captured by the Russians in 1581; but in each case the conquerors were obliged to leave the inhabitants in free possession of all privileges, and with full right to the practice of the Lutheran religion. In 1621 it was forced by Gustavus Adolphus to acknowledge its dependence upon Sweden; and it shared the misfortunes of that kingdom when, after Charles XII.'s unsuccessful invasion of Russia, it was besieged and in spite of an obstinate resistance brought finally under Russian rule in 1710. But the spirit of municipal freedom still lived; and in the capitulation which the citizens made with their barbarian captors, Riga insisted—as indeed did all Livland eleven years later, when, by the peace of Nystadt, Sweden ceded the province forever to Russia—that it should still be allowed the enjoyment of its ancient rights. It was thus able to preserve unaltered its form of government. Special privileges and customs, including the practice of its religion and the organization of its churches and schools, Russia was pledged to leave

undisturbed. No officers or inhabitants were to be carried away by the conquerors, and all prisoners were to have the right to return home without ransom.

That such conditions as these should have been inserted in the terms of peace is conclusive proof of the high civilization to which Livland had attained. The explicit precautions of the treaty show, too, with what dread the blighting power of Russian barbarism was regarded. To have protected themselves against it meant, indeed, for the Livonians far greater and dearer privileges than may at first be apparent. It meant that, instead of being governed by decrees from St. Petersburg or by imperially appointed officials who knew little and cared less about local resources and needs, they were still to have the right of electing their own Burgomaster. It meant that, instead of the Russian system of police spies, they were still to enjoy the management of their own guilds, and to determine the times of meeting and the topics of discussion as best suited themselves. It meant that, instead of the Russian Church with its ceremonials, its intolerance, its ignorant and superstitious clergy, its deadly blight, men were still to possess the liberty of conscience which belonged to them as members of the Lutheran Church.

All this and more than this the Livonians hoped by treaty to have secured. But if Russia, in our own day, has shown that she cannot look without anxiety upon the extension of constitutional privileges to a neighboring State, how much greater must have been her dread when those privileges were already in the possession of provinces which she was on the point of making an actual part of her own empire. Too surely might it come to pass that the little leaven would lighten the whole loaf. To guard against this has never ceased to be the principal aim of Russia's dealings with her Baltic Provinces. As she had stamped to death the republicanism of Novgorod, which, though now in the very heart of Russia, was at one time an embodiment of German culture and as perfect a microcosm of democratic government as Athens and Venice once had been, so she would have liked to crush out the constitutional privileges of the Baltic Provinces. She valued those provinces for the commanding position their harbors gave her on the Baltic ; she valued them for the increase which a thrifty population, a most fertile soil, and a widespread commerce promised to her revenue ; she valued them for the vantage ground they offered for encroaching further by land upon the west of Europe. But their democracy she would have ground to

the dust. In truth, between German freedom and Muscovite despotism there can be no compromise. Like oil and water, they never mingle. If the Baltic Provinces have become in point of material prosperity and political vitality almost a skeleton of their former selves, they have nevertheless proved German to the last. They have felt the darkness of Russia come over them, but they have lived under it without being Russified; and if the world some day beholds them taken back to their mother country, with far greater justice than Alsace and Lorraine, they will not get more than an unbroken loyalty to the responsibilities of their high origin will have deserved.

It has not been, however, as I have already said, through any absence of Russian will that the Baltic Provinces are not to-day as wholly Russian as Moscow. I do not propose to follow here all the measures by which it has been attempted to effect that transformation; but I do propose to point out the part which the Russian Church, in our own day, has taken to secure the same object. The subject, strange to say, amid all the discussions of this Eastern Question, has hitherto altogether escaped attention. But having made it a matter of personal investigation in Russia, where the co-operation of Russians of high position was confidentially given me, and having since found that the facts there collected were confirmed and supplemented by the valuable, but undigested, testimony of the author of "*Ein Blatt aus Livlands Kirchengeschichte*," I shall first point out what conditions of Livonian life stood in the way of the Russification of the province, and then show by what deception Russia strove to put those obstacles out of the way.

The Peace of Nystadt, which in 1721 guaranteed Livland in the possession of its existing institutions, preserved for the country an internal administration which afforded the strongest safeguards against foreign encroachment. Of those the two principal examples were the position in the State of the nobility and the clergy. Both were connected with the rest of the population by the closest bonds; and each exerted independently the most direct influence over the lives and interests of the Livonians. All peasants, for instance, — though now no longer serfs, having been given their freedom in 1818, — were *glebæ adscripti*, and obliged to perform for the land-owner certain definitely prescribed duties. The magnitude of those duties may be inferred from the fact that the wealth of the proprietor was estimated, not in acres or in produce, but in the working force of peasants living on his land. A distinguishing characteristic of the peasant's relation

to the church was also one of service. In each parish the pastor had a right to certain prescribed services from the peasants; and a peasant's continued enjoyment of various civic honors — such as capacity to give testimony as a credible witness — depended upon proof being given that he had attended Holy Communion at least once within the twelvemonth. In each parish the peasants were accordingly divided up into groups determined by the land they belonged to, and definite Sundays were set apart for each group to be called to communion. The Esthonian thus came to make his Communion Sunday the limit of his calendar, and to reckon events as happening so many days before or after the communion. This peasant custom is said to be now centuries old.

A still closer dependence of the peasants upon the nobility was effected by the limited right of land-tenure. In its vast and highly developed system of privileges, the aristocracy had reserved to itself the exclusive enjoyment of landed proprietorship. Hence only native nobles, who belonged in part to those who traced their descent from the original German conquerors, and partly to the later additions which the aristocracy received from Swedish sources, had the right to own land and to transmit it by inheritance. This was equivalent, of course, to holding the peasants in absolute subordination. But the system, it must be remembered, had its origin at a time when Europe was accustomed to no greater extension of popular freedom. This allowance being made, it will be found that little but praise can be accorded to the measures of secular and religious instruction by which the culture of the German rulers contributed to the happiness of their Lettish and Esthonian subjects. Russia held her peasants as serfs for forty-three years after serfdom was abolished in Livland; and it was always a rare exception when the Russian proprietors possessed that culture by which serfdom may be alleviated.

In addition to effecting the entire dependence of the peasants upon the nobles, the exclusive system of landed proprietorship had another result: it supplied the nobility with a strong defence of their national independence by offering a persistent obstacle to the intermeddling of Russians; for the inability to hold land left Russians little chance of exercising a permanent or a wide-spread influence over the population. This barrier was strengthened still further by the pride of the Livonian nobles in their German origin, and the determination to tolerate no intermarriages with Russian blood. To this resolve exceptions were most rare. They did not even think it worth their

while to send their sons to the Russian Court, but preferred that they should go to Germany for the proper source of their culture. A university, too, for the conservation of German tendencies, was maintained at Dorpat. German was the official language of the higher courts; the two native tongues, of the lower.

Such, in bald outline, were some of the principal elements which gave compactness to Livonian society. That they were bonds of union of no mean strength may be judged from the fact that Russian influence made no headway against them for more than a hundred years. Seldom was a more distressing problem presented to Muscovite rulers than the question of Russifying this same compact Livonia. Asiatic chiefs can be bought. Circassian tribes, even when led by a genius like Schamyl, can be divided and then separately annihilated. But how to preserve the appearance of honor, and at the same time to insinuate the disintegrating wedge into a State to which the permanent enjoyment of its institutions had been guaranteed by treaty, — this was a problem before which all the ingenuity of Muscovite statecraft paused, unable to answer off-hand. The solution was found in the co-operation of the Russian Church.

It is one of the great advantages of a despotic Government that it is almost always able to have a consistent policy. Its purpose, once decided, need have no dread of being either altered, perhaps abandoned, with a change of ministers, or hampered in its execution by the imposed modifications of Parliamentary debaters. Obviously this is an immense gain to any policy which it requires years to carry out; and this was the case with Livland. Nobody suspected in 1830 that the changes introduced by the Russian Government into the University of Dorpat were part of a scheme which was destined to result in 1845 in the conversion of tens of thousands of the inhabitants to the Russian Church. But the Russian Government knew its plan well. It aimed to force Russian speech and Russian religion upon the people of Livland. It did not dare to supersede openly the influence of the aristocracy; but it did dare to interfere, little by little in order to avoid alarm, with that German system of schools, having their chief seat at Dorpat, which the aristocracy had established throughout the land. The first step taken was the allotment of double the former number of hours to the study of Russian in the gymnasia, the intermediate schools, and even the primary schools of all three of the Baltic Provinces. Then, instead of the previous lecturer, two professors of the Russian language were forced upon the university.

Pupils of the Educational Institute at St. Petersburg, educated in purely military fashion, were thrust into all possible vacancies as teachers in the gymnasia and intermediate schools. The position of curator of the university, which had previously been held by men of German origin and culture, was given to one General Crafftstroem.

In spite of all these changes and the military spirit which was beginning to rule the university, Russia still managed to conceal the real significance of the facts. It was not till 1839 that men's eyes were opened a good deal by an imperial order that all persons holding public offices in the Baltic Provinces must thenceforth be masters of the Russian tongue. This was in direct contravention of the Treaty of Nystadt; but the agents of the Government adroitly explained that the measure, denounced as unwarrantable, was in reality designed by the Czar as the means of giving the German culture and superior intelligence of the Livonians an opportunity of exerting their proper influence in contact with the rest of the Czar's subjects. At about the same time, the publication of a famous despatch revealed still further the designs of Russia. Uwaroff, the Russian minister of public instruction, having paid a visit of inspection to Dorpat, had embodied the suggestions of his visit in a despatch to the Czar. This despatch had fallen into the hands of one of the German heads of the university, who subsequently caused it to be printed in Germany. The revelation was startling. Facts which had previously been attributed at most to an oversight were now seen to form part of a systematically devised plan. The right of independent regulation of churches and schools, guaranteed by the Treaty of Nystadt, was seen to be dangerously threatened, and the nobles of all three of the Baltic Provinces protested. But a soft answer was ready, and unluckily the alarm aroused was too easily quieted by the Czar's assurance that he would take care to protect the nobility in all their rights. This promise was the very *cap-à-pie* of carefulness, for there was indeed scarcely any necessity for the Czar to wear the mask any longer. Russian influence in the schools was now already assured, and other far weightier measures (which I pass over for the moment) were on the point of ripeness.

Three years, in fact, did not pass from the date of these assurances before the Czar felt himself so well able to dispense with all further concealment that he dared to inflict upon the University of Dorpat, and thereby indirectly upon persons of the highest station in the land, the most open and direct of insults. It seems that a certain Dr. Ul-

mann, Rector of the University and Professor of Theology, had come under the disfavor of the Russian curator, Craffstroem. Thereupon the curator, by a series of false and malignant representations to the Minister of Public Instruction, secured Ulmann's removal. The students, however, with whom Ulmann was very popular, made his departure the occasion of a hearty farewell, presented him with a memorial drinking-cup, and paraded the streets with shouts of "Vivat Ulmann!" This happened on a Thursday night. A courier was straightway despatched to St. Petersburg, and returning in all haste arrived on the Saturday morning with the Czar's instructions. In accordance therewith, an extraordinary sitting of Professors was called on that very afternoon, when the following remarkable commands were read:—

"Professor Ulmann, for having received a present from a deputation contrary to Russian law, which demands the strictest integrity, will give up forthwith all office whatsoever and leave Dorpat. Professor Bunge, jurist, for having said in answer to a question of Rector Volkmann's that nothing in Livonian law forbids the presentation of such a gift, will give up his professorship and remove to Casan. Rector Volkmann, being not yet mature enough for his position, will lay down his office. The University Council will proceed at once to a new election. General Craffstroem, for insufficient watchfulness, loses his service-straps, which he has worn with honor for twenty-eight years. The drinking-cup is confiscated. The delegation of eight, who presented it, receive by special grace full pardon for having been led astray, but will be held responsible for order during the next six weeks, and on the first illegal occurrence will be transported to the Eastern Provinces."¹

These commands were taken in hand at once by the police and executed with all despatch. The wholesale nature of the attack, and the trivial causes that provoked it, showed plainly that the Russian Government had only been waiting its chance to strike a mortal blow at German influence in Livland.

If further confirmation of this design had been needed, the events which had meanwhile been transpiring elsewhere abundantly supplied it. The year 1840 was marked throughout Livland, and especially in the southeastern part adjacent to Russia, by a heavy failure of crops. The following spring found the people suffering from a scarcity not only of bread, but of seed-corn for their harvests. Suddenly in the

¹ From "Ein Blatt aus Livlands Kirchengeschichte."

most populous districts strangers appeared with highly-colored prints of a rich and fruitful land, and distributed songs in which the praises of this "free, warm land" were sung. This was what the Czar had for his good subjects, and the report was industriously spread that all who accepted the Czar's faith would receive land for nothing, and even money to go to it. By the summer of 1841 the popular cry for bread had grown so loud that the Governor-general of the three Provinces found it necessary to visit Livland in person. As a result of his tour, two special inspectors were appointed by the Czar to report upon the condition and needs of the people in the autumn. Prince Urussoff was despatched to the Esthonian part of the land, and Count Buturlin to the Lettish. Urussoff arrived in Werro, the chief centre of the Esthonians, in September. Immediately two representatives of the peasantry of each estate were ordered to appear and lay before him their complaints. He held his sittings in a building which fronted on the market-place, and all day long delegates came, and a clamorous crowd gathered outside. Urussoff showed himself at the door, and through an interpreter asked the people what they wanted. At once the shout went up, "Give us the Czar's faith!" It was well planned for the most part; but some of the hungriest yelled out, "Give us bread!" Urussoff protested that the Czar could never permit a change of faith to be imposed by the merely external ground of hunger, but he should be glad to hear all the peasants had to say. So till late at night they crowded in upon him, relating all manner of grievances, and bringing samples of the wretched bread they had to eat, which were duly packed up, sealed, and (apparently) sent off to the Czar in their presence. To cap the climax, Urussoff embraced and kissed one of the Esthonians who related his grievances in Russian. Such a mark of esteem had never been bestowed on them by their German masters, and the peasants verily believed their millennium was at hand. A similar trust in Russian help was duly instilled into the Letts through Buturlin's efforts at Riga.

The time, however, for attempting a general conversion of the Livonian peasants to the Russian Church was not yet come. But meanwhile the Russian authorities lost no opportunity to make them dissatisfied with their German masters, and to instil into them that unwillingness to work which brought them, if not to the verge of suffering, at any rate to the need of help, and so made them ready victims of Russian promises. On one estate some forty peasants, poisoned by the new philosophy, openly rebelled and refused to work. They were

condemned by the local court to be publicly flogged through the streets. But the execution of this punishment was in the hands of the Russian soldiers, and their officers took care to let everybody see that the prisoners were allowed to run ahead of the soldiers at such a distance that the blows, if they reached them at all, would be utterly without force. By many similar acts Russia steadily succeeded in persuading the peasantry that she was heartily interested in their welfare. Hence the agents who were still busy sounding the praises of the "warm, free land," met with an ever-growing success. They even found themselves joined in their labors by native converts, who were in fact so eagerly sought after that not even social disrepute, and in one notorious instance not even the stigma of having been criminally convicted, prevented them from being received into the church and set to work as religious agents. The movement gave such good promise that the Russian Church hastened to establish in Pskoff, the province adjoining Livland, a seminary for the education of the priesthood in the Esthonian tongue. A similar school in the Lettish tongue was opened at Riga; and Riga was itself made the seat of a Russian bishop. The first bishop appointed was found to be too hot-headed a character for the delicate business entrusted to him, and his place was speedily supplied by Philaret, a man of great attainments and natural subtlety. The Governor-general of the three Provinces, a German, was also removed, and in his place a Russian, Golowin, was appointed. Even the Czar Nicholas, says the author of the "Blatt" already quoted, publicly called this man "a black soul."

Such were the preparations. It is not to be supposed that all these measures were undertaken without drawing the attention of the German clergy and the German nobles of Livland. But it is nevertheless an astonishing fact that neither the clergy nor the nobility seem to have been roused by what was going on around them to any concerted plan of resistance. Heroic instances are recorded of Lutheran priests who, at great personal risk and regardless of subsequent punishment, dared to interfere, and at the last moment actually held back their deluded parishioners from the faith they were on the point of adopting. But these were individual examples which counted for little against the working of the centralized plan of Russia. That plan gained in effectiveness with every day. More and more the religious epidemic spread throughout Livland, and with it the conviction among the people that by joining the Orthodox Church they should have land of their own, with no more church tithes or land ser-

vice. By the end of 1844 the crisis was imminent. In the spring of 1845 came the first numerous conversion. But the crafty Philaret, to disarm suspicion, announced in the summer that applications for membership of the Russian Church, which by the Russian law must be presented six months before the applicant is received into the Church, would not be at that time any longer received. To present them, he hypocritically urged, might prove a serious interruption to the peasants' regular summer work. But that they *did* continue to be received, and at that time more plentifully than ever, was a well-known fact. Even Russian officials, who had no religious station whatsoever, entered mightily into the good work. And suddenly the German population was startled with the news of conversions everywhere. Right and left, in churches — and, where churches were wanting, in barns and public houses — the Russian priests were busy confirming Esthonians and Letts in the Orthodox faith. Some came who in formal applications had already signed their willingness to join the new faith. Others came who had signed nothing but a paper written in Russian, which they did not understand, but which offered to all who signed it free land of the Czar. Many came who had signed nothing at all. But with applications or without them all were welcome. So tremendous was the crowd, that there were not enough brass confirmation-crosses to go round. Then the holy anointing oil gave out. But wooden crosses painted yellow, and common oil which had never been blessed by the Metropolitan, were brought into service; and so the good work was finished. In a few brief weeks eighty thousand Livonians had been made members of the Russian Church.

Such was the triumph of as contemptible a piece of imposture as ever received either the explicit direction or the unofficial sanction of any Government. Samson, the president of the Lutheran Consistory, protested that the whole business was an outrageous violation of the treaty. But his tardy words could not avert the miseries in store for the deluded peasants. The day of awakening soon came. Already in August, 1845, when the Governor-general of the Provinces passed through certain districts, his carriage was surrounded by numbers of the converted who asked what they were to get by the change, and begged with tears to be allowed to go back to the faith of their relatives and friends. Towards the beginning of 1846 the popular revulsion had become general. I cannot pretend to recount the heart-rending experiences, many of them yet fresh in the

memories of the Livonians, by which those simple-minded peasants awoke to a perception of the false promises by which they had been deluded. Husbands without the knowledge of wives, wives without the knowledge of husbands, had been persuaded to adopt the new faith. Each now bitterly discovered that, in their ignorance of the laws controlling the Russian Church, they had assumed responsibilities which were destined to fill their families with disunion and grief. Peasants in some instances had gone so far as to sell everything they had and start for Russia, in the conviction that once there the Russians would provide for them. The delusion was quickly and painfully dispelled when they found themselves sent home again, saved from starving only by the charity of rich people on the road, and arriving at last to find their farms apportioned to new tenants. Even those who stayed at home fared scarcely better, for their conversion had brought with it unexpected burdens. So long as the religious epidemic was in progress, all the means for aiding its diffusion had been supplied by the Russian Church. But now that the fruits of this outlay were secured, the Government insisted that the converted should pay for their own priests, build their own churches, and inaugurate and maintain an entire church-system. This heaped a double burden on the tenants. For their conversion had not absolved them from the Livonian law which made the payment of church tithes to the Lutheran Church obligatory, and to these the taxes of the Russian Church were now to be added. Under this double load the peasant kept continually in hot water with the Russian Church; and the landed proprietor, who naturally wished to avoid being involved in such complications attended often by responsibilities, soon came to regard his converted tenant as an object to be got rid of as speedily as possible. Diminished chance of employment was thus added to the poor wretches' doubled taxes. Besides all this, when advice and spiritual consolation were most needed, the peasants found themselves for the most part under priests who spoke nothing but Russian, and so could give them ceremonies and shows and all the glitter of the Russian Church, but, as *they* put it, "nothing for the heart."

Painful and exasperating as all these evils were, they were enormously aggravated by the reflection that to find relief by renouncing the Orthodox and adopting again the Lutheran faith was now absolutely impossible. By a Russian law, which is as binding upon every Russian subject to-day as it was thirty-five years ago upon the Livonians, every member of the Orthodox Church is prohibited,

under penalty of criminal punishment, from exchanging the Orthodox faith for any other. Violation of this law subjects the guilty to transportation to Siberia and confiscation of property. Even the privilege of attending, without formally rejoining, the Lutheran Church was denied to the Livonians ; for the law again forbids any heterodox pastor to minister to the Orthodox, under penalty of being permanently deprived of the right to preach. The inflictions which the Livonians had taken upon themselves were incurred, too, by their children ; for it was, and it remains, a criminal offence for an Orthodox parent to bring up his child as a member of any other communion. The Livonians felt this bitterly. In many families only one of the parents had been converted to the new religion, but that alone was sufficient to make all the children Orthodox ; and the Lutheran pastor who ventured to baptize a child of such parentage did so at the cost of his office. There was, however, one remedy to which the Livonians might have recourse. By the Treaty of Nystadt the State Church of Livland was acknowledged to be Lutheran, and the Greek Orthodox Church held the place of a tolerated creed. Russian law, on the other hand, provided that illegitimate children should be regarded as belonging to the Church of the land. Here was the Livonians' opportunity. Refusing to be married by priests, they would select one of their own number to perform the marriage rite ; and the marriage being invalid in the eyes of the law the children were illegitimate, and so escaped being members of the Orthodox Church. But if by this device the Livonians to some extent found relief from the penalties of their conversion, the benefit was confined to a few, for the Russian authorities quickly interfered ; and even if they had not, the practice of civil marriage could scarcely have become wide-spread among a peasantry by whom the marriage ceremony of the church was regarded with an almost superstitious reverence. So the struggle, though often violent, was hopeless and short-lived. In the records of the Russian criminal court a case may be read in which an Orthodox priest, struggling with a mother for the possession of her babe, wrenched the child's arm from the shoulder, and was punished simply by removal to another province. The grip of the Russian Church fastened upon Livland, and in spite of the writhing did not relax. The province, which for more than a hundred years had preserved its integrity, learned at last what it was to be Russified.

Here, then, my narrative ends. From the point of view of literature it shows, as I said at the beginning, what elements of tragedy

the Church throws, like a shadow, upon Russian life. But the Livonian episode has also its political side. It presents the Russian Church in its true character, as a political instrument of the Czar. All, therefore, who are interested in watching Russia's progress in Europe towards Constantinople, or in Asia towards India, will do well to remember that, for the purpose of giving stability to conquests, such an implement as the Russian Church is in the hands of no other European Power.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.

II.

TO some extent the colloquial language of our country shares with the English dialects the archaic character of which we spoke in a previous article, and, as might be expected, for much the same cause. It is natural, therefore, that the likeness between the two should be seen most strikingly in the speech of the uneducated. In both, the common words and phrases which we are wont to look upon as vulgarisms were sometimes in use in the literary language to a period comparatively late, and have merely been displaced and driven out by other expressions. In most instances, however, they go back to an age in which dialects abounded, when as yet no literary language existed which was regarded as a standard to which all must conform. Various ways of pronunciation, of spelling, and of expression existed side by side. All were of equal authority ; at least, none had a right to assume to itself any special superiority. But as great writers appeared and found admirers and imitators, the words, forms, and phrases they used came gradually to be looked upon as the ones to be preferred, and finally as the only ones to be endured. The others, once of equal and perhaps still earlier of greater credit, sank slowly out of use among the educated, and were preserved, if preserved at all, by the lower classes. The selection made by the literary language was not necessarily a survival of the fittest. It was determined in great measure by accidental circumstances, such as the place of birth and breeding of authors widely read and studied, and the social and linguistic influences to which they were exposed. From the very nature of things, therefore, the selection was to a large extent arbitrary ; certainly it was conducted on no fixed principle. The result is that our literary speech is full of inconsistencies. The language of low life, for illustration, has preserved for us *again*, as a preposition, instead of *against*. With us it usually has the pronunciation *agin*. Etymologically the form is perfectly correct. It goes back to the

earliest known period in the history of our tongue. It has been employed by some of the greatest of our early writers, if not by all. But its use now would be a convincing proof of the lack of proper training, or, more strictly speaking, of the existence of vulgar associations. But the literary language, with thorough inconsistency, uses the preposition *among*, as well as *amongst*, and indeed prefers it ; while *alongst*, corresponding to *against*, and once in use, has now entirely given place to *along*, corresponding with *again*. Take even a more conspicuous illustration. It is with us a gross vulgarism to say *our'n* for *ours*. But it is a mere accident that we did not employ the former word and look upon the latter as corrupt. There was a time when neither of them was correct ; there was again a time when both were correct ; then came the time when the literary language, making a selection, chose the form which ended in *s* instead of that which ended in *n*, and relegated the latter entirely to the language of low life.

Illustrations such as these are necessary in order to show the falsity of the notion, which once was held by many and is still entertained by some persons, that there exists, stowed away somewhere, a pure and perfect ideal of our speech, independent and in fact entirely outside of present good usage ; that this ideal is kept as a sort of rare and precious deposit by certain classes in England, and in particular by certain members of those classes ; and that, in consequence, any word or expression which is not familiar to these guardians of English undefiled has about it, from that very fact, an ineradicable taint of depravity. This belief is apparently held at present more strongly on the other side of the water than on this. Our colloquial language, being somewhat archaic, has reacted to a slight extent upon our language of literature ; and the pointing out of those usages unknown to himself seems often to be regarded as the most pressing duty of the English reviewer of an American book. It cannot be denied that wherever the highest degree of cultivation and refinement has been reached, wherever the power of expression is most sedulously studied, wherever the greatest number of good speakers and writers flourish, there will always be found the highest standard of any living tongue. It need not be denied that in these respects the speech of England has been superior to that of America ; but this is a superiority which has been long declining relatively, and we have a right to expect that in process of time it will decline absolutely. It is, moreover, important to bear in mind that the superiority of the speech

of a country, as a whole, does not at all imply that the speech of particular persons is superior ; and in this, as in other things, it is usually those who have the least right who make the stoutest pretensions. It is in general a safe rule to follow, in discussions of questions of usage, that the positiveness of the assertion is in nearly exact proportion to the ignorance of the one who makes it.

It is these words, meanings, and phrases which are found in the older literature of England or in its living dialects, that constitute the great differences between the cultivated speech of the one country and that of the other. But though many of them are heard with us in the language of conversation, comparatively few make their way, even here, into the language of literature. As they are importations, their existence does not show any radical divergence between the tongues of the two peoples. Strictly speaking, they have no right to be termed Americanisms ; and it is quite as doubtful if that title can justly be applied to the new words and meanings originating here, which denote matters and customs national in their character and objects peculiar to this country. These are American contributions to the common language rather than Americanisms proper. *Congress* and *senate*, the *executive*, *dime* and *eagle*, *nullification* and *mileage* are terms which belong exclusively, in the signification we give them, either to our political system or to the conflicts which have marked its history. But though they arose with us, the consideration of them is not confined to us. The same remark is true of objects not known before the discovery of the country. The names given by the original inhabitants to various articles of dress and use, and to the place of abode—like *moccasin*, *tomahawk*, *wampum*, and *wigwam*, even the phrases to “bury the hatchet,” to “march in Indian file” — can be called Americanisms only in the sense that *algebra*, *alcohol*, and *almanac* are called Arabic. The contact, moreover, with various nations of Europe on this continent has added to our vocabulary a number of new expressions, some of which have become a part of the universal speech. To the French we owe the introduction, for instance, of *bayou*, *calumet*, *portage*, and *prairie* ; to the Spaniards of *adobe*, *canyon*, *stampede*, and *ranch*. They have become thoroughly established in the literary language of both countries, because there are no terms to take their place. That any one happens to be ignorant of their employment and meaning is a proof not of their lack of existence, but of his lack of knowledge. It is not from these, again, that any divergence in speech can arise ; and, as in

the previous cases, these are mainly borrowings, not original creations. It is to our public life that we owe many, and perhaps the majority, of the most characteristic words and phrases, which are not imported, but are the direct growth of the soil. If these continued to live and to be confined to us, there might be danger that in process of time wide differences would spring up in the speech of the two countries; for the same influences are at work in both, though under different conditions in each. So wide-spread is the interest in politics among the members of the English-speaking race, so intense is the feeling aroused, that there is everything to stimulate invention. No great contest takes place with us which does not add to the current speech expressions often of marked aptness and force. Most of them die with the occasion which gave them birth; but some become permanent additions to the language of literature. A large number of the terms which spring up in the discussion of public questions are figurative. That fact is, indeed, the source of their strength and of their rapid prevalence, as a single word or phrase thus conveys to the common mind a definiteness of meaning which a statement stretching through a dozen sentences could never rival for clearness, far less for vigor. In the invention of these we have been fruitful. "Wire-pulling" may be as old in name as it is in practice; but "axe-grinding," "pipe-laying," "log-rolling," to "be on the fence," to "come out flat-footed,"—these are wholly our own. That fierce war of opposing civilizations, the great Antislavery conflict, was particularly remarkable for the terms of denunciation to which it gave rise. "Dough-face," "mudsill," to "be shaky," to "be weak-kneed," to "lack backbone,"—these were but a few of the words and phrases which were flung back and forth by the actors in that angry drama; while the euphemism, on the other hand, of "peculiar domestic institution," as applied to Slavery, was as singular, from one point of view, as was the expression "underground railway" from another.

Usages such as these do certainly suggest the possibility of an eventual wide divergence in the speech of the two countries. Even more is such a possibility indicated by the employment of the same word in different senses. In the latter case the change often springs from natural causes. No better example of this can be found than in the meaning we give to *corn*. This is a word common to all the Germanic languages, and is the most general term for grain which is employed for food. In addition to this its strict use, most Teutonic peoples are in the habit of specializing the signification of it, and

denoting by it their most important cereal. Thus, besides its regular meaning, it stands in northern and central Germany for rye ; in Franconia, Swabia, and most of Switzerland, for spelt ; in Scotland, for oats ; in Sweden and Ireland, for barley ; while in this country the term has been so universally appropriated to maize that we are beginning to lose sight of the primitive sense of the word. In this case the cause of the variation is clear ; in other cases it is obscure, owing to our lack of knowledge of the historic conditions under which the new meaning arose. Calico, for instance, is in England a plain cotton cloth : with us it is a printed cloth of the same material. The history of the manufacture of the article in this country would probably make known to us the circumstances under which the difference of usage sprang up. But undoubtedly the most striking illustration of divergence between the tongues of the two peoples is to be found in the railway nomenclature of each. The variations in this, which have often been remarked, are collected, though not completely, by Mr. Bartlett ; and taken together they present a somewhat curious picture. Ordinarily the nation which gives birth to a great invention, or makes a new application of one already existing, is almost certain to impose the terms employed by it upon all countries which borrow either the invention or the application. But the modern method of transportation by rail, though first introduced in England, was so speedily adopted and so widely used here, that a different terminology seems to have arisen at once in the two countries and to have maintained itself since. Our *car* is their *carriage* ; our *bumper* their *buffer* ; our *grade*, their *gradient* ; our *fireman*, their *stoker* ; our *engineer*, their *engine-driver* ; our *conductor*, their *guard* ; our *frog*, their *crossing-plate* ; our *switching*, their *shunting* ; and our *freight-train*, their *goods-train*. The list might be largely extended, but enough has been given to show how remarkable is the variation ; and when we add to it that our trains run to the right and theirs to the left, the divergence of usage and of use, in the case of this particular invention, becomes very conspicuous.

There is another change at work in the language as employed in this country, which belongs rather to the grammar than to the lexicon. During the sixteenth century a distinction between the use of *shall* and *will* as auxiliaries sprang up in England, and finally established itself there. It never extended itself, however, to Scotland or to Ireland. It was brought to this country, and up to a late period was preserved unimpaired in the States of the Northeast ; in the South

and West it seems never to have become firmly fixed. This distinction is with us breaking down everywhere. It is, indeed, so fine and delicate that, generally speaking, if not acquired in childhood, it will never be acquired at all. The emigrant rarely, perhaps never, learns it; and under the Hibernian and Teutonic influences which at present surround our early years the imported ignorance is gradually prevailing over the native knowledge. The child who, during the most impressionable period of life, daily hears the two words confounded may not, when he reaches manhood, find it difficult to comprehend the difference between them; but he will lack that almost unconscious sense of the right employment of each which is essential to the preservation of pure idiomatic usage. The distinction between these two auxiliaries is with us undoubtedly breaking down, as has been said: whether it will break down utterly, or whether it will regain what has been lost, are questions for the future to determine. To those who take the pessimistic view it may be some slight consolation that, in the opinion of certain scholars, the distinction is an arbitrary, an unnecessary, and, indeed, an absurd one. Mr. Marsh in particular characterizes it as a "verbal quibble" which "now answers no intellectual purpose;" but he unquestionably forgot its value in controversy in enabling one disputant to twit his opponent with a deficiency of early education. Against this manifest deviation from the best existing usage there is one set-off with which the soul of the jealous patriot can solace itself; there is one point in which he can feel that his country is pre-eminent: an English vulgarism, the most widely-spread vulgarism of all, has never been transported to this country; or if it has been, it has failed to survive. This is the addition to or omission from the beginning of words or syllables of *h*, — a letter which has probably given more trouble to speakers than any other half-dozen combined. At this day its pronunciation is in England, as Mr. Ellis expresses it, "a sort of social shibboleth." Nor is the difficulty with it a new one; it goes back to an early period in the history of the language. *H*, indeed, seems always to have been a kind of free lance in the field of letters; and its mysterious appearance in words where it was not expected, and disappearance from those where it was, is one of the most inexplicable of the phenomena which at first perplex the student of our older literature. The variations of usage in respect to it left traces of themselves for a long time in the literary language, although most of these have disappeared or are now disappearing. But no difficulty in the use of this letter is known

in this country. So far as it is concerned, the speech of the uneducated differs not in the slightest from that of the educated. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, no native American, however humble or ignorant, adds an *h* where it does not properly belong, or omits one where it does ; and the fact that he does not do either is, under the circumstances, singular and hard to explain.

It is variations such as those given above that certainly do suggest, as has been said, the possibility of eventual wide divergence between the languages of the two countries. Had the situation continued to be what it was in the seventeenth century, this possibility might have been turned into a probability, and might even at this time have been in process of becoming a reality. But whatever danger there may have been in the past of such a result, there is no danger of it now. The two countries, so far from receding from one another in respect to speech, are tending rapidly to approach. Some phonetic variation, due mainly to inheritance or to differences of climate, there is always likely to be ; and it seems correct enough to say that the American voice, in general, is pitched upon a higher key than the English. But other variations, so far from increasing, are steadily diminishing. This is clearly owing to the operation of two causes which have never before in the history of the world been so potent and in consequence so productive of wide-reaching effects. These are the action and reaction of a common literature, the readers and creators of which are steadily increasing in numbers in both countries ; and, perhaps even more than this, the facility, frequency, and rapidity of modern communication, which has the inevitable result of making the peculiarities of expression prevailing among one people familiar not alone to the eyes, but to the ears of the other. These are conditions which never before existed as they exist now ; and with every year they grow in importance. The consequences which follow from them in assimilating the speech of the two countries are seen and acknowledged by every intelligent observer. Our Americanisms, we are told with many a groan, are making their way into those sacred receptacles of pure idiomatic speech, "the leading Reviews and most respectable publications" of England. But the influence the other way has been naturally and always far stronger. New words and expressions, new meanings of old words which spring up in the mother country, find their way to us, in most cases, very rapidly. So rapidly, indeed, does the transmission take place that often the original creation is ascribed to us. But instances of slow adoption make the influence

of one speech upon the other more easily marked ; and an illustration can be given of this process actually going on before our eyes. There is at present in England, and has been for some time past, a wide use of *directly* and *immediately* in the sense of "as soon as." This usage strikes most Americans as a gross impropriety, and it is prevented from seeming to them a vulgarism only by the bigness and high-polite nature of the words employed, — *directly* and *immediately* being altogether too respectable and ponderously polysyllabic ever to be called vulgar. Probably, however, it would have been more correct to use the past tense instead of the present, and say it struck most Americans as an impropriety ; for these two words are now so frequently found in this sense in the works of popular English authors, if not in those of the best, that this signification of them has become known, if not familiar, to most readers in this country. It can, indeed, be occasionally met with in some of our own writers ; and it is not unlikely that its adoption by all will be merely a question of time. It is needless to multiply illustrations similar to the foregoing. One fact will prove the assertion as well as a thousand which might be quoted.

We may therefore safely conclude that, under the peculiar conditions of modern life, there is not the slightest prospect of any serious divergence ever taking place between the tongues of England and America. Yet it is unquestionably true that in the colloquial speech of each country there will always be slight variations, because the influences which operate upon each are often different in character. The only point upon which it is important to insist is, that, while these divergences will certainly continue to manifest themselves, they will be neither extensive nor lasting. They are nothing more than eddies in that general stream of tendency which is steadily moving on to the result of bringing into perfect accord the speech of the two peoples. Even more temporary are some characteristics which are imputed, with more or less justice, to the language as used in this country ; for they belong entirely to temporary phases of the national life. That tendency to exaggeration and extravagant assertion, which goes ordinarily under the name of *tall-talk* or *hifalutin*, is something that belongs to all raw and untrained communities. It springs partly from an uneasy vanity, seeking for a recognition of that position to which it does not feel itself to be really entitled, and which endeavors in consequence to make up for the lack of its confidence by the loudness of its claim ; partly, again, it springs from pure ignorance of the

best to be found elsewhere, — the best both in execution and in expression. But any such characteristic is a mere accident of growth, harmless, though usually disagreeable, and is certain to disappear with the progress of wider knowledge, of higher cultivation, and of purer taste. No observant man needs to be told how, in this respect, the America of to-day differs from the America of even thirty years ago.

There perhaps is nothing marking the English spoken in this country which gives rise to so much concern as the asserted prevalence of slang; certainly there is nothing more common than the deprecation of its use. It is often spoken of as the chief danger which threatens the English tongue, at least as employed by us. Most of us have probably heard or read assertions to that effect, many of us have possibly made such assertions ourselves; yet no evidence has ever been brought forward to show that more slang is produced or used in this country than in England. That what is produced here is far more racy, varied, and vigorous is plain enough from the appreciation it meets there. But even if it be conceded that our soil is more favorable to its growth, that need not be looked upon as a great calamity. Slang performs an important and, indeed, a necessary part in the development of speech. Expression has always a tendency to become weak in the literary language, just as, unfortunately, the individual in the process of becoming civilized is too apt to gain gentleness at the expense of vigor. Less power is felt in some way to exist in the words, and so close is the relation between the thought and the garment with which it is clothed that the former seems often to share in the flimsiness of the latter. It is this gradual process of weakenings which slang comes in to counteract. The word is new, but the thing is old. Slang is the great feeder of vigorous expression; for in its very nature it is an effort to state more concisely and more strongly what the established speech is felt to say too diffusively and too feebly. Of course, it is not an unmixed benefit. Much of it is silly; much of it is vulgar; most of it is worthless: but from the countless words and phrases which spring up in communities where men think and act earnestly the literary language, with almost infallible instinct, will gain something to recruit its own exhausted energies and to impart to its expression additional fitness and force. If this view be correct, those who are indulging in slang, both in season and out of season, should not be looked upon altogether as the nuisances which they are usually regarded as being. They are simply performing a proper and

indispensable office in keeping before the minds of others the numerous words and phrases from which a few are to be selected for perpetuation and use ; and the disgust with which they sometimes inspire us is due to our imperfect conception of their true character and of the true nature of the work they perform. Unconscious, and at times apparently imbecile instruments in the development of speech, they are the victims of a law whose sweep they are powerless to resist, the martyrs of a cause they have not the capacity to comprehend ; but were we to be deprived of the expressions, originally slang, which have been brought in by their painstaking and self-sacrificing efforts, we should lose many of the most forcible and necessary, and what seem to us now to be the purest words and phrases of the English tongue. Addison deplored and Swift denounced the use of *mob*, originally a mere colloquial fragment of *mobile vulgus*. At this day, were we to give up the word, we should hardly know how to designate the thing.

Considerations such as these make clear the just weight to be placed upon much verbal criticism of which language is the subject. So long as such criticism is based upon imperfect knowledge, or imperfect conception of the principles which underlie the development of speech, it is worse than worthless. It is often the outcome of unmeaning prejudices, or more frequently of a verbal squeamishness, which is always apt to affect powerfully men whose linguistic sense is only half-trained. The value of new words or new uses of old words depends very much upon their utility, very little upon the circumstances in which they came into being, and not at all upon the place where they originate. Yet this last has been, and to some extent still is, the leading consideration with many. Up to the period of our civil war, it may be said in general terms that the assumption always was, even with ourselves, that the use of an Americanism was improper ; and, for that matter, the opinion of an English critic upon the language of a work produced here had far more weight than the opinion of a much better informed critic in this country. Political dependence was shattered at the Revolution ; but intellectual dependence remained. This was signally manifested by that dreadful propriety which characterized the works of some of our early and best-known authors,—that so-called accuracy, purity, and perfection of form in which those writers excel who are the slaves and not the masters of speech. The language was always on its good behavior ; its monotonous correctness never ran counter to the most senseless of grammatical or verbal prejudices ; or if it did, the blunder was

never due to indifference or inattention, but to pure, unadulterated ignorance. Had this continued to go on unchecked, general weakness would in time have reached the point of universal flabbiness. But the sharp tones of national suffering came in to re-enforce powerfully the few other agencies that were at work. It not only developed the strength of national character, but broke effectually the illegitimate sway of foreign opinion. It may be a question, indeed, if the reaction has not gone too far. Nothing can mark more completely the change of feeling which has come over this country than the manner in which the subject of language is now discussed.

In the early part of this century there was a deference to English criticism, no matter from what source it came, which was fairly abject in its humility; a disposition to weigh the value of words, not by their inherent fitness, but by the fancies or prejudices of some nameless contributor to some now forgotten Review. The first vocabulary of Americanisms which appeared as a separate work was prepared by Mr. John Pickering, and was published at Boston in 1816. Mr. Pickering was an educated and estimable gentleman, devoted during most of his life to literary pursuits, and, as things were then, was justly looked upon as a fine linguist, at least for us. In the compilation of his work he had not the least idea of being amusing; on the contrary, it seemed to him that he was engaged in very serious business. But there is no reading more entertaining in a certain way than the preface to his book and the preliminary essay, for lying heavy on his heart was that solemn work of preserving that purity of the language which still makes life a burden to so many. He feared that our tongue would deviate so far from that of the mother country that we should need translations from their classic writers; he grieved that so many corruptions had crept into our English as to become the subject of much animadversion and regret among the learned of Great Britain; he was anxious that our scholars should lose no time in endeavoring to restore our speech to its pristine purity,—and to do this they were carefully to note and indignantly to discountenance every unauthorized expression, and in particular those words and phrases which were mentioned by English authors of reputation—and by them he meant the writers for the Reviews—as words with which they were unacquainted. He repelled, almost with resentment, the charge that we had a settled design to effect an entire change in the language; but he thought that there was great danger of our continuing to use antiquated words which our forefathers had

brought in centuries before, and of giving new meanings to old words. Mr. Pickering's sense of the ridiculous was not very keen ; but there did dawn upon him at times a suspicion that the illustrious-obscure persons who furnished most of the matter which made up the Reviews might possibly not be the highest authorities on points of language. But he had the fortune — or misfortune — to have two English friends, gentlemen of education, whom he was accustomed to consult ; and any glimmering ray of sense on this subject that shot into his own mind was sure to be effectually dispelled after an unsuccessful effort to transmit it through the opaque darkness in which their intellects were involved. They acknowledged, indeed, that from having resided in America for a long time their ears had lost much of that fine sensibility to deviations from the pure English idiom which once would have enabled them to pronounce with decision in cases where they now felt doubt ; but in the plenary inspiration of the Reviews they undertook to brace up his failing faith. These, to be sure, were not absolutely infallible. They sometimes erred themselves in the introduction of new expressions : for instance, it was pointed out that in one of them the word *heartlessness* occurs. This was certainly a very serious lapse ; but, as it was consolingly remarked, something must be forgiven to rapid eloquence.

The student of language has to plod his way through many a dreary desert of just such drivel as this ; but we ought in fairness to remember how little knowledge existed anywhere at that time as to the causes which bring about the development or decline of speech. Indeed, there has not been any too marked improvement in the discussion of the subject since. Even in works of the same nature as Mr. Pickering's the old leaven still remains. The introduction to Mr. Bartlett's " Dictionary of Americanisms " winds up, in a manner reminding one of the language of a wine-merchant's advertisement, with the declaration that it is not likely that the pure old idiomatic English style can ever be restored in this country. One thing, at any rate, is certain as connected with this heart-rending statement : the pure old idiomatic English style, whatever may be the precise nature of that particular brand, will never be acquired by any one who writes on a subject he knows nothing about ; and that will be a very effectual bar to the attainment of it by most men who have undertaken to decide for us what words and phrases we shall use, and what we shall not.

It cannot be too often repeated that the degeneracy of a language is the direct result of the degeneracy of the men who speak it, and of

nothing else. When they become feeble or corrupt, it will become feeble and corrupt. Language is nothing but the vehicle by which we convey our thought or lack of thought, nothing but the form through which our feelings find expression. It necessarily rises and falls, not merely with the nature of the thought it is used to convey or the kind of feeling it is employed to express, but far more than either with the character of the men whose chief instrument it is for making known to the world what they really are. For its fullest development, therefore, it must rest upon lofty ideas of personal and national honor, upon the highest cultivation of which the individual is capable, upon the consciousness of great achievements performed and of great resources possessed by the race to which it belongs. This consideration is sufficient to show that it is men who need our first attention, and not their method of expression. He who seeks to preserve the purity of the English tongue in America will never do anything effective towards it by insisting that this word or phrase must be used and not that; that this pronunciation shall be adopted and not some other; that this particular rule of syntax shall be vigorously observed, and that anathema shall fall on all who violate it. All these, it is true, may be well enough, although they have often been ill enough; but in their best estate such methods merely skim the surface,—they have no relation to the inner life of speech. The roots of development or decay go far deeper than this; they strike down to the very sources of moral and intellectual ruin or regeneration, both in the person and in the nation. The preservation of the purity of language, fortunately, has never been and never can be in the hands of *dilettanti* students of speech or of professed scholars. The most they can do is for a while to retard the inevitable. It is the men, whoever they be and whatever their station, who strive to realize for themselves the highest intellectual and moral development of which their natures are capable, who are the real guardians of any tongue. If they degenerate, it is not grammarians or verbal critics that can save from degeneracy the language they speak; if they go on steadily growing in intellect, in virtue, and in power, nothing, on the other hand, can prevent that language from sharing in the progress they make and the glory they gain.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND.

YOU were taking leave of me the other day, Colonel, when I received from the United States a copy of a pirated edition of one of my books. I threw it into the waste-paper basket, with an expression of opinion which a little startled you. As we shook hands at parting, you said, "When you are cool, my friend, I should like to be made acquainted with your sentiments on the copyright question." I am cool now — and here are my sentiments.

I shall ask permission to introduce my remarks in a manner which will be personally interesting to you, by relating a little anecdote connected with the early history of your own family.

I.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, one of your ancestors, voyaging with the illustrious Hendrick Hudson, got leave of absence from the ship, and took a walk on Manhattan Island, in the days before the Dutch settlement. He was possessed, as I have heard you say, of great ability in the mechanical arts. Among the articles of personal property which he had about him was a handsome watch, made by himself, and containing special improvements of his own invention.

The good man sat down to rest and look about him, at a pleasant and pastoral spot, — now occupied, it may be interesting to you to know, by a publishing-house in the city of New York. Having thoroughly enjoyed the cool breeze and the bright view, he took out his watch to see how the time was passing. At the same moment an Iroquois chief — whose name has, I regret to say, escaped my memory — passed that way, accompanied by a suitable train of followers. He observed the handsome watch; snatched it out of the stranger's hand, and then and there put it into the Indian substitute for a pocket, — the name of which, after repeated efforts, I find myself unable to spell.

Your ancestor, a man of exemplary presence of mind, counted the number of the chief's followers, perceived that resistance on his single part would be a wilful casting away of his own valuable life, and wisely decided on trying the effect of calm remonstrance.

"Why do you take my watch away from me, sir?" he inquired.

The Indian answered with dignity, "Because I want it."

"May I ask why you want it?"

The Indian checked off his reasons on his fingers. "First, because I am not able to make such a watch as yours. Secondly, because your watch is an article likely to be popular among the Indians. Thirdly, because the popularity of the watch will enable me to sell it with considerable advantage to myself. Is my white brother satisfied?"

Your ancestor answered that he was not satisfied. "The thing you have taken from me," he said, "is the product of my own invention and my own handiwork. It is *my* watch."

The Indian touched his substitute for a pocket. "Pardon me," he replied, "it is mine now."

Your ancestor began to lose his temper; he reiterated his assertion: "I say my watch is my lawful property."

The noble savage reasoned with him. "Possibly your watch is protected in Holland," he said. "It is not protected in America. There is no watch-right treaty, sir, between my country and yours."

"And, on that account, you are not ashamed to steal my watch?"

"On that account, I am not ashamed to steal your watch. Good morning."

The prototypes of modern persons have existed in past ages. The Indian chief was the first American publisher. Your ancestor was the parent of the whole European family of modern authors.

II.

You and I, Colonel, are resolved to look this copyright question fairly in the face. Suppose we look at it from the historical point of view, to begin with.

The Dutch emigrants settled on Manhattan Island about two hundred and fifty years ago. They might have "pirated" the island, on the ground that it was not protected by treaty. But they were too honest to commit an act of theft: they asked the Indians to mention their price. The Indians mentioned twenty-four dollars. The noble Dutchmen

paid, — and a very good price, too, for a bit of uncultivated ground, with permission to remove your “wigwam” to the neighboring continent.

In due course of time arose the Dutch city of New Amsterdam. Civilization made its appearance on Manhattan Island; and with Civilization came Law. Acting as the agent of Justice, Law protected property. In those days of moral improvement, if an Indian stole a Dutchman’s watch he committed an offence, and he was punished accordingly, — for, observe, a watch was now property.

Later dates brought their changes with them. The English forced themselves into the Dutchmen’s places. New Amsterdam became New York. As time went on, a foolish English king and an obstinate English government were deservedly beaten in a trial of strength with the descendants of the first English settlers. The Republic of the United States started on its great career. With peace came the arts of peace. The American author rose benignly on the national horizon. And what did the American Government do?

The American Government, having all other property duly protected, bethought itself of the claims of literature; and, looking towards old Europe, saw that the work of a man’s brains, produced in the form of a book, had been at last recognized as that man’s property by the law. Congress followed this civilized example, and recognized and protected the published work of an American citizen as being that citizen’s property.

Having thus provided for the literary interests of its own people within its own geographical limits, Congress definitively turned its back on all further copyright proceedings in the Old World. After a certain lapse of time, the three greatest nations in the continent of Europe — France, Germany, and Italy — agreed with England that an act of justice to literature still remained to be done. Treaties of international copyright were accordingly exchanged between these States; and an author’s right of property in his work was now recognized in other countries than his own.

With this honorable example set before it by other Governments, what has the Government of the United States done? Nothing! To this day it refuses to the literary property of other people the protection which it gives to the literary property of its own people. To this day, the President and Congress of America remain content to contemplate the habitual perpetration, by American citizens, of the act of theft.

III.

Having now done with our historical survey,—in plainer words, having now got at our facts,—we may conveniently confront the grand question: Why does the Government of the United States refuse to foreign writers the copyright in their works which it concedes to the works of its own citizens? Are there any insuperable difficulties in the way?

Colonel, when honest men perceive that an act of justice ought to be done and determine really to do it, there are never any insuperable difficulties in the way. On the plain merits of the case—mark that, if you please; you will soon see why—there are no more difficulties in the way of international copyright between England and America than between England and France, England and Germany, England and Italy. The cases run on parallel lines, the necessity of foreign translation, in the European case, being an accidental circumstance, which adds to the expense of publishing the book, and nothing more. My work is republished in America in English, and republished in France in French. Whatever difference there may be in the language of the republication, the fact of the republication remains the same fact in both instances.

I am very careful to put this plainly. There must be some clear ground to stand on, before I can attempt to clear away the extraordinary accumulation of delusions under which the unfortunate subject of copyright has been smothered in recent years. If you see any difficulty in accepting my statement of the case thus far, let us revert to first principles, and ask ourselves, What is the object to be attained by the thing called International Copyright?

In answering this question I will put it personally, for the greater facility of illustration. The object of International Copyright is to give me by law (on conditions with which it is reasonably possible for me to comply) the same right of control over my property in my book in a foreign country which the law gives me in my own country. In Europe, this is exactly what we have done. When I publish my book in London, I enter it at Stationers' Hall, and register it as my property,—and my book is mine in Great Britain. When I publish my book in Paris, I register it by the performance of similar formalities,—and again my book is mine in France. In both cases, my publisher (English or French) is chosen at my own free will. His position towards me is the position of a person who takes the busi-

ness of publishing and registering off my hands, in consideration of a bargain previously made between us, — the essence of which bargain is that the book is my property, and that my written permission is necessary before he can obtain his right to publish the book, and his exclusive claim (for a greater or less period of time) to the privilege of selling it for me. Why cannot I do the same thing in the United States ; and why cannot my American brother-writer do the same thing in Great Britain ?

IV.

Here the Colonel lays down my letter for awhile, and looks bewildered.

“The copyright difficulty, as stated by Mr. Wilkie Collins,” he says, “appears to be no difficulty at all. What am I to think of the multitudinous objections, from the American point of view, raised in leading articles, pamphlets, speeches, and so forth ?” My good friend, a word in your ear. The American objections (I say it with due respect for the objectors) are, one and all, American delusions ! The main object of this letter is, if possible, to blow some of those delusions away. I promise not to be long about it, and to keep my temper, — though I *have* lost some thousands of pounds by American pirates.

Let us begin with the delusion that the American people have something to do with the question of International Copyright.

An American citizen sees a reprinted English book in a shop-window, or has it pitched into his lap by a boy in a railway train, or hears from a friend that it is well worth reading. He buys the book and reads it ; and, as I can gratefully testify from my own personal experience, he feels, in the great majority of cases, a sincere respect for literature and a hearty gratitude to the writer who has instructed or interested him, — which is one among the many honorable distinctions of the national character. When he has done all this, what in Heaven’s name has author, publisher, orator, or leading-article-writer any further right to expect from him ? When I have paid for my place at the theatre, and added my little tribute of applause in honor of the play and actors, have I not done my duty as one of the audience ? Am I expected to insist on knowing whether the author’s rights have been honestly recognized by the manager, and the player’s salaries regularly paid without deduction once a week ? It is simply ridiculous to mention the American people in connection with the copyright question. The entire responsibility of honorably settling

that question, in any country, rests with the legislature. In the United States, the President and Congress are the guardians and representatives of American honor. It is they, and not the people, who are to blame for the stain which book-stealing has set on the American name.

Let me introduce to you another delusion, which has amused us in England. .

We are gravely informed that the United States is the paradise of cheap literature, and that international copyright would raise the price of American books to the inordinately high level of the English market. Our Circulating-Library system is cited as a proof of the truth of this assertion. There can be no two opinions on the absurdity of that system; but, such as it is, let us at least have it fairly understood. When a novel, for example, is published at the preposterous price of a guinea and a half, nobody pays that price. At a deduction of one third at least, an individual speculator buys the book and lends it to the public. Give this man, as an annual subscription, the nominal price originally asked for the book (a guinea and a half), and he will lend you at least three novels a week, for a whole year. If this is not cheap reading, what is? But you will say, The public may want to buy some of the best of these novels. Very well. Within a year from the date of its first issue, the book is republished at five or six shillings (a dollar and a half), and is again republished at two shillings (fifty cents). Setting this case of stolen literary property out of the question, are these not current American prices? But why should the purchaser be made to wait till the book can be sold at a reasonable price? I admit the absurdity of making the purchaser of a book wait until the borrower has done with it. But is that absurdity likely, under any conceivable circumstances, to be copied in America? In England, the circulating library is one of our old institutions which dies slowly. In America, it is no institution at all. Is it within the limits of probability that one of your citizens should prefer lending a novel to a few hundred subscribers, when he can sell it to purchasers by the thousand? That citizen is not to be found out of a madhouse. The one thing needful, so far as works of fiction are concerned, is to show you that our popular price for a novel is the American popular price. Look at the catalogue of "Harper's Library of American Fiction," and you will find that the prices range from two to three shillings (fifty to seventy-five cents).

Turning to literature in general, let us consult Messrs. Harper

again. I am away from home while I write, and I have no means of quoting from a more recent catalogue than the "Summer List for 1878." However, the prices of less than two years ago in New York cannot be obsolete prices yet. Here are a few specimens only: "The Atlantic Islands. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth. \$3.00." (Twelve shillings.) "Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1877. Large 12mo, cloth. \$2.00." (Eight shillings.) "The Student's French Grammar. 12mo, cloth. \$1.40." (Say five shillings and sixpence.) "Art Education, Applied to Industry. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth gilt. \$4.00." (Sixteen shillings.) "Harper's Travellers' Handbook, for Europe and the East. \$3.00 per volume." (Twelve shillings.) I am quite ready to believe that every one of these books is well worth the price asked for it. But don't tell me that American books are always cheap books. And let it at least be admitted that English publishers are not the only publishers who charge a remunerative price for a valuable work, which has proved a costly work to produce, and which is not always likely to command a large circulation. To sum it up, literature which addresses all classes of the population is as cheap in England as it is in America: literature which addresses special classes only will, on that very account, always be published at special prices (with or without international copyright) on both sides of the Atlantic.

V.

I must not try your patience too severely, Colonel. Let me leave unnoticed some of the minor misunderstandings which obscure the American view of the copyright case, and let me occupy the closing lines of this letter with a really mischievous delusion, entertained by one class of American citizens only. Prepare yourself for a surprise. The American publisher has actually persuaded himself that his individual trade-interests form an integral part of the question of international copyright!

Just consider what this extraordinary delusion really amounts to. "We don't deny," the American publishers say, "that you English authors have a moral right of property in your books, which we are quite ready to make a legal right on condition that *we* are to dictate the use which you make in America of your own property. If we confer on you international copyright, we see with horror a future day when English publishers and English printers may start in business under our very noses; and we will give you your due only with

the one little drawback that we forbid you to employ your countrymen to publish your books in our country. Our respect for justice is matched only by our respect for our purses. Hurrah for honorable dealings with the British author, so long as there is no fear of a decrease in the balance at our banker's! Down with the British author and away with the national honor, if there is the slightest danger of the almighty dollar finding its way into other pockets than ours!"

Am I exaggerating? Let two of the chief American publishers speak for themselves.

Hear Messrs. Harper & Brothers first. After reciting the general conditions on which they propose to grant us copyright in the United States, they proceed as follows: "And provided further, that within six months after registration of title the work shall have been manufactured and published in this country, *and by a subject or citizen of the country in which such registration has been made.*" Mr. W. H. Appleton, writing to the London "Times" (in a curiously aggressive tone), expresses himself even more plainly. "Our people," he says—evidently meaning our printers and publishers—"would rejoice to open this vast opportunity to your intellectual laborers. . . . But they hold themselves perfectly competent to manufacture the books that shall embody your authors' thoughts, in accordance with their own needs, habits, and tastes; *and in this they will not be interfered with.*" (Extracted from Messrs. Harper & Brothers' pamphlet. New York, March 17, 1879.)

To argue the question with men who are of this way of thinking would be merely to waste your time and mine. If we are ever to have international copyright between the two countries, we must have the same unreserved recognition of moral right, the same ungrudging submission to the law of honor, which has produced the treaties exchanged between the European Powers. In this respect, England has set the example to the United States. And, let me add, England has no fear of competition. I have put the question myself to eminent London publishers. They have no idea of intruding their trade-interests into a great question of national justice. They are ready to welcome wholesome competition in an open market. If they set up branch establishments in New York, the American publishers shall be free to follow their example in London. What does Mr. Marston (of the well-known London firm of Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) say on this subject, in his letter to the "Times" published May 12, 1879?

As a publisher, I trust I shall be absolved from the charge of advocating trade-interests, when I express my strong conviction that the only convention between the two countries which can possibly bear the test of time must be one based upon the original and inherent rights of property. Let registration in Washington and London, within a month or two months of first publication in either country, convey respectively to English and American authors the same right in each other's country as in their own, and one's sense of justice will be satisfied. . . . Such restrictions as those proposed by American publishers exist in no other conventions; they arise out of a most unfounded and unnecessary fear of competition by English publishers.

There is the opinion of one representative member of the trade. I could produce similar opinions from other members, but I must not needlessly lengthen my letter. Hear, instead, an American citizen, who agrees with Mr. Marston and with me. Let Mr. George Haven Putnam speak,—delivering an address on International Copyright, in New York, on the 29th of January, 1879:—

I believe that in the course of time the general laws of trade would and ought so to regulate the arrangements for supplying the American public with books that, if there were no restriction as to the nationality of the publisher or as to the importation of printed volumes, the author would select the publishing agent, English or American, who could serve him to best advantage, and that that agent would be found to be the man who would prepare for the largest possible circle of American readers the editions best suited to their wants. . . . If English publishers settling here could excel our American houses in this understanding and in these facilities, they ought to be at liberty to do so, and it would be for the interest of the public that no hindrances should be placed in their way.

VI.

I have now, I hope, satisfied you that I do not stand quite alone in my way of thinking. If you make inquiries, you will find that other American citizens, besides Mr. Putnam, can see the case plainly, as it stands on its own merits.

Thus far I have been careful to base our claim to international copyright on no lower ground than that of justice. Would you like, before I conclude, to form some idea of the money we lose by the freedom of robbery which is one of the freedoms of the American republic?

Take the illustrious instance of Charles Dickens. The price agreed on with his English publishers for the work interrupted by his death—"Edwin Drood"—was seven thousand five hundred pounds; with a provision for an addition to this sum if the work exceeded a certain

circulation. Even Dickens's enormous popularity in England is beaten by his popularity in the United States. He has more readers in your country than in mine, and, as a necessary consequence (with international copyright), his work would be worth more in America than in England. What did he get in America for the "advance-sheets," with the pirates to be considered in making the bargain? Less than a seventh part of what his English publishers agreed to give him, before a line of his novel was written,—one thousand pounds.

But the case of Charles Dickens is the case of a writer who stands apart, and without a rival in popularity. Take my case, if you like, as representing the position of writers of a less degree of popularity. I fail to remember the exact price which Messrs. Harper paid me for the advance-sheets of "The Woman in White." It was certainly not a thousand pounds; perhaps half a thousand, or perhaps not so much. At any rate (with the pirates in the background, waiting to steal), the great firm in New York dealt with me liberally. It has been calculated, by persons who understand these matters better than I do, that for every one reader in England I have ten readers in the United States. How many unauthorized editions of this one novel of mine—published without my deriving any profit from them—made their appearance in America? I can only tell you, as a basis for calculation, that *one* American publisher informed a friend of mine that he had "sold one hundred and twenty thousand copies of 'The Woman in White.'" He never sent me sixpence.

Good-by for the present, Colonel. I must go back to my regular work, and make money for American robbers, under the sanction of Congress.

WILKIE COLLINS.

NOTE.—The editors agree with Mr. Collins in thinking that a treaty securing International Copyright is in every way just and proper; but they must disclaim all responsibility for the language adopted by him in his argument. In a letter to the publishers of this Review Mr. Collins says: "It [this article] has my name attached to it because I wish to take on myself the entire responsibility of *the tone* in which this little protest is written. If the article is published, I must ask as a condition that it shall be published without alterations of any kind, excepting palpable errors or slips of the pen, *exactly as it is written.*" The article is printed in exact accordance with this request.

MR. POYNTER'S LECTURES ON ART.¹

I.

MANY American readers who take an interest in artistic matters will be already aware that professorships of Fine Art have been established in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, in consequence of legacies bequeathed by the late Mr. Slade, and that a new professorship has been recently instituted in the University of Edinburgh in consequence of a similar legacy. There are professorships of this class in Paris at the *École des Beaux Arts* and the *Collège de France*. The holder is not necessarily an artist. If he is competent in other respects, the practical accomplishments of an artist can only increase his efficiency. The special purpose of a professor of Fine Arts is to stimulate an intelligent interest in art in the minds of his pupils, and to help them by information concerning the history of art in its various forms and processes. He need not be an artist to do this. It is probable that the teaching of Mr. Ruskin when professor at Oxford was more effective, considered simply as a stimulus, than that of any other teacher,—and yet Mr. Ruskin was only a cultivated amateur. It is probable, again, that the lectures on art, delivered by Professor Colvin at Cambridge, and by MM. Taine and Charles Blanc at Paris, have generally been stronger in the history of art than any lectures by a painter, while on the other hand an accomplished painter is always likely to possess much closer technical knowledge than any amateur. We may sometimes regret that there are not two professorships of Fine Art in each university, one of æsthetics, including art-history, and the other of technics, including practical knowledge of all kinds. This is too much to expect at present, but the difficulty of finding these two kinds of knowledge united in one person, willing to undertake the duties of a professorship, is very great indeed.

Mr. Poynter, the Royal Academician, has been very well known in England ever since he exhibited "Israel in Egypt" and "the Cata-

¹ Ten Lectures on Art, by Edward J. Poynter, R.A. Director for Art, Science and Art Department, late Slade Professor, University College. London: Chapman & Hall, 1879.

pult," — two notable historical pictures of the modern archæological school, full of truth and knowledge. Mr. Poynter is also known as a good speaker on artistic subjects, and it is not at all surprising that with his combined qualities of speaker and painter he should have been appointed Slade professor at University College. We heard of his resignation with regret, but he found the duties of this post a hindrance to his artistic labors, and preferred his palette and easel. He says:—

My position as professor seemed to require a certain number of formal lectures, although practical instruction in art was the main object of my appointment, and these led to others being given outside for the benefit of a public which lies in wait for any one they can catch for an evening's instruction. As regards the lectures, they speak for themselves. In spite of difficulties attending the subject, I have come to the conclusion that it is much easier to write about art than to practise it; and am led to the further conclusion that, as example is always better than precept, the more time I devote to painting in future, and the less to public lecturing, the better it will be for my art and for those who are interested in it.

On this passage a few remarks may be made. Mr. Poynter is a good artist, and yet he could be more easily spared by the present generation as a painter than as a writer upon art, for the simple reason that there are a hundred good painters in England and only five or six good writers upon art, of whom not one happens to be exactly in Mr. Poynter's position, either as regards education, idiosyncrasy, or special views of the subject. Without implying assent to all that Mr. Poynter has to say, we think it of importance that his opinions on artistic subjects should, from time to time, be plainly expressed in words, because, whether right or wrong, they show a side of the subject which ought to be attended to. He is just what the English public, and probably also what the American public most wants in art-literature, — a man who knows practically what painting is, and who can express himself clearly with the pen. I wish there were twenty such writers on art in the world. They would not agree among themselves, but they would throw more light on the subject of art than all the uneducated "critics" in Europe and America put together.

Mr. Poynter's lectures are not published in progressive order. The first on the list, the one on "Decorative Art," seems to occupy its position for a chronological reason, having been written in 1869 for University College, before its author was appointed to the Slade Professorship. It is one of the most important in point of length,

occupying more than sixty pages. The second lecture, half as long as the preceding, is on "Old and New Art," and was delivered at the Royal Institution in May, 1872. The lectures of the Slade Professorship begin with one upon "Systems of Art Education," delivered at University College in 1871. In the opening paragraphs Mr. Poynter explains the peculiar nature of the Slade bequest in London, which is on a different footing from the bequests by the same testator to Oxford and Cambridge. At those universities the Slade professor is endowed in his own person, so as to pay him handsomely for lecturing; but the students under him are not encouraged to practical work by the prospect of any reward beyond their own sense of progress. There is an important difference in favor of the London College. Mr. Slade apparently thought that more students were likely to become artists in London than in the old university towns, and so to help young talent he considerably left six scholarships of £50 a year "to be awarded to students in the college, under the age of nineteen years, for proficiency in the Fine Arts." This suggested the idea that by establishing a regular school of art the executors would most effectually carry out Mr. Slade's generous intentions; and to make this more possible they gave an additional sum of £5,000 to erect a suitable building. The professor elected was an artist, and, though he delivered lectures, his chief work lay in practical teaching. His successor, M. Legros, is so far from being a "mere talker" that he does not even speak English; yet he is an excellent teacher of painting, by example, and his election was due, in great part, if not entirely, to Mr. Poynter's recommendation. The first professor at Oxford, Mr. Ruskin, — whom Oxford lost with the deepest regret when he resigned on account of failing health, — kindly gave some practical teaching, as he had done before at the Workingmen's College in London; but he was not under any obligation to do this.¹ The result of Mr. Ruskin's practical labors may be stated in his own words, — the opening words of "Ariadne Florentina": —

The entrance on my duty for to-day begins the fourth year of my official work at Oxford, and I doubt not that some of my audience are asking themselves, very doubtfully — at all events I ask myself very anxiously — what has been done.

For practical result I have not much to show. I announced, a fortnight since, that I would meet the day before yesterday any gentlemen who wished to attend this course for purposes of study. My class, so minded, numbers four, of whom

¹ The only obligation incumbent upon the Slade professors at Oxford and Cambridge is to deliver twelve lectures in the course of the year.

three wish to be artists, and ought not therefore, by rights, to be in Oxford at all; and the fourth is the last remaining unit of the class I had last year.

This was not very encouraging, and I believe that at Cambridge Professor Colvin has not attempted practical instruction at all, but has confined himself to theoretical and historical teaching, giving about twenty lectures a year, with illustrations, in two courses.

I have mentioned these other instances to show the peculiarity of the situation occupied for some time by Mr. Poynter. His duties tended more to practice than those of his brethren in the older universities; and even when he lectured, his theories were closely connected with practical work. His lectures delivered to students are all, with a single exception, of this kind. They include "Systems of Art Education," "Hints on the Formation of a Style," "The Training of Art Students," "On the Study of Nature," "Objects of Study," and "Value of Prizes." There is also a lecture about Professor Ruskin's treatment of Michelangelo which was delivered to Mr. Poynter's class in October, 1875, and which, from its controversial character, appears slightly out of place as an address to students. The lectures on "Decorative Art," "Old and New Art," and "The Influence of Art on Social Life" were addressed to wider audiences, in London, Birmingham, and Liverpool.

With regard to systems of art education, Mr. Poynter is strongly in favor of the French methods, which he considers far superior to the English,—an opinion which appears to prevail among American art students, since they go so much more generally to Paris than to London. In Mr. Poynter's case the opinion was founded upon personal experience of both capitals. After the usual English preparation he became a student at the Royal Academy in 1855, but having received a strong impression from modern French art at the Universal Exhibition of that year, he returned to Paris in 1856, and worked there in Gleyre's studio for nearly four years, returning at intervals to England. In 1859 Mr. Poynter set up a studio of his own in Paris, which he retained for about a year.

There have been several different methods of artistic teaching in the world. The present English system (setting aside industrial and ornamental art, and considering only what is preparatory to high art) is to study first in private schools, of which there are several in London, and to pass from these, when sufficiently prepared, to the Royal Academy, whose schools are open gratuitously, but only to students who can give evidence of a certain proficiency. Mature

artists have little clubs for study from the living model, but these are not of much use to students. Notwithstanding these various opportunities, an English student misses the great advantage of the *atelier* system as it is practised in Paris. That system may be explained in a very few words.

It has long been the custom in Paris for a few artists of acknowledged eminence to open *ateliers* separate from their own studios, and often at a considerable distance from them. Such an *atelier* consists of a large, lofty, and very simply-furnished room, with a stove, a quantity of plain chairs for the students, and a raised platform for the model. There is a small entrance fee, and a moderate monthly payment is required, which usually covers the expenses of the *atelier*, and may leave some surplus as a compensation to the artist for the time spent by him in occasional visits to the students. Money is not the object of a master in establishing an *atelier* of this kind, but it sometimes, I believe, will yield a profit.¹ Mr. Poynter speaks of it as "a generous devotion to the cause of art to which we have not been able to arrive in this commercial country." No doubt the charges for instruction are very moderate, but it is not given gratuitously except sometimes in the case of very poor students, and it consists rather in simple inspection than in what are usually called lessons. The *atelier* is so arranged as to be in a great measure self-sustaining, and I have heard of an instance in which the master, from illness, remained very long absent without thinking it necessary to close. He had formed the elder pupils, and left the tradition of his teaching to do its own work in his absence. Generally, however, when the master is in good health, he will make at least one weekly inspection, during which he will sit down on each pupil's chair in turn and give him the benefit of a searching but friendly criticism, the other pupils crowding round to listen. We may now quote Mr. Poynter:—

These schools are not only used in preparation for the *École des Beaux Arts* (for which there is an admission test as at the Royal Academy), but are frequented by the students after their admission there; indeed, young artists, who have passed their studentship, frequently continue to work under their master long after they have painted and exhibited pictures. Some of these *ateliers* have acquired a name for their admirable system of instruction only second to that of the famous art schools of ancient Italy; the schools of David, of Ingres, of Delaroche, and others have a European reputation.

¹ I remember making a calculation many years ago that an *atelier* I know of in Paris would bring in about £200 a year, after deducting expenses; but I have not the materials for this calculation before me now, and have retained only the result.

The old Italian system, as is generally known, was by apprenticeship, and the same system is still practised by architects in England under a different name. They take "articled pupils." Mr. Poynter regrets that English painters have not adopted something of the kind, and thinks that it would be a great advantage if some pupils were occupied from time to time on the professor's own works. He disapproves of the English system, which keeps the pupil so much away from nature by giving him statues to draw from (or, still worse, casts from statues) at a time when he ought to have access to the living figure. The very convenience of casts is an objection, as they are quite motionless (which the figure is not), and can be kept in the same relations of light and shade, so that they render the student helpless — to quote Mr. Poynter's own words — "when he comes to work from the living model, who can never remain quite still or take on two successive days exactly the same position." Again, he observes that English students are so eager to paint and sell pictures, so impatient of instruction, that it is difficult to get them to follow any course to the end, so that the limited time they have given to study has been occupied with the antique in a manner out of all proportion to their studies from nature. Being helpless before the model, "they trust to their own facility for working as far as possible without nature, with only the aid of the small amount of probably erroneous knowledge gained in making elaborate studies from casts." Even nature itself is not so favorable for a figure-painter in England as in Italy; but Italian models can be had in London, and Mr. Poynter took care to get them for his classes so far as he could. "They are not only, in general build and proportion and in natural grace and dignity, far superior to our English models, but they have a natural beauty, especially at the extremities, which no amount of hard labor seems to spoil. Their hands, though many of them may have been field laborers in their own country, might be envied by many of a better position among ourselves; while their feet, bare in infancy, are covered later in life by a natural and simple kind of sandal, which protects them without altering their shape."

Mr. Poynter, while strongly maintaining the superiority of the French school in technical matters, considers that it has fallen into a terrible decadence of late years in sentiment and taste. To this I should be inclined to reply that the number of artists in France is very great, and that an offence against good taste produces a strong impression, which makes us easily forget how many painters go on

doing blameless work. Mr. Poynter says that the French portion of the picture gallery at Paris, in 1878, was remarkable for nothing so much as the display of sensational horrors, treated in the most realistic style and on an immense scale. The horrible pictures did not produce this strong impression upon me, simply because I did not allow myself to remain much under their influence; and although there *were* some unpleasant subjects, only too powerfully treated, they were not so numerous, relatively, as Mr. Poynter seems to think. He is more indulgent to French rustic painting. "The poetry which they seem unable to feel or express in the higher branches of the art shows itself in the most charming manner in their feeling for the beauty of landscape and country life generally. The stage peasant and the stage landscape of our English school are almost unknown to them, and their skilful and simple method of painting places them far above us in all the lower branches of the art." This passage is curious and interesting as coming from an Englishman, because English people are generally convinced that the French are destitute of the love of Nature and the feeling for landscape. It is not quite fair to say that the French are far above the English in landscape painting, each nation having its own qualities. French landscape generally relies so much on the qualities of breadth and pictorial arrangement of masses that the artists often overlook the exquisite beauty of natural detail, while English artists, who are much more sensitive, generally, to the beauty of an isolated tree or plant, are too liable to miss the broad relations of a picture. It is difficult to speak of such matters in these general terms, because for a comparison to be well sustained it ought to be between two particular works; but so far as general opinions may be advanced on such a subject, I should say that an Englishman has generally a closer and more observant affection for Nature, while a Frenchman thinks more about his picture. French landscape-painters have often treated commonplace subjects cleverly; but since the days of Claude they have not much extended the domain of landscape art, whereas it has been vastly extended in England by Turner and Constable, and more recently by men still living and working among us.

Mr. Poynter advocates intellectual as well as manual training for an artist, and directs his pupils' attention to the library. "The results of want of education and cultivation," he says, "are painfully apparent in much of the work that is done in England; and the educated and intelligent man is to be recognized at once by his

works: and so also, I may add, is the stupid and the ignorant." Here Mr. Poynter touches upon an interesting and very important subject, but it is rather surprising that he should express an opinion so decided. Some good painters have been marvellously ignorant of literature; this is not so much the case now, because artists are now more frequently recruited from the educated classes, but in past times most of them knew very little outside their own craft, and it must be admitted that they painted none the worse for their ignorance. It is, indeed, perfectly conceivable that a man might paint exquisitely without even being able to read. The only obvious advantages of literary education for a painter, as such, will be found in his choice of subjects; and even here it may be observed that an eye open to what happens around the artist is often of more use to him than a library. Most Dutch pictures, and many of the most popular English pictures, are simply the results of suggestions derived from the actual world; as, for example, in the case of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler." In France, nearly all the pictures by Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau lie quite outside of literature, and might have been painted by perfectly illiterate men. Bonington, one of the most thorough artists who ever lived, and who had naturally an extraordinary gift for painting and cultivated it most successfully, wrote letters occasionally to his friends, and those which have been preserved have no orthography at all. Such an instance is good proof that literary education is not necessary to a painter; but it may be of use to him by enlarging his intelligence generally, and preventing him from wasting time on badly chosen subjects. Illiterate painters sometimes throw away months on pictures which a cultivated intellect knows beforehand to be futile, and therefore would never undertake. It may happen, too, that an illiterate painter will set before himself some general purpose in art which a cultivated mind would see to be unworthy of its pursuit. This is the best advantage of that keenness of perception which true culture gives. It saves time and effort by avoiding false directions.

One thing is insisted upon by Mr. Poynter which concerns workers not only in painting, but in all branches of labor, and that is executive efficiency, upon which he rightly sets a very high value. What he understands by efficiency is not merely the power of doing a thing well, but the power of doing it well with just the necessary allowance of time. He considers a limitation of time a good thing in itself, because it teaches the value of method. With a good executive

method a student will do the utmost that can be done in the time allowed, whether it be ten minutes, or as many hours, or as many days. He will know beforehand exactly what can be done in the time, and he will attempt nothing beyond it; but he will so distribute his efforts that the result in any case will be the best attainable by his skill and talent under the conditions imposed upon him. Here is an art really worth learning, and applicable to all work whatsoever. He who, in whatever he undertakes, can so adapt his efforts to the time at his disposal as to produce the most complete result attainable in it is master of the best part of prudence. For him there will be no vain attempts, no wretched semi-fulfilments; his past labors will have cost no more than he intended, and his plans for the future will never exceed his calculations. The practical way of acquiring this power in art is to fix the number of sittings to be given to each study, and not to exceed the allowance. When this has been done for years, the student acquires a degree of method which carries him steadily through the most complicated performances with the smallest possible loss of time.¹

"It may have been supposed," says Mr. Poynter, "that because I allow but a limited time in which each study is to be done, I do not recognize the importance of careful finish. What I really want is that you should acquire the habit of finishing as highly as you can in the time given. I may add that the time allowed is ample for the purpose, and if you use it properly you will gain a direct method of work which will go far to give you that style in which the drawings here have hitherto been deficient. I have seen drawings by French students done in six sittings of two hours each which are quite as highly worked up as any turned out in our English schools in double the time."

¹ The proper way to begin this practice, for those who have not been accustomed to it, is as follows: They should not *begin* by fixing a time, because they would inevitably miscalculate it. They should begin by noting the number of sittings occupied by a given piece of work which has gone on straightforwardly, and then keep others of the same class within the same space of time. The results of such observation are often entirely unforeseen. It is surprising how much may be done in one sitting of a quarter of an hour in getting a memorandum from nature, when the best economy of the minutes has been thoroughly reasoned out. Again, it is not less surprising how many sittings may be required for carrying through a piece of work of another kind. There are etchings which have been done in one sitting of two hours, and others in twenty such sittings; yet any one not acquainted with the time account would suppose that the first had taken four or five sittings, and the second ten or twelve, — the difference being chiefly technical, and depending in a great measure on the methods of work employed, which only an etcher can understand.

Mr. Poynter is severe on English painters for the deficiency of tone in their works. By "tone" we understand a certain harmony of relation between the tonic values in one part of a picture and the tonic values in all other parts. By "tonic values" in a painting where there is color, we understand a certain combination of power of color with a suitable degree of lightness or darkness, and in a monochrome picture or drawing we understand the degrees of lightness and darkness alone; but these include both what comes from degrees of illumination and what comes from degrees of darkness inherent in colors, which always count for much in tone even when there is no such thing as color in the ordinary sense of the word, as, for example, in a charcoal drawing. The "tonic values," then, are in harmony or they are not. If they are in harmony, we say that the tone of the picture is good, and if they are not we say that its tone is defective. But there is still something beyond simple harmony. The harmony may exist, and yet not be of a fine or exquisite quality. Fine tone is at the same time harmonious and of fine quality in itself, as may be better understood by a reference to violin-playing. A violinist must play in tune, or he can have no tone at all;¹ but he may play in perfect tune and still not have a fine tone. Fine tone in violin-playing depends partly upon the instrument, for it can only be brought out of a fine instrument; but it depends also upon a certain art, skill, and sentiment in the performer himself, or his way of nipping the string with the fingers of the left hand, or his way of applying the bow with his right hand, and above all (for these are only means) on his own delicate sense of the exquisite in his art, — a refinement which belongs to a naturally exquisite mental and physical organization, and which cannot be attained by ruder beings, though it may sometimes be, at least in a measure, appreciated by them. This exquisiteness which produces tone in the fine arts is, I believe, ultimately much more a matter of sensation than of imitation. Mr. Poynter says the perception of tone is "the perception of that harmonious unity of effect which necessarily pervades all objects and scenes in nature." *Does it necessarily pervade nature?* I think this is a superstition, and believe the truth to be that Nature is not much more prodigal of fine tone than she is of good forms; but just as we occasionally meet with a well-formed person, so we see from time to time very beautiful examples of tone in nature,

¹ I mean anything recognizable as tone in a piece of music; but he might play a single note in good tone even if it were out of tune with the tuning of his strings, which is in a great measure arbitrary. In this case the tone would be simply quality of sound.

chiefly under afternoon and evening light. The painter who, like Cuyp in one way, Claude in another, and Giorgione in a third, has naturally a feeling for tone, feels his sensibilities vibrate in unison with one or the other of Nature's various manifestations, and the emotion so conveyed to him translates itself into pictorial tone, which is not really nature but something else, due to the sentiment of a delicate and exquisite human soul. This, I believe, is a just and accurate account of the matter. Fine tone is rare in nature and at least equally rare in art. Common harmonies can be learned to some extent, and glaring solecisms may be often avoided with the help of education. It is a satisfaction to see that Mr. Poynter appreciates the improvement in tone which has marked the progress of the English school during the last ten years. The fact is that our school has become fully aware of its deficiencies, and is sedulously laboring to correct them, with a success in proportion to the endeavor.

Mr. Poynter maintains the use of a separate study of drawing in the education of artists, as opposed to the system of learning drawing and color both together. "I am aware," he says, "that there is a school of artists who consider that painting cannot be taken up too soon, and that students should be taught form through the medium of color; but these, I think, are of the same class as those who would teach drawing merely by the study of tone, and their system tends to the same end, — the substitution of the lower arts of imitation for that incomparably higher art which aims at ideal beauty, and which cannot be attained without a thorough training in sound constructional drawing. That painting should be carried on side by side with drawing from the beginning is far more intelligible; for the difficulties of oil-painting are extreme, so that we may almost say it cannot be undertaken too young. I am to some extent of that opinion myself."

This is the old distinction between analytic and synthetic methods. The analytic method is always the easier, and generally gives the quicker results; but the synthetic method would be more in harmony with the work ultimately to be done, if it could be properly followed. Perfectly genuine painter's work is quite a different thing from colored drawing. A born painter sees synthetically. To his eye objects are not detached forms, they are always in relation to others from which they receive color and light, and by the neighborhood of which their own importance is augmented or diminished. The born painter sees color, form, and chiaroscuro all together, and the sooner less gifted artists can get into this way of seeing, the better for them; but it is

difficult to advance in this synthetic manner during the early stages of studentship, — hence the custom of teaching boys to draw before they paint. There are, however, different kinds of drawing according to the different ways of seeing, and the danger is that a young man intending to be a painter may be taught to draw in some way not suitable to a true painter's way of seeing. A good etcher draws exactly like a painter, but a good sculptor or burin engraver does not. I believe it would be beneficial to young figure-painters to practise landscape-painting in color while they are at work learning to draw the figure, and the more so that in these days a great deal of clever figure-painting is done really on the principles of landscape. A good preparation, also, is the habit of painting in monochrome, which teaches the use of the brush without imposing the difficulty of color.

Mr. Poynter's lecture on the "Study of Nature" is very short (in the volume), for it occupies only seven pages, but it is probably an abridgment, and contains, in fact, only a few remarks on an infinite and difficult subject. He begins by referring to Taine's opinion that the old Italian artists had an immense advantage over the men of to-day in not being over-burdened with ideas.

"The remark," says Mr. Poynter, "is a valuable one, inasmuch as it points out one great difficulty which stands in the way of a free development of art; the difficulty, that is, of securing that the study of nature shall be carried on upon right principles. For this study of nature is not as simple a matter as it appears at first sight, and it is quite possible that we may pursue it in such a way as to interpose ideas and prejudices of our own between ourselves and nature, which may prevent our receiving its impressions in the form most stimulating to the artistic powers."

As an instance of the interference of an idea with the proper sight of nature, Mr. Poynter mentions the idea, connected with the pre-Raphaelite movement, that purity was desirable in all elevated art. When once this notion of purity had taken possession of the mind, it was applied to the different elements of a picture, — to color among the rest, and that in a very peculiar way. Pure color was thought more ideal, more religious even, than impure and dull color, and brightness was thought essential to purity, so that the young painters sought the brightest pigments which modern chemistry could supply. They heightened the brilliancy of these still further by laying them on the purest white, which shone through them like a white cloud through a stained-glass window; and such was the force of the idea

that the painters did not stop to consider quietly whether nature was really like that. It was, in short, their way of idealizing nature to translate dull hues into brilliant prismatic colors. As soon as this idea had lost its force, the young painters of England began to see sober coloring in nature. Mr. Poynter might well have exhibited the evil effects of an exactly opposite preconception on French art. All ordinary French people have a preconceived idea that dull color is right and proper, and that anything approaching to bright color is necessarily crude, even when it is called for and justified by the subject. It is only quite recently that French artists have got leave to paint grass green and sunsets red and yellow, and even yet there subsists a prejudice against anything approaching to the full brilliance of nature. Here we have the exact converse of the English pre-Raphaelite notion ; and the reader may perhaps be able in some degree to imagine the shock to a Frenchman's nerves when he found himself for the first time, at the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855, before a pre-Raphaelite picture. When a critic with one prejudice in his head meets with a painting executed in obedience to an exactly opposite prejudice, he feels as if vitriol were thrown into his eyes.

P. G. HAMERTON.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

II.

THE INFLUENCE OF BRITTANY IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

EXILE throws men, like seeds, on new grounds; and thus are produced many new literary flowers. Michael Angelo, in his sonnets, envies the exile of Dante. If Chateaubriand had not stayed some time in America and in England, he would not have written the books which made him famous. He rediscovered, so to speak, Shakspeare; at least he discovered him for France, where public opinion had been formed on the greatest English writer by Voltaire, who had condemned him to oblivion as a barbarous author,—a sort of madman. The genius of Shakspeare could hardly be understood by the unpoetical Voltaire; there is not much in common between the author of “Zaïre” and the author of “Hamlet.” Chateaubriand’s genius, on the contrary, was full of the strange contrasts which make a poet. The revelation of Shakspeare to the French mind in the nineteenth century marked the beginning of the *romantic* era, and there is no doubt that Chateaubriand was the prophet of the new literary religion. He found France under the influences of the driest *classicism*. The list of the writers who flourished under the Consulate is made of names now justly sunk into oblivion; the wild genius of Chateaubriand, bred in misery, in exile, on the shores of Brittany, in the roar of Niagara, in the trenches of Thionville, in the misty parks and the gloomy alleys of London, saved France from the oppression of the school of David, of the classics who had invented a false Rome, a false Greece, and who had even ceased to understand Corneille and Racine. In his English solitude Chateaubriand did not only read Shakspeare, he read “Clarissa,” “Tom Jones,” all the novels he could lay his hands upon. Walter Scott was preparing himself for his glorious career by translating the “Berlichingen” of Goethe. “Burke,” says Chateaubriand, “has kept the policy of England on the side of the past; Walter Scott has brought the English as far back as the Mid-

dle Ages ; whatever is written or built has become Gothic, — books, furniture, houses, churches, castles. But the lords of the Magna Charta have become the gentlemen of Bond Street, — a frivolous race which camps in the old manors till new generations come which will turn them out."

Burns, Mason, and Cowper died during the emigration of Chateaubriand in England. "They ended the century ; I began it." This sentence is, alas ! too typical. Chateaubriand forgets too often that "*Le moi est haïssable.*" Beattie seems to have made some impression on him. "The Minstrel ; or, The Progress of Genius" is the picture of the first effects of the Muse on a young bard, who still ignores the genius which torments him. Sometimes the future poet goes and sits on the seashore during a tempest ; sometimes he leaves the games of his village and hears in the distance the sound of the wild flute. Chateaubriand sees in Byron a distinct imitation of "The Minstrel." While he was in exile, Byron was still a school-boy at Harrow.

Chateaubriand spent the summer of 1799 at Richmond with Christian de Lamoignon, occupied with his "Genius of Christianity." His friend Fontanes pressed him to return to Paris, to finish in France the impression of his work. If he had been alone, he would perhaps have remained in England ; but his little society was dissolving. A great revolution had taken place in France. Bonaparte was first consul, and many exiles were coming back. Chateaubriand started for Dover with Madame d'Aguesseau, with a false passport ; he left England in 1800 : when he landed at Calais, he was struck by the air of poverty in France. In the fields, on the road to Paris, he hardly saw any men, only women, who worked barefooted, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Most of the châteaux were deserted ; the old forests were cut down, the churches abandoned : on the walls was written everywhere the famous formula, "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité, ou la mort.*" "France was as new to me as the forests of America had been. Saint Denis had its roof open, the windows were broken, the rain fell in its choir, and the tombs were absent." Chateaubriand entered Paris on foot with M. de Fontanes, by the barrier of the Étoile, where now is the Arc de Triomphe. "We have no idea now," says he, "of the impression which the excesses of the Revolution had made on Europe, and especially among the men who had been away from France during the Terror ; it seemed to me, literally, that I was going to descend into hell. I had, to be sure, seen the beginnings of the Revolution ; but the great crimes were then not yet accomplished,

and I had gained my impression of the following events from the manner in which they were narrated in the peaceful and regular society of England. Coming under a false name, and persuaded that I compromised my friend Fontanes, I heard to my great surprise, on entering the Champs Elysées, sounds of violins, of horns, flutes, and drums. I saw balls where men and women danced ; in the distance, the Palace of the Tuileries appeared to me between the two rows of horse-chestnuts. The Place Louis XV. was naked ; it had all the melancholy, abandoned, and dilapidated air of an ancient amphitheatre. People were hurrying along. I was afraid of putting my foot in blood, though there was in fact no trace of it. My eyes could not detach themselves from the place where the instrument of death had stood. I had a vision of my brother and of my brother-in-law tied near the bloody machine, where had fallen the head of Louis XVI.!" The next day Chateaubriand went to the police, and obtained permission to stay in Paris, — a permission which had to be renewed every month. He found himself a stranger there ; eight years of residence in England had made him almost an Englishman in his habits ; he could not bear "the dirt of our houses, our stairs, our tables ; nor our noise, our familiarity, our indiscretion." It took some time to appreciate again and to enjoy "the sociability which is our characteristic ; this charming, easy, and rapid flow of intellect ; this absence of all pride and prejudice ; this inattention to fortune and to names ; this naturel levelling of all ranks, and this intellectual equality which renders French society incomparable."

He found French society divided and classified after new rules ; the people, three worlds in one, — the world of the past, the world of the Republic, and the growing world of the Empire. The classification was not yet complete ; in 1801 chaos still held both the old revolutionary elements and those elements of a new order which became crystallized in the Empire. Still, "the first republican generations which disappeared could be distinguished from the rising imperial generations. Generals of the Revolution, poor, with their rude language and their severe mien, who after all their campaigns had only kept their wounds and their torn uniforms, met the brilliant and gentlemanly officers of the consular guard. The returned émigré talked tranquilly with the assassins of his family. All the porters, great partisans of *feu* M. de Robespierre, regretted the scenes of the Place Louis XV., where they saw the heads cut off ladies who, as my own porter said to me, had necks as white as chickens' flesh. . . . The

enriched revolutionists began to install themselves in the great hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain. The Jacobins, who were soon to be barons and counts, spoke of the horrors of '93 and of the necessity of repressing the excesses of the populace. Bonaparte, putting all the Brutuses and the Scævolas in his police, was preparing himself to cover them with ribbons, to humiliate them with titles, to force them to betray their opinions and to dishonor their crimes." Chateaubriand excels in such pictures; there is in such expressions as "dishonor their crimes" a force which reminds one of Tacitus. It is a pity that Chateaubriand did not attempt to show all these extraordinary elements of a republic pregnant with a despotism in some great drama. But perhaps he was a little too near the spectacle, had too violent passions; yet the time will come when the *Directoire* will become a wonderful mine for some genius of the Walter Scott type, capable of appreciating the Jacobites and the Puritans.

Chateaubriand published first the episode of "Atala," which is taken from the "Genius of Christianity." It was an event. The tone of this episode was completely different from the literature of the day. When Lamartine presented his "First Meditations" to the Didots, the reader of this celebrated firm gave the manuscript back to him: "We cannot publish this; it is not in the *ton du jour*." "Atala" was no more in the tone of the society which was emerging from the chaos of the Revolution. Why then did it become immediately popular? Why were the little inns all over the country decorated with coarse red, green, and blue pictures presenting Chatas, Father Aubry, and the daughter of Simaghan? Why did savages, with eagle plumes in their heads, become the fashion? It was because there was in the new work a deep Christian feeling. Chateaubriand had struck the chord which for years had been motionless. The wild singing of his Muse was something like the sound emitted by an Æolian harp in the midst of the forests. France was tired of the goddess Reason; she was disgusted with a sanguinary republic; she found in "Atala" the republic of the first American colonists; she was moved by the sight of a Liberty who did not wear a red Phrygian cap, but who held a cross in her hand, and preached the good news to the children of the desert. "Habent sua fata libelli." We can hardly read "Atala" now without being more struck by its defects than by its beauties; but we must place ourselves in the atmosphere of 1801. Chateaubriand, who had become famous in a day, was presented by Fontanes to the sister of Bonaparte, to Lucien, to Madame Récamier, to Madame de Beaumont, to Joubert,

to M. Molé, to M. Pasquier, to M. de Bonald. He finished the "Genius of Christianity" at Madame de Beaumont's country-house. The success of the new work was immense, but it was more contested. "Atala" was but a poem in prose. "The Genius of Christianity" was indirectly an attack upon the Revolution; it was a protest of the Celtic genius of France against the *gens d'esprit*, who had, consciously or unconsciously, destroyed all the old foundations of French society. The critics were merciless; they were all disciples of Voltaire. Madame de Staël received the book; she merely passed her fingers between the leaves, fell on the chapter on "Virginity," read it, and said to M. de Montmorency, who happened to be with her, "Poor Chateaubriand! This will fall very flat." Was it not too absurd that a young man, still unknown, should stand boldly before the philosophic school — the school which had made the Revolution — and defy it? But this young man had found the way to the hearts of the people. "It was," says Chateaubriand, "in the midst of the ruins of our temples that I published the 'Genius of Christianity.' The believers thought themselves saved; there was a great want of faith, an avidity for religious consolation, which resulted from the deprivation of this consolation during so many years. Supernatural forces were required against such misfortunes! How many mutilated families had to look to the Father of men for the children they had lost! How many broken hearts, how many souls which had become solitary, called for a divine hand that could cure them! People entered the house of God as they do the house of a doctor during a contagion."

There is an episode in the book which Chateaubriand regretted to have written, — the episode of René, which had afterwards a detestable influence. René produced a whole family of heroes, who lived in gloom, thought themselves the unhappy victims of a dreadful fatality, tormented by their own genius, pale, and worn out by a malady which had no name in psychology.

The philosophical and literary merit of the "Genius of Christianity" may give rise to difference of opinion. Chateaubriand himself, many years afterwards, judged it with severity. It cannot be denied that the book appeared at the proper hour. The author became what has been called in our days a "lion;" the *émigrés* who had returned to their ruined estates were all anxious to see him. In 1802 he made a journey to the south of France, as there had appeared in Avignon a pirated edition of the "Genius of Christianity." He found the pirate. "He sold me the four volumes of the 'Genius'

at the reasonable price of nine francs, and made a great eulogy on the author and on his work." After twenty-four hours he made a compromise with the thief, "presque pour rien." He went to the Fountain of Vaucluse, visited Languedoc and Gascogne. On his return to Paris he was presented to Napoleon at a great fête given by Lucien Bonaparte, then Minister of the Interior. "I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; he struck me agreeably. I had never seen him except at a distance. His smile was caressing and fine; his eye admirable, especially in the way it was set under the forehead and lined by the eyebrow. He had not yet any charlatanism in his look, nothing theatrical or affected. The 'Genius of Christianity,' which made much noise at that moment, had acted on Napoleon. A prodigious imagination animated this cold politician." Chateaubriand was concealing himself behind his neighbors, when Bonaparte raised his voice and called him by name, "Monsieur de Chateaubriand!" They stood together apart. "Bonaparte spoke with simplicity, without compliments, without useless questions and preambles; he spoke to me at once of Egypt, of the Arabs, as if we had been intimate and had continued a conversation already begun. 'I have always been struck,' said he, 'when I saw the sheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn themselves to the East, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is this unknown thing they adored toward the East?' Bonaparte interrupted himself, and without any transition: 'Christianity! Have not the ideologues tried to make of it a system of astronomy?'¹ Well, if it were so, can they persuade me that Christianity is small? If it is an allegory of the movements of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *strong* minds have still left greatness enough to the *infâme*.' Bonaparte abruptly left me. I was like Job in his night, when 'a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before my eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice.'"

After this interview Bonaparte resolved to employ Chateaubriand; he had pronounced himself satisfied with his conversation with the author of the "Genius of Christianity." As Chateaubriand had not said one word, it meant that Bonaparte was satisfied with what he himself had said. The post of first secretary of the French embassy at Rome was offered to Chateaubriand; he accepted it with some reluctance. He found Milan occupied by the French army. Italy

¹ An allusion to Dupuis's "Origine de tous les Cultes."

was as it were coming out from a long sleep. In Rome, Chateaubriand was received by Pius VII., who was so far gracious as to have a "Genius of Christianity" open on his table. Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon, was the French ambassador; he gave to his first secretary the attic of his palace, the Palazzo Lancelotti. The young secretary did not greatly like his functions; he had not much more to do than to give passports, and supply the young Princess Borghése with French slippers. Madame de Beaumont filled his moral solitude; she was very ill, and came to Rome, where however she soon died from consumption.

Bonaparte understood that Chateaubriand could not long remain in a secondary post; he named him Minister to the Republic of the Valois, — a post which was created for him; he returned, therefore, to France, and went to the Tuileries. Bonaparte was marching rapidly to his great end; Chateaubriand was struck with the alteration of his visage, his sombre air, his thin cheeks, his pale complexion. He did not feel this time the attraction which he had felt at the first interview. Two days afterwards, on the 20th of March, he was walking in the garden of the Tuileries, and approaching the Rue de Rivoli. There, between eleven and twelve o'clock, he heard a man and a woman who were screaming some official news; the passers-by stopped, suddenly petrified by these words: "Judgment of the special military commission convoked at Vincennes, which condemns to the penalty of death the said Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born the 2d of August, 1772, at Chantilly."

"This voice fell upon me like thunder; it changed my life, as it changed the life of Napoleon. I returned home; I said to Madame de Chateaubriand, 'The Duke of Enghien has just been shot.' I sat before a table and began to write my resignation. Madame de Chateaubriand offered no opposition, and saw me write with a great courage. She did not dissimulate my danger; the trial against General Moreau and George Cadoudal was going on. The lion had tasted blood; it was not the moment to irritate him."

The resignation of Chateaubriand at the announcement of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, — unconditional, immediate, — this solitary protest of one man against a crime, will always save the memory of Chateaubriand from oblivion, even more than his writings. The humble Breton chevalier, the poor *émigré* who had suffered hunger and was ready to suffer it again, this new diplomat who would so easily have sunk in his forgotten post in the Valois, yet who could

not help saying a word for the innocent victim who had fallen in the ditches of Vincennes, was the personification of all that was holy and noble and reputable in old France. Let all the Latins and Gallo-Romans and Franks and Lorrainers bow before the new Cæsar! the young Breton will stand up alone, like Vercingetorix.

For a few days the friends of Chateaubriand were afraid that he would be arrested and imprisoned. Talleyrand kept the resignation for a week before speaking of it to the Emperor. Napoleon merely said, "C'est bon." He confessed a long time afterwards to M. de Fontanes that this resignation of Chateaubriand had made a great impression on his mind. Paris and France ignored it, or paid little attention to it; public opinion was entirely on the side of Bonaparte; as soon as the hero had become a murderer, all the cowards rushed to his ante-chambers. Even those who had shown some sympathy at first with Chateaubriand avoided him afterwards; his presence was a reproach; he found himself solitary, alone. Contempt for his time and his compatriots entered into his heart; honor, elevation of mind, seemed to be thought an infirmity. Chateaubriand was now a pariah: he had been an *émigré* out of France; he was now an *émigré* in his own country. The revulsion which had taken place in his mind was really fearful,—as he had forgotten his old Breton feelings in his admiration for the consul, for the young man of genius, the envoy of God, who was, like St. Michael, to conquer the Revolution. His poetical mind had constructed a Napoleon who was worthy of his homage: he only saw now the Corsican who had murdered a young scion of the old dynasty, and who was determined to be the founder of a new dynasty.

The solitary protest of Chateaubriand against the execution of the Duc d'Enghien was the turning-point of his life. It made him the bold, avowed, uncompromising representative of old France. The author of the "Genius of Christianity" became at once the flag-bearer of monarchy. Chateaubriand discusses at length in his "Mémoires" all the circumstances of the crime of the 20th of March. He mentions accidentally Madame de Rémusat, and says that Josephine had promised to Madame de Rémusat to interest herself in the fate of the young prince. "These mémoires," says he, "of Madame de Rémusat, whom I have known, were extremely curious on the interior of the Imperial Court. The authoress burned them during the Hundred Days and then wrote them again. They are now memories of memories; the color is weakened, but Bonaparte is always shown with impartiality, as he was."

Chateaubriand is severe upon Talleyrand, and I have been told that the Memoirs of Talleyrand, which are unfortunately not published yet, have a very long chapter on the Duc d'Enghien. It is probable that he tries to clear his memory and to throw all the odium on Napoleon. He may have partially succeeded, for I know that the manuscript of the Memoirs of Talleyrand was confided to Napoleon III., and that the publication of these memoirs was deferred at his request, and under circumstances which proved that Napoleon III. was very desirous of winning the good graces of those who could suspend this publication.

This is what Chateaubriand says on the subject: "As for Talleyrand, a priest and a gentleman, he inspired and prepared the murder by persistently disturbing Bonaparte's mind; he feared the return of legitimacy. It might be possible, by collating what Napoleon said at St. Helena and the letters written by the Bishop of Autun, to prove that the latter took a very great part in the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Vainly would it be objected that the levity, the character, and the education of the minister must have drawn him away from violence, that corruption is fatal to energy; it would nevertheless remain certain that he incited the consul to the fatal accusation. The arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, on the 15th of March, was not unknown to M. de Talleyrand; he was daily with Bonaparte and conversed with him during the interval between the arrest and the execution. Has he repented; has he said a single word in favor of the unfortunate prince? It is natural to believe that he has applauded the execution of the sentence."

This judgment is probably a little too severe; Madame de Rémusat, who was a great admirer and friend of Talleyrand, shows him, during the days which intervened between the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien and the execution, silent, and conscious that nothing could change the will of the first consul. Chateaubriand always hated Talleyrand; he connected him with the event which had changed his own life. Years afterwards when he saw Talleyrand bring the regicide Fouché to Louis XVIII., he could not help saying, "See Vice conducted by Crime!"

Chateaubriand spent the following years in various journeys; his was a wandering nature. He has retraced his steps in his "Itinéraire," a book of travels which is full of poetical descriptions, very different from the modern books of travel, less realistic and anecdotic, with as much *couleur locale*, but without those innumerable details which seem

essential now in a "journal." Chateaubriand was not an ordinary traveller; he had not much curiosity, he carried his own thoughts through changing scenes. He felt himself like the Wandering Jew — "*diversa exilia et desertas quærere terras.*" "I have never," says he, "loved change for the change; the road displeases me; I only like the journey for the independence which it gives to me, as I like the country, not for the country, but for the solitude." The "Itinerary of Paris to Jerusalem" remains, however, among the works of Chateaubriand which can still be read with pleasure.

On his return to France Chateaubriand became the proprietor of a newspaper called the "Mercure." His indignation against Bonaparte was not calmed; the prosperities of the Emperor had not conquered his stubbornness; in his long journeys, in the deserts of Syria and Africa, he had breathed a free air. He took his pen and wrote these lines in his "Mercure":—

"When, in the silence of dejection, nothing is heard but the chain of the slave and the voice of the denunciator, when all tremble before the tyrant, and when it is as dangerous to win his favor as to be worthy of his wrath, the historian appears, and receives the mission of avenging the nations. In vain does Nero prosper! Tacitus is born in the empire; unknown, he grows up near the remains of Germanicus, and already a just Providence has delivered to an obscure child the glory of the master of the world." Such words rung through Paris. Napoleon suppressed the "Mercure." Who dared to speak thus in the silence of the world? It was again Chateaubriand. Madame Bacciocchi had saved him once from the anger of Bonaparte: who saved him this time? Chateaubriand himself does not know. Bonaparte understood the allusions of the "Mercure," but he was practical; he knew that only a "chosen few" would understand them. He despised the attack; he forgot Chateaubriand after a moment of irritation. "Does Chateaubriand take me for a fool? I understand him. He would fain be *sabré* on the steps of the Tuileries;" and this was all!

The "Martyrs" appeared in the spring of 1809; they did not meet with the same success as the "Genius of Christianity," and are now well-nigh forgotten: Christians do not like the profane mixture of the truths of Christianity with the mythological fables. The episode of the Celtic priestess Valleda and the pictures of the Franks have some savor, but it must be confessed that there is incongruity in this semi-classic and semi-romantic poem in prose. Chateaubriand be-

came, however, a candidate for the French Academy. Though the "Martyrs" had been coldly received, the "Itinerary of Paris to Jerusalem" had been much praised, and he was elected. An old etiquette makes it necessary for each new member to praise in a few words not only Richelieu, the founder of the Academy, but the chief of the State.¹ Chateaubriand in his speech sought inspiration from Milton's "Second Defence of the English People," where there is a pompous eulogy of Cromwell mixed with some criticism and advice, which Johnson does not cite. Milton does not only praise Cromwell, he warns him, and claims freedom for the British people.

In his speech Chateaubriand alludes to this "Defence" of Milton; he had to praise Chénier, the brother of the famous André Chénier who died on the scaffold; Marie Joseph Chénier had taken a prominent part in the agitations of the Revolution. Chateaubriand had a difficult task. His speech was submitted first to Napoleon, who crossed many passages and allusions. "In paying to M. Chénier the tribute which all the dead claim, I fear to find under my feet much more illustrious remains. If unkind interpretations should treat as a crime my involuntary emotion, I shall take refuge near the expiatory altars which a powerful monarch raises to the memory of outraged dynasties!" Here is another passage, which Napoleon marked with a double line: "M. Chénier adored liberty: can we make a crime of it? The old knights, if they came out of their tombs, would follow this new light of our century. . . . Is not liberty the greatest and first want of man? It inflames genius, it raises the heart, it is as necessary to the poet as the air which he breathes."

Chateaubriand was told by the Commission of the Academy, which had shown his manuscript to the Emperor, that he must write another speech. He refused, and it was decided that he would not be received at the Academy. Bonaparte was not long angry with Chateaubriand; when the decennial prizes were distributed in 1810, he asked the Academy why the "Genius of Christianity" had not received one of these prizes. The "Odi et amo" of Catullus describes his sentiments for Chateaubriand; it describes also the feelings of Chateaubriand for Napoleon, for his poetical mind could not help falling at times under the attraction of the crowned soldier, of this new Alexander, who found the world too narrow for his ambition.

¹ Till very lately there has been no infraction of this traditional rule; M. Rénan spoke of Richelieu in his speech of reception, but he did not mention the head of the State. M. Taine omitted them both.

During the last years of the empire Chateaubriand sunk almost into obscurity ; the police kept an eye upon him ; he was obliged once to leave Paris ; he was forgotten, he almost wished to be forgotten. He became a mere witness of the terrible drama which was enacted in Europe. Who has not felt at times, during the great tempests of history, or even during those long, wearisome preparations of some impending crisis, like those *figurants* of the Greek drama, who can do nothing but mourn and wail and prophesy misfortunes ? Chateaubriand was all his lifetime the useless Cassandra. All men's minds were engrossed with the incidents of the war. When Chateaubriand heard the advancing allied armies, he became tormented, so to speak, with the desire to write a pamphlet. "During the night," says he, "I shut myself up ; I put my papers under my pillow, two loaded pistols on my table ; I slept next to those two muses." The pamphlet in question was "De Bonaparte et des Bourbons." If it had been seized, death was the natural penalty. Chateaubriand was, however, obliged to take a printer into his secret ; during a fortnight, while the pamphlet was printing, his life was constantly in jeopardy.

The iron circle was daily approaching Paris ; the Russian columns were soon seen from the towers of Notre Dame. Cambacères, after the first shots were exchanged at Belleville, fled with Marie Louise and the young King of Rome ; Talleyrand, who was a member of the Council of Regency, remained at Paris. The capitulation of Paris was signed March 31, 1814, by Marshal Marmont and Marshal Mortier ; on the same day the allied army entered Paris.

The question of government was at once discussed in the councils of the allied sovereigns ; the Memoirs of Metternich, which have just been published, throw much light upon these councils. It was during these critical days that Chateaubriand published his pamphlet. "I threw myself *à corps perdu*," says he, "into the *mêlée*, so as to be the shield of liberty which revived against a tyranny that was still upright and had its forces tripled by despair. I spoke in the name of legitimacy. . . . I taught France concerning the old royal family. I told it how many members of this family there were, what their names were, and what their characters. I might as well have made an enumeration of the children of the Emperor of China, so completely had the Republic and the Empire invaded the present and exiled the Bourbons. Louis XVIII. told me that my pamphlet had been more valuable to him than an army of a hundred thousand men."

The pamphlet of Chateaubriand had an immense effect on public opinion. The names of the King of Rome, of Prince Eugène, of Marie Louise had been pronounced. Talleyrand at once understood the situation; he said to the Emperor Alexander, "Prince Eugène is an expedient, — legitimacy is a principle." The Memoirs of Metternich show conclusively that the Austrian Government had never cared for the regency of Marie Louise. The legitimate dynasty was the only rational solution, the most honorable for France, the most reassuring for the sovereigns of Europe.

A new social revolution began with the Restoration. Chateaubriand very justly remarks that the leaders of 1814 were not the legitimists, the true royalists: they were Talleyrand and M. de Pradt. The allied sovereigns visited the Empress Josephine at Malmaison; they saw Caulaincourt, Berthier, the members of the Institute, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans. "The marshals of the Empire became the marshals of France; with the uniforms of the Guard of Napoleon were mingled the uniforms of the *gardes du corps* and of the *Maison Rouge*, made exactly on the old patterns; the old Duke of Havre, with his powdered wig and his black cane, walked and shook his head, as captain of the *gardes du corps*, near Marshal Victor of Bonaparte's making; the Duke of Mouchy, who had never fired a gun, was seen at mass by Marshal Oudinot, covered with wounds; the Tuileries, so clean and so military under Napoleon, were filled with the smoke from the kitchens; . . . in the streets were seen the *émigrés*, old, with their old-fashioned clothes, respectable men indeed, but as much strangers in the modern crowd as the republican captains had been among the soldiers of Napoleon. The ladies of the imperial court introduced the dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain and showed them the windings of the Palace. Deputations came from Bordeaux; parish captains of the Vendée wore hats *à la Roche Jacquelin*."

We have seen such scenes of material and moral confusion in our days; at Versailles, for instance, during the Commune. The political chaos of 1814 ended with the return of Napoleon from Elba and the famous Hundred Days. Chateaubriand was not a favorite of Louis XVIII.; he had rendered services to the Bourbons which were almost too great. The sceptical king said to his friends, "Don't ever admit a poet in your affairs; they spoil everything." Chateaubriand was a poet even in politics. He was on the point of being sent as minister to the court of Bernadotte in Sweden, when Napoleon returned.

Chateaubriand advised resistance in Paris ; he was always too chivalrous. "If Louis XVIII. had died," says he, "in defending Paris against Bonaparte, legitimacy might have lasted a century more ; Nature itself seemed to have taken from the old king the faculty of moving, as it had chained him with infirmities. . . . An evil genius took the new paralytic by the hand and told him, ' Surge, tolle lectum tuum ! ' "

Chateaubriand left Paris and followed his king into Belgium ; he became "Minister of the *Interior*" in the travelling cabinet of the monarch. The Council met every morning ; the "Moniteur" appeared at Ghent. The king took his usual drive in a carriage with six horses, as he would have done in the Champs Elysées. He had a smile for Wellington when he met him. He was unmoved ; exile had nothing which could surprise him. The *villegiatura* of Ghent ended in the great confusion, in the alarms, in the emotions which culminated in the battle of Waterloo.

I will leave Chateaubriand here ; the rest of his life belongs to the history of the Restoration. I have shown him in his youth, in his wanderings through the world, in the period of formation of his genius, during the terrible days of the Revolution and the great events of the Empire. He was hardly made for political life ; he was too one-sided, too absolute, too passionate ; he had a truly Celtic contempt for facts, a poetical and chivalrous attachment for all the powers of imagination, for the things of the past, for the evanescent and the invisible. He became naturally one of those royalists who were more royalist than the king ; at the same time, the faults and the ingratitude of his party exasperated him so much at times that he felt inclined to adopt the new republican ideal. He could say with the poet, —

"Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux."

His place in literature is between the old classic and the new romantic school ; his place in politics, between Louis XIV. and Armand Carrel. He drank at all the fountains of the past, but he found new wells, and sometimes became intoxicated at them. As a type of the Breton race he will always remain extremely interesting ; he was the most extraordinary *résumé* of its courage, its tenacity, its melancholy, its idealistic tendencies, and of its singular unreality and contempt for the purely material forces of the world.

AUGUSTE LAUGEL.

THE LOWEST ANIMALS.¹

“GOING fishing?’ How often the question has been asked by acquaintances, as they have met me, with rod and basket, on an excursion after materials for microscopic study. ‘Yes!’ has been the invariable answer, for it saved much detention and explanation; and now, behold! I offer them the results of that fishing. No fish for the stomach, but, as the old French microscopist Joblet observed, ‘some of the most remarkable fishes that have ever been seen;’ and food-fishes for the intellect.”

These are the words of Professor Leidy of Philadelphia, in his volume on the Fresh-water Rhizopods of North America; and these microscopic animalcules, which naturalists call Rhizopods, are in fact such very remarkable fishes that to the most skilled intellects they are still incomprehensible marvels. The lowest and simplest are the *Amoeba proteus* and its immediate congeners. The tiny proteus, just visible to a keen eye, is apparently a mere particle of homogeneous jelly, more variable in figure than the fabled Proteus. That jelly lives; it changes its shape by its own initiative,—not in passive response to outside forces; it moves from place to place; it swallows food, digests, feels, and reproduces its kind. Indeed, it exhibits altogether such marvellous attributes that one is led to ask the question, In what consists the superiority of animals much higher in the scale of life? Our proteus has no organs whatsoever wherewith to perform all its functions,—no eyes, no nerves, no muscles, no stomach, no organs of generation; on the contrary, it consists mainly of a gelatinous substance, in which lies a distinct granular globule, the nucleus, and one or more clear spaces, the vacuoles. These few parts suffice to complete a living animal.

The applications of the invention of placing pieces of glass, of particular shapes, in the two ends of a brass tube have more pro-

¹ The Fresh-water Rhizopods of North America, by Joseph Leidy. Report of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories. F. V. Hayden, Geologist in charge. Vol. XII. pp. xii.—324. 48 plates. 4to. Washington, 1879.

foundly influenced human thoughts and beliefs than any other single invention yet made, excepting only printing. The telescope has revolutionized our conception of the universe; the microscope, our conception of life. The latter instrument has exposed to human vision a world, before unimagined, of elements that make our world of daily life. Among the inhabitants of the world thus revealed are countless myriads of tiny beings, each capable of complete vital existence, and consisting mainly of a substance of jelly-like appearance, called *sarcodæ* or *protoplasm*. Such beings are the amoebæ, and all the other Rhizopods.

Since the Rhizopods are without organs, it is evident that all the vital functions must be wholly or in large part due to properties of their protoplasm, which has therefore been termed the "physical basis of life,"—about which so much has been said and written, especially for popular instruction, that every reader of magazines and reviews is somewhat familiar with the great superstructure of materialism and scepticism erected by active speculation upon the very broad foundation of our ignorance of protoplasm, about which we know almost nothing. In the majority of these popular writings we find repeated, again and again, one of the most remarkable inversions of logical reasoning to be encountered anywhere in the whole range of modern science. Briefly, it is this: the protoplasmatic animalculæ, when seen under the microscope, seem to be mere "gelatinous particles," nearly homogeneous; hence it is concluded that their material constitution is very simple, and, further, that all the functions of life are in reality also simple. A step further, and life is defined as a mere "property of protoplasm, as aquosity is the property of water." Some advocates of this conclusion maintain it with an acrimonious denunciation of their opponents, which plainly reveals that they are enslaved by a dogma and are not free defenders of the truth. We must dissent from their position, because a candid judgment compels us to invert their reasoning, and argue that because the actions of these minute protoplasmatic beings are so varied, therefore their simplicity is seeming, not real. This consideration brings us to the conviction that many of the popular writings on protoplasm have neither advanced science nor spread the uncorrupted truth, while we assign an additional value to a publication of sterling ability, such as Professor Leidy's.

Certainly, at present, it is far more important to increase than to popularize our knowledge of protoplasm. Towards this end, Profes-

sor Leidy has made a valuable contribution by his researches — the work of four years — concerning the lowest forms of animal life found in fresh water.

The motive-power of science is the overwhelming necessity of knowing, by which men are compelled to investigate themselves and Nature. We need to know what principle of organization is common to the Rhizopod and the quadruped of complex anatomy, as we must know many other things, or be dissatisfied and uneasy. Now, in 1842, Schwann discovered the unit of animal organization and life to be the cell, the same element that composes plants. A man, or a bird, or a snail, all are mere congeries of cells of many different kinds, but of course all arranged in definite order. A Rhizopod, on the contrary, is a single cell, living without direct assistance from any other cells. A cell, therefore, is the unit of life; alone, it may be all sufficient to maintain life. This is the greatest generalization of biology. It cannot be lightly or hastily appreciated, but its wondrous interest increases with the greatness of the intellect that considers it. As a contribution to science it ranks with the discovery of the laws of Kepler, of the conservation of energy, and of chemical affinity.

It has been asserted that there are beings simpler than these unicellular Rhizopods, in that they consist only of protoplasm and have neither nucleus nor contractile vacuole; and it has been proposed to class them together under the common name of *Monera*.¹ On the other hand it has been maintained that the nucleus was present, though not seen, the observations being at fault, and that the supposed Monera are really unicellular organisms. The first position is held by a large school of thinkers for sentimental reasons, because they ardently believe in the dogma of simplicity, — that if we can only get to the bottom of things, we shall find them all very simple. One article of this creed is, If we get to the bottom of life it is nothing but *simple* protoplasm. This system of philosophy is now quite wide-spread in this country, principally through the works of the leading English simplicist Herbert Spencer; and although it is shallow, it is nevertheless useful at present, because it necessitates clearness and precision of view and statement.

In the particular instance we are considering, the results of investigation have been constantly unfavorable to the simplicist view, having shown that a very large number of animals supposed to be solely protoplasmatic have a nucleus and are cells. It is therefore

¹ Derived from *Moneres*, simple.

worth special mention that Professor Leidy, during four years' study, found only a single species of Monera, and that species (*Vampyrella*) he proves to be really one of the higher Rhizopods.

The main body of Professor Leidy's book is taken up with his detailed observations upon the numerous species he has studied. The vast extent of the labor fills the specialist who contemplates it with amazement and delight. Hitherto the descriptions of the species were imperfect, fragmentary, and scattered through many publications. Fuller and more accurate descriptions than have before appeared are now collected in one volume. Not only are there new accounts of old forms, but also of many new species. "In the study of Rhizopods," says the author, "my attention has been more particularly directed to the discovery and determination of the various forms occurring in this country, rather than to the elaboration of details of structure, habits, modes of development, and other matters pertaining to their history, though these have not been entirely neglected. In the latter respects my researches fall short of those of some of the able naturalists of England and Germany."

The extreme variability of the species led to much former confusion. For example, the various forms of one of the commonest species have received no less than nine different names. Thanks to Professor Leidy, it will hereafter be as easy as it has hitherto been difficult to determine the fresh-water Rhizopods, and the further progress of research upon the group may proceed rapidly upon the systematic foundation he has laid.

The full importance of the work before us becomes evident when we recollect that, as we have said, cells are the units or elements of life. Now when a chemist wishes to study a substance thoroughly, he endeavors to isolate it. So also the naturalist desires to study isolated cells in order to discover all of which they are capable. Such cells Nature furnishes in countless numbers, and some of them are of the kind called Rhizopods. Our author's monograph, therefore, is a direct addition of unusual extent and rare merit to the sum of our knowledge about the unit of life.

These unicellular beings are compensated by their multitude and world-wide distribution for their minuteness, and by the variety of species for the comparative simplicity of their structure. Commencing from one's own doorstep, they may be found in almost every damp nook and crevice, savanna and marsh, pool and ditch, pond and lake, sea and ocean, and from the greatest depth of the latter to the

snowline of mountains. They appear to have been the first representatives of animal life on earth; and if there is any truth in the theory of evolution they represent our own remotest ancestors. It is questionable whether any other class of animals surpasses them in importance in the economy of Nature. The magnitude of the effects of their agency in rock-making has not been exceeded by higher and more visible forms.

The favorite habitation of many kinds of Rhizopods is the light superficial ooze at the bottom of still waters, where they live in association with minute algæ, which form the chief food of these little creatures. They never penetrate into the deeper and usually black mud, which indeed is almost devoid of life of any kind. A frequent position is the underside of floating leaves, or among duck-meat or bladderwort. But in no other situation are the fresh-water kinds found in such profusion, number, and beauty of form as in the sphagnous bogs, living in the moist or wet bog-moss.

Some idea of the numbers of these animals may be gathered from the estimate of Professor Leidy, that in a portion of quartz sand scraped from the surface of the beach, between tides, at Atlantic City, there were 18,700 shells of a single species of *Nonionina* to the ounce avoirdupois. In other places a great variety of forms are found together, and an even greater number of specimens.

To him, who makes an intelligent examination of its contents, Professor Leidy's book offers another charm. We can trace a uniform plan of organization from its simplest presentation upwards, through numerous variations, to a complex modification. It is one of the greatest delights of the naturalist thus to discover the unity underlying diversity. It is an enjoyment akin to that derived from music by a quick ear, which detects the fundamental motive preserved by the composer through all the exquisite modulations of the piece.

First and simplest comes the *Amoeba proteus*, of which we have already spoken, and its nearest relatives. Next follow the forms whose shape is more constant, and which can throw out pseudopods,¹ which, though still broad and thick, are not extensions of the whole body mass, but rather projections from its surface. A little higher and the shape becomes more determinate, because the body secretes an envelope or shell, leaving only one end open, through which the pseudopods can be thrust out and food taken in. As we continue we follow

¹ Pseudopods are projecting lobes, or thread-like extensions of the body substance, and serve both as organs of locomotion, prehension, and touch.

the shells through many modifications. By the next advance the pseudopods become still more distinctly appendages of the main substance of the animal within the cell, being reduced from broad lobes to delicate threads; various forms are described, some with the simplest, others with complicated shells. Thus is completed one series. A second series, the *Heliozoa*, is distinguished by the animals sending out threads from every part of the body, which rise from a broad base and rapidly taper to extreme fineness and variable length. Within this series also we discover forms with simple shells and more highly developed species, having in addition an internal skeleton. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that the individuals of certain species unite in clusters or colonies, which are, however, only temporary associations. Yet the fact instantly arrests our attention, because it foreshadows the permanent association of cells which is the common principle of organization alike of sponges and man.

The beautiful illustrations, comprising over a thousand lithographic figures for the most part colored, on forty-eight crowded plates, amply exhibit to the eye the astonishing variety among Rhizopods.

Throughout, Professor Leidy displays a modesty which constantly stimulates the reader of his monograph to call attention to the worth of a book whose author estimates its value so humbly. With what enthusiasm he devotes himself to his work may be seen from the following extract:—

“The study of natural history in the leisure of my life, since I was fourteen years of age, has been to me a constant source of happiness; and my experience of it is such that, independently of its higher merits, I warmly recommend it as a pastime, which I believe no other can excel. At the same time, in observing the modes of life of those around me it has been a matter of unceasing regret that so few, so very few, people give attention to intellectual pursuits of any kind. In the incessant and necessary struggle for bread we repeatedly hear the expression that ‘man shall not live by bread alone,’ and yet it remains unappreciated by the mass of even so-called enlightened humanity. In common with all other animals, the engrossing care of man is food for the stomach, while intellectual food too often remains unknown, is disregarded or rejected.”

CHARLES SEDGWICK MINOT.

OUR GOODLY HERITAGE.

WITHIN half a century ten million emigrants have landed on our shores. They have come from the British Isles, from the continent of Europe, and from distant China,—racing to get first to the Land of Plenty. Huddled together and half starved in the steerage of leaky vessels, encountering the perils of the ocean, penetrating a region inhabited only by red men, struggling over the forest-capped mountains of the Middle States, spreading over the prairies of the West, confronting the malaria of the South, and crossing the scorching sands of the plains, the bold army of the world's adventurers has kept up a ceaseless westward march. Instead of destroying, this army, ten million strong, has changed the whole face of a continent. At the outset of its march a water-way was built which formed a connecting link in the highway of commerce between the Atlantic seaboard and the vast territories bordering on the Great Lakes; and with this advantage the Northern coast cities began a wonderful career of prosperity, and New York became the metropolis of the Western world. Spreading toward the interior of the country, the population has pushed on to the agricultural regions, and the centre of population has moved westward four hundred miles. The centres of production have closely followed, until now the Eastern, North-Middle, and Southern groups of States do not supply their home demand for wheat. The South-Middle States have a small surplus. The Ohio Valley has a surplus of nearly half its crop, and the more western groups produce nearly fourfold more than their home demand. The wheat crop of thirty years ago was about 100,000,000 bushels, divided into equal volume by the 81st degree west from Greenwich; in 1859 the centre of production had advanced to the 85th degree; in 1869 to the 88th degree, and last year, it is safe to say, the enormous crop of 450,000,000 bushels of wheat was divided equally by the 90th degree of longitude. The thirteen original States have extended into an empire so vast that a territory only 6,000 square miles less than the entire area of those States has been

given away to aid in building a railroad system which has united the Atlantic with the Pacific, the Northern lakes with the gulf, and proved a bond of union between the Eastern and the Western States, clinging affectionately to the coast, and awaiting the advent of that vast army of friendly invaders. The population of half a century ago knew little of the extent of the goodly heritage to which they were born, and had not explored the fertile lands of the great Northwest, which are fast making America to the world what Africa was to ancient Rome, — its granary and its storehouse.

I shall attempt, in this article, to give some idea of the extent of this rich heritage, or, in other words, to take a glimpse at our agricultural interests, to point out some of the changes of the past, and if possible to learn a lesson or two for the future. Plutarch, when he planned his great work, instead of presenting orderly narratives of the eminent Greek and Roman generals, sought rather by comparison to do that which could not be done by the usual biographical methods. Hence he arranged his characters in pairs and then drew his portraits. Should I follow Plutarch's plan in the discussion of this subject, it would first be necessary to ask the reader to picture to himself the continent we are discussing, or at least that portion of it east of the 100th meridian; and then, as on the screen of the artist's camera the sun photographs the true image of the human face, we can photograph the distribution of the products of the soil. Should Plutarch be followed still further and our subjects discussed in pairs, I would suggest that we take wheat and rice, oats and cotton, tobacco and hops, hay and sugar. But here the parallel must end, for King Corn, indigenous as he is to the soil, grows alike in Minnesota and Southern Texas, in New Jersey and Nebraska. Wheat flourishes where rice cannot grow, and though they almost touch each other in the northern part of South Carolina, but little wheat is raised south of an imaginary line drawn along the northern boundary of North Carolina westward to the Indian Territory. In the above statement a little bulge into Tennessee and a narrow strip of wheat-land in Western Texas are excepted. This line almost divides our oat-fields from the cotton region, while the small patches of hops in the same latitude in Wisconsin, New York, and New England do not come in contact with the tobacco areas which cluster along the line dividing the North from the South, and centre in a dark-green patch in Old Kentucky. Hay, like oats, clings to the North, and is unknown in Louisiana, where the sugar-cane flourishes; but, as I have shown,

corn, while it has decided preferences, showers its blessings to a greater or less extent upon all parts of the country alike, excepting some of the coast lands of Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, and some portions of the New England States. But, for all that, a group of States with less than a third of the population of the country produces five eighths of the corn supply of the United States. The wonderful progress of this group in corn-culture during thirty-eight years may be seen by the following table :—

STATES.	1849.	1859.	1869.	1877.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
Ohio	59,078,695	73,543,190	67,501,144	97,000,000
Indiana	52,964,363	71,588,919	51,094,538	96,000,000
Illinois	57,646,984	115,174,777	129,921,395	260,000,000
Iowa	8,656,799	42,410,686	68,935,065	156,000,000
Missouri	36,214,537	72,892,157	66,034,075	103,000,000
Kansas	6,150,727	17,025,525	98,000,000
Nebraska	1,482,080	4,736,710	38,000,000
	214,561,378	383,242,536	405,248,452	848,000,000

In 1859 the above group of States produced 383,242,536 bushels of corn, and all other States of the Union, including the Territories, 445,550,206 bushels ; in 1877 the product of these seven States was nearly 850,000,000 bushels, and of all the rest of the Union only 494,558,000 bushels. The wheat surplus is produced, according to Mr. J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department, entirely in that portion of the country north and west of the Ohio River, in the central area lying between that river and the lakes, and the Alleghany and Rocky Mountain ranges, and in a smaller area on the Pacific coast.¹ New England produces nearly three tenths of a bushel for each inhabitant. The Middle States raise about half the quantity necessary for a full supply, or $3\frac{1}{3}$ bushels ; the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States almost as much ; and Kentucky and Tennessee are self-supporting with nearly 6 bushels. All the remaining States, except

¹ Compiled from the Report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics on Internal Commerce. Washington, D.C., December, 1879.

Colorado and Nevada, yield a surplus. This surplus for consumption in 1878 was $11\frac{1}{2}$ bushels *per capita* in the corn-growing belt between Ohio and Kansas, $22\frac{1}{2}$ bushels in the Lake belt, and 23 in the Pacific States and Territories, but fully 25 bushels in a year of large production in California. The interesting table¹ below will show at a glance the consumption, deficiency, or surplus of the several groups of States:—

STATES.	Production.	CONSUMPTION.		Surplus.	Deficiency.
		For Bread.	For Seed.		
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
New England	1,174,800	20,055,560	104,800	. . .	18,985,560
Middle States	34,180,000	51,380,970	3,514,683	. . .	20,715,653
So. Atlantic and Gulf .	37,250,000	46,384,012	6,814,150	. . .	15,948,162
Kentucky and Tenn. .	18,550,000	13,929,466	2,893,714	1,726,820	. . .
Western Central . . .	161,450,000	66,875,215	16,360,060	78,214,725	. . .
Lake States	77,214,346	17,141,980	6,778,260	53,294,106	. . .
Pacific and Territories .	34,375,000	7,535,180	4,447,641	22,392,179	. . .
	364,194,146	223,302,383	40,913,308	155,627,830	55,649,375

Applying this same rule to the crop of 1879 we should have the following: Used for bread, 228,877,978 bushels; used for seed, 48,162,840; exported, 147,687,649. Oats, as I have shown, grow in all the Northern States; but New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas are in reality the oats-producing States. In 1878 these States produced 326,000,000 bushels, and the balance of the country about 87,000,000 bushels. It will be observed that we have here a steady movement of the centres of production westward. The progress of corn may continue to be slow, as the production in Illinois is one fifth of the national crop; but the progress of wheat-growing westward, over large areas of the plains and plateaus and mountain valleys between western Nebraska and the Pacific coast, and along the fertile valleys of the Red River country, must eventually carry the central line of wheat much beyond that of corn. The percentage of

¹ Internal Commerce of the United States. Washington. 1879. Appendix, p. 178.

the whole crop (wheat and corn) produced in the following named divisions has been as follows, at the date specified:—

SECTIONS.	1849.	1859.	1869.	1879.
Atlantic Coast	30	24	20	14
Central Belt	58	55	53	49
Trans-Mississippi	12	21	27	37

Thus the Atlantic coast proportion of the whole production has declined more than one half, that of the central belt one fifth; while that of the region beyond the Mississippi has trebled. Twenty-eight years ago the product of the far West was but two fifths of the crop of the Atlantic coast; now it is more than double. The central belt exceeded the combined proportions of both others until within the last year. Many of my readers will remember when the seat of corn production was in the South, and then Tennessee was the first corn-producing State of the Union. The transfer of corn production from South to West can be seen by a glance at the following tabulated statement¹:—

GROUPS OF STATES.	1849.	Per ct.	1859.	Per ct.	1869.	Per ct.	1871.	Per ct.
	Bushels.		Bushels.		Bushels.		Bushels.	
Southern States	348,892,271	59	436,899,827	52	318,116,583	42	446,410,000	33
All other States and Territories	243,078,833	41	401,892,915	48	442,827,966	58	896,148,000	67
	592,091,104		888,792,742		760,944,549		1,342,558,000	

Here we find that in 1849 fifteen Southern States produced 59 per cent of the corn product of the country, but now the South only produces one third.

This change is in part due to the increase in the cotton product of the South; but, as I shall presently show, it is possible that the South may regain its supremacy in the corn culture. The crop of cotton of 1878 and 1879 was the largest ever raised. The ten crops of 1852 to 1861 inclusive, being the last crops raised by slave labor, numbered 34,995,440 bales. The ten crops of 1870 to 1879 inclusive, being the ten last crops raised by free labor, numbered 41,454,743

¹ Report of Internal Commerce of United States. 1879.

bales. The excess of the ten years of free labor amounts to 6,459,303 bales. The value of the last ten crops, of which about two thirds have been exported, has been not less than \$2,500,000,000, and has probably amounted to \$3,000,000,000.¹ The increase is progressive. The excess of the five last crops over the five crops immediately preceding the war has been 3,932,415 bales.

Having ascertained the distribution and general movement of our crops, it may next be well to take a glance at their growth and present extent. To this end the following table, which I have carefully prepared from official sources, may prove of interest:—

PRODUCT.	1865.	1879.	Increase in fifteen years.
Wheat, bushels	148,552,829	448,756,000	300,202,171
Corn, bushels	704,427,853	1,544,899,090	840,561,237
Oats, bushels	225,252,295	364,253,000	139,000,805
Rye, bushels	19,543,905	23,646,500	4,102,595
Barley, bushels	11,391,286	40,184,200	28,792,914
Cotton, bales	² 2,228,987	5,020,387	2,791,400
Tobacco, pounds	183,316,953	384,059,659	200,742,706
Hay, tons	23,538,740	35,648,000	12,110,260
Potatoes, bushels	101,632,095	181,369,000	79,737,005

A careful study of this exhibit will give some idea of the United States of to-day compared with the United States at the close of the war; the cold leaden figures tell a story of progress and development which may astonish those who have not watched the subject closely. In fifteen years the production of wheat and barley in the United States has trebled, corn, cotton, and tobacco more than doubled, oats increased nearly 140,000,000 bushels, potatoes nearly doubled, and hay increased more than one third. How far the different sections of the country have participated in this growth may be seen from the following tables which I have prepared, and which indicate the comparative growth of the six crops which are alike raised in all three sections of the Union,—the East, the South,

¹ These valuable estimates are obtained from a letter on the subject by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, published in the "New York Herald."

² From reports of 1865-66. No record during war.

and the West. To ascertain this the States were arranged as follows: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and for comparison's sake termed the East. In a like manner I have termed the thirteen Southern States the South; and the Western States and Territories, including Ohio, the West. The following is a summary of the investigation:—

Bushels of Corn produced.			Bushels of Wheat produced.	
SECTION.	1870.	1878.	1870.	1878.
East	90,829,000	104,998,200	34,266,700	47,305,950
South	343,613,000	314,729,660	33,601,000	40,086,990
West	659,813,000	968,490,950	168,017,000	332,729,460
Total	1,094,255,000	1,388,218,750	235,884,700	420,122,400
Bushels of Oats produced.			Bushels of Potatoes produced.	
SECTION.	1870.	1878.	1870.	1878.
East	79,965,000	101,727,620	60,008,000	46,008,900
South	28,208,400	48,684,250	8,481,000	9,779,750
West	139,104,000	263,166,690	46,286,000	68,438,000
Total	247,277,400	413,578,560	114,775,000	124,226,650
Pounds of Tobacco produced.			Tons of Hay produced.	
SECTION.	1870.	1878.	1870.	1878.
East	34,444,000	67,210,000	11,396,000	16,514,186
South	158,443,000	251,149,700	1,243,000	1,624,490
West	57,741,000	64,187,000	11,886,000	21,469,620
Total	250,628,000	392,546,700	24,525,000	39,608,296

These tables supplement the one given above, and from them we can, to some extent, discover where the progress has been the most rapid. In the production of corn, while our Southern and Eastern States have kept about even, the Western States have increased nearly 300,000,000 bushels; in wheat and potatoes and hay the Western States pre-eminently take the lead, but in tobacco the South shows an increase of 100,000,000 pounds. The cotton crop, though included in our first table, found no place in the second because it is produced only in the Southern and Southwestern States. And here the increased production can be traced to the newer and Southwestern States. This year, for the first time, the commissioner of agriculture reports the cotton crop, and I have prepared the following table from that report and the ninth census:—

STATES.	1870.	1878.
	Pounds.	Pounds.
Alabama	193,266,900	242,556,600
Arkansas	111,588,600	318,277,050
Florida	17,905,050	17,664,900
Georgia	213,270,300	238,843,500
Kentucky	486,000
Louisiana	157,874,400	214,483,050
Mississippi	254,222,100	337,028,200
Missouri	560,700
North Carolina	65,220,750	199,794,500
South Carolina	101,025,000	153,977,950
Tennessee	81,828,900	196,286,500
Texas	157,782,600	497,310,600
Other States	369,900	31,250,000
Total number pounds	1,355,398,200	2,347,471,250
Total number bales	3,011,996	5,216,603

The increase in the cotton crop has been largely in Texas and Arkansas. The former State leaped from 157,000,000 pounds in

1870 to nearly 500,000,000 in 1878; and the latter, during the same period, increased from 111,000,000 to 318,000,000 pounds.

It may next be well briefly to describe the distribution of cereal productions of the United States, with reference to home supply and to surplus exported to foreign countries. Experts estimate that no less than one fifth of the whole volume of our cereals is involved in the distribution. The total product increased in ten years from 1,450,000,000 bushels to 2,178,000,000 bushels, the export movement from 39,000,000 in 1868 to 189,000,000 in 1878. About three per cent of the national supply was exported in 1868; nearly ten per cent in 1877. Mr. Dodge estimates the crop of 1878 at 2,302,254,950 bushels, of which 246,611,507, or nearly eleven per cent, were exported. The relative proportion of each crop exported, and that retained for consumption in 1877, is said to be as follows:—

CEREALS.	PRODUCTION.	CONSUMPTION.		EXPORTATION.	
		Bushels.	Per cent.	Bushels.	Per cent.
Corn	1,342,558,000	1,255,365,890	93.51	87,192,110	6.49
Wheat	364,194,146	274,026,187	75.24	90,167,959	24.76
Oats	406,394,000	402,678,521	99.09	3,715,479	0.91
Barley	34,441,400	30,519,899	88.61	3,921,501	11.39
Rye	21,170,100	16,930,859	79.98	4,239,241	20.02
Buckwheat	10,177,000	10,177,000	100.00
	2,178,934,646	1,189,698,356	91.32	189,236,290	8.68

It may surprise many to find that only about nine per cent of our total grain product, by bushels, is exported. Yet this is an immense item in the world's markets, and with cheapening transportation is capable of being greatly increased. Take the item of corn, for instance, and we find that only about six and one half per cent of the total product is exported. This is true; but to go a step further and see the wonderful increase in the exportation of what may be called corn and corn product gives a better idea of the possibilities of the American export trade. Here it is:—

	1868.	1878.
Corn crop, bushels	768,320,000	1,342,558,000
Exportation of corn, bushels	11,147,490	85,461,098
Exportation of bacon and hams, pounds	43,659,664	592,814,351
Exportation of pork, pounds	28,690,133	71,889,255
Exportation of lard, pounds	64,555,462	342,667,920

In addition to this the exportation of live stock across the Atlantic has increased ten-fold within the last two years. Into this corn enters more or less. According to Mr. Caird, the value of importations of animal food into England has risen in the period 1857-76 from \$35,000,000 to \$180,000,000. The share we are to have of this trade must depend largely on the rates of freight. It is important to observe that the cost of transporting live animals across the Atlantic is being rapidly reduced. According to Mr. Beagley, a ship-owner, the steamers at first obtained freights at about \$30.00 per head; the freights are now reduced to about \$12.50 per head. The ships are now constructed on purpose for shipping cattle, and the loss is much less.¹ The only hope for the British and Russian farmer is the high rates of transportation here, and the fact (as some British writers² say) that the American farmers, through bad farming, are exhausting the soil. Such talk is the merest nonsense. It has been truthfully said that in the area yet to be subdued between the Missouri and the Pacific coast, the proportion of the cultivated area devoted to wheat will be larger than in the territory already occupied. When all these available lands are taken up, and population threatens to press upon subsistence, fertilization, with rotation, will increase the rate of yield

¹ The following figures give the importation of cattle into Liverpool from the United States during 1879: In February, out of 4,828 oxen shipped, 468 were lost on the passage. Of 1,277 sheep, 120 died. In March, 1,829 oxen were shipped, but only nine were lost; 1,236 pigs were shipped, and seventy-five lost; 1,454 sheep were embarked and 143 lost. In April, 1,993 oxen were shipped and only eight were lost. Of sheep the number embarked was 8,818, and the loss 164. In May, a great increase took place in the numbers of cattle landed in Liverpool from the United States, and the loss was comparatively small. There were shipped 6,281 head, and 187 were lost; of sheep 13,064 were embarked, and 217 were lost; of pigs 5,834 were shipped, and 418 were lost. — *Foreign Work and English Wages*. Brassey, 1879, p. 378.

² Notably Lord Airlie in the June, 1879, number of the "Fortnightly Review."

(as has happened in the most populous districts of Europe), and then the centre of wheat production may possibly recede slowly eastward, obedient to the impulse of improved agriculture. For the purpose of effectually exploding the cry of "exhausted wheat lands," I have carefully compiled the following table,¹ which shows by bushels the average yield of wheat per acre in forty wheat-growing counties in Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, and in the forty counties of England. It is only by such a comparison that an intelligent idea can be gained. In 1878 the Western States alone produced 332,729,460 bushels of wheat; and to these States we should look for our average, and not to South Carolina with an average of five bushels per acre, Mississippi with six, Georgia with seven, and Arkansas with six. Yet in the estimates which find their way over to England, and become soothing syrup to the British farmer, all these States are added in to bring down the average. Yet notwithstanding this, the total yield of the Southern States in question was only 5,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1878. My comparison, in which I have taken the average standard yield in England for the past thirteen years, at once brings up the yield in the wheat-growing counties of the older Western States where it will compare favorably with that of England, and demonstrates clearly that the development of the wheat interests of this country will not be stopped by "exhausted wheat lands."

The next trouble is the "railway monopoly:" so, at least, says a writer in the January number of the "Edinburgh Review." This is not such an obstacle as some may imagine. Western producers will never give up the battle until equitable and steady rates of transportation are insured, even though to obtain such rates it be necessary to adopt the elaborate scheme for improving our water-ways suggested by the Senate Committee of 1872. During the war of rates last July wheat was carried from Chicago to New York for ten cents per hundred. In August it was put up to fifteen cents, — a "living rate." In 1878 the average rate for carrying wheat wholly by rail was only sixteen and one half cents per bushel. Until 1870 it was the opinion generally entertained by the managers of the East and West Trunk Lines that they could not profitably engage in the transportation of grain from Chicago to New York at a lower rate than forty cents per hundred pounds, or twenty-four cents per bushel. During the season of 1879, grain has been shipped from Chicago to Liverpool for seventeen cents a bushel, — a rate but little greater than

¹ See opposite page for table.

TABLE SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE YIELD OF BUSHELS OF WHEAT PER ACRE IN THE FORTY COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND IN FORTY WHEAT-GROWING COUNTIES OF ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, AND MINNESOTA.

ENGLAND.	Standard average yield of bushels, per acre.	ILLINOIS.	Yield per acre in 1879.	MICHIGAN.	Yield per acre in 1879.	MINNESOTA.	Yield per acre in 1879.
Lincolnshire . .	32¾	Adams . .	26	Alcona . .	20	Anoka . .	15¾
Yorkshire . . .	30	Christian . .	27½	Alpena . .	18	Benton . .	19½
Norfolk	31	De Kalb . .	25	Bay	24	Blue Earth .	16½
Essex	33	Edgar . . .	27	Cheboygan .	19¾	Carver . . .	24¾
Suffolk	28¾	Fulton . . .	25	Chippewa . .	17¾	Chisago . . .	18
Cambridgeshire	33	Grundy . . .	25	Clinton . . .	24	Clay	17
Devonshire . . .	21½	Hancock . .	24	Delta	21	Cottonwood .	19
Hampshire . . .	29½	Henderson .	23	Eaton	20¾	Carleton . .	20½
Sussex	30	Iroquois . .	26	Emmet . . .	17	Crow Wing . .	17
Kent	33¾	Jersey . . .	23	Genesee . . .	23½	Dakota . . .	17½
Wiltshire	29	Kankakee . .	27	Gladwin . . .	19¾	Dodge	21½
Gloucestershire	28	Knox	25	Gratiot . . .	20¾	Faribault . .	15½
Shropshire . . .	26	Lake	25	Houghton . .	17	Fillmore . .	17¾
Northamptonshire	32¾	La Salle . .	24	Huron	20½	Freeborn . .	22¼
Somersetshire . .	29	Logan	32	Ingham . . .	20¾	Goodhue . . .	21½
Warwickshire . .	30	Macoupin . .	23	Ionia	23	Hennepin . .	20½
Nottinghamshire	30	Marion . . .	23	Isabella . . .	18¾	Isanti	17
Hertfordshire . .	28½	Marshall . .	23	Jackson . . .	18¾	Jackson . . .	20¾
Worcestershire .	30	McDonough .	26	Kent	19½	Le Sueur . . .	21½
Berkshire	31½	McHenry . .	24	Lapeer . . .	23½	Lyon	16½
Oxfordshire . . .	31	McLean . . .	28	Leelanau . .	17	Martin	15¾
Buckinghamshire	29	Menard . . .	24	Lenawee . . .	19	Mille Lacs . .	18¾
Herefordshire . .	29½	Mercer . . .	23	Livingston . .	20½	Morrison . . .	20
Bedfordshire . .	30	Montgomery .	26	Macomb . . .	22	Mower	19½
Staffordshire . .	29½	Morgan . . .	25	Manitou . . .	23¾	Murray	20
Cornwall	25	Moultrie . .	23	Midland . . .	18½	Olmstead . . .	20¼
Huntingdonshire .	32½	Ogle	25	Missaukee . .	18½	Polk	25¼
Dorsetshire . . .	29	Peoria	25	Monroe . . .	19	Ramsay	19¼
Surrey	28	Piatt	27	Montcalm . .	20½	Rice	23
Leicestershire . .	31	Putnam . . .	24	Oakland . . .	22½	Rock	16
Durham	26	Rock Island .	25	Ogemaw . . .	17	Scott	22
Lancashire . . .	32	Sangamon . .	24	Ontonagon . .	26½	Steele	23¾
Cheshire	30	Scott	27	Presque Isle .	17	St. Louis . . .	15¾
Derbyshire . . .	29	Shelby . . .	24	Saginaw . . .	23½	Wabasha . . .	18½
Northumberland .	27	Stark	26	Sanilac . . .	19½	Waseca	20½
Monmouthshire .	29	Stephenson .	24	Shiawassee . .	24	Washington . .	19
Cumberland . . .	29	Tazewell . . .	28	St. Clair . . .	19½	Winona	17½
Rutland	31¼	Vermillion . .	26	Tuscola . . .	22½	Wright	15
Middlesex	31	Warren . . .	26	Washtenaw . .	21¼	Redwood . . .	15
Westmoreland . .	28	Woodford . .	25	Wayne	22	Nobles	15
Total for England,	29½	Total	25½	Total	20½	Total	19

that which prevailed for the transportation of grain from Buffalo to New York by canal and the Hudson River ten years ago.

Careful estimates show that the United States is capable of maintaining an area of 200,000,000 acres of corn lands, which, with the average yield of the past ten years would give us over 5,250,000,000 bushels of corn. The same authority shows that while the western line of maize culture traverses the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains at an average elevation of about 5,000 feet, wheat can be grown 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the maize line. Recent geographical reports show that a large portion of the Pacific coast is susceptible of culture, either with or without irrigation. The governor of Washington Territory claims for it great superiority in wheat production, and prophesies a yield in the near future three times as large as the present supply of California. The governor of Dakota estimates the area suitable for field culture, and especially suited to wheat-growing, at 40,000,000 acres. These views may prove too sanguine, but there is a good basis for some enthusiasm. The Indian Territory, says J. R. Dodge, though only half as large, has nearly as much more available for agricultural production. Montana, better adapted to grazing purposes, is estimated by Professor Cyrus Thomas to contain 7,800,000 acres of irrigable lands. In all there is an aggregate of 200,000,000 acres of land, from the northern and more elevated portions of which the growth of maize is excluded, in which wheat-farming will for many years exist as a specialty. Turning from corn and wheat to one other great staple, we find that, according to Edward Atkinson, the whole cotton crop of the world could be raised on a section of Texas less than one twelfth of its area; or could be divided between any two of the other principal cotton States without exhausting one half of their good lands. The world's cotton crop is now equal to from ten to twelve million bales of cotton, over five million of which I have shown are annually raised in this country.

Here, then, is the rich heritage to which we are born. Our Pilgrim fathers found it, yet knew it not. Nearly two generations passed away before the treasures of this continent attracted the populations of the Old World, nor do they to this day understand the vastness of our store. We have, in this brief review, learned something of the distribution of our agricultural interest; of its drifting to the West and Southwest, and of its changed conditions. We have seen the population of the older States overtake their food-producing capacity, and have learned something concerning that deficiency and the source

from which it is supplied. Certainly we feel reassured about the continued abundant yield of our soil. This generation has witnessed the migration of the centre of corn production from the South to the West; and of wheat from the Middle States to the far West. Not the least interesting of these changes has been the remarkable increase in the cotton crop since free labor has taken the place of slavery. But the great central fact is the increase in the past decade of our agricultural products, and the rapidity with which the Western States, ushered into existence as it were by the war, have developed their vast resources. The smallness of our exports compared with the home consumption should stimulate alike the producer and those engaged in transportation to continue to push our wares by the aid of cheap freight into every foreign country, as the facts show that the possibilities of our agricultural interests are as yet an unknown quantity.

ROBERT P. PORTER.

THE LESSONS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE General Election of 1880 in Great Britain and Ireland is now over, and the sweeping change it has caused in the relative positions of the two great political parties is a matter of almost world-wide comment and interest. The magnitude of the Liberal success has taken every one by surprise, and to Conservatives at home and to their sympathizers abroad must have been a sore mortification and disappointment. On the other hand, the highest hopes of the Liberal leaders have been surpassed, though it is certain that many of them were very sanguine, and for some time past have claimed that the conservative reaction had spent its strength, and have boldly challenged a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country as a sure means of verifying their statements. These prophets, though not daring to forecast so brilliant a campaign, are naturally far less surprised than their Tory opponents, or the great mass of voters whose sympathies are not actively engaged on either side. Still, as I have said, the magnitude of the Liberal victory, if not the victory itself, has taken us all by surprise, nearly as much so as did the last General Election in 1868, when the strong Liberal majority, led by Mr. Gladstone for five years previously, was annihilated, and an almost equally strong Conservative majority was returned to the House of Commons.

The Tories were then very jubilant over their victory, as indeed they had good reason to be, seeing that for more than forty years previously, with only short exceptions, the country had been ruled by successive Liberal administrations ; but as the Liberals claimed then and since, and as the results of the present election have shown, the Tories were much too sanguine in their anticipations of the lasting strength of the reaction that had so suddenly set in. They were on the right side of the House however for a time, and took their places, a strong and well-disciplined majority ; and for six years they have governed the country almost absolutely at their own will and pleasure,

and therefore, as we may fairly suppose, according to the latest and most approved type of Conservatism, — that is to say, the type best adapted to show its advantages to a people hitherto steeped in Liberalism. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt now that had Lord Beaconsfield accepted the reiterated Liberal challenge to appeal to the country on his general policy at any time during the last three years, the result of a General Election would have been nearly the same as now. But, ignoring altogether these defiances, he has preferred deliberately to wait and choose his own time and opportunity to dissolve ; and we may surely assume that so experienced a politician, and one so noted for his quickness in feeling the national pulse, has made this selection shrewdly.

Abroad, the Eastern question was temporarily at rest. The Zulus had at last been "pacified." The Afghan campaign for the moment was marked by fewer unpleasant incidents than in its earlier course, and was therefore less vividly before the nation, while at home faint symptoms of reviving prosperity were meeting an eager welcome from the nation, and many of the more prominent reforms, claimed and loudly advocated by various sections of the Liberal party previous to and during the election of 1874, were either temporarily abandoned or were out of sight altogether ; furthermore, two great bye-elections — those of Liverpool and Southwark, the latter considered to some extent by both parties as a test one — had, after a hard-fought struggle in both constituencies, gone in favor of the Conservatives. Therefore, doubtless, Lord Beaconsfield chose the best time for his party to promulgate the dissolution ; and therefore, also, had he chosen any other time for two or three years previously, the elections would, as the Liberals claim, have probably resulted quite as disastrously for him. In fact, the evidence now is tolerably conclusive that within the first three or at most four years of the Conservative government the country had once more thoroughly come to its senses, and repented of the disastrous change of rulers it had made in 1874 ; and but for the impulsive violence with which that change was made, and which enabled the Tory leaders to carry on the government within the walls of Parliament without again consulting the country for six years, the Tory government of 1874 would have been but one more of the short-lived intervals of Conservative power, which, occurring occasionally during the last forty or fifty years, have served only more strongly to mark the sure foundation on which the Liberal party rests its claims to have fairly represented the opinions of the country in the past, and its hopes to continue to represent

those opinions in the future. Thinking men both at home and abroad, after a retrospective glance at the course of English politics for the last half century, can hardly fail, from the result of the present election, to draw the conclusion that in the main the principles professed and carried out by the Liberal party are those of the bulk of the nation, and that, subject only to temporary impulses arising from special circumstances peculiar to the moment, the mass of the people of the United Kingdom prefer to be ruled by Liberal rather than by Conservative ideas. And this preference, I may remark, is likely to increase rather than to diminish in the future, since the principal Liberal strength lies in the boroughs, in which constituencies household suffrage enables the working classes to express their opinions at the poll; and the Liberal majority now returned to Parliament is pledged to extend the franchise to the laboring classes in the counties. It is, indeed, quite possible that at first, even under the protection of the ballot, the agricultural laborers may be unable to shake off the feudal ideas of submission engendered by years of squire and parson rule; but there can be no doubt that in the long run the extension of the county franchise will result in a great accession of Liberal strength.

But besides this probable conclusion, or perhaps I should rather say this well-proved fact, of the general ascendancy in England of Liberal opinion, which has been strengthened by this election, there are three other notable deductions to be drawn from the recent contest, all of them widely recognized in England, and which may prove of some interest and even value to Americans and other foreigners who take an interest in our politics. In the first place, the utter discomfiture of the great beer interest has conclusively shown that however strong the Licensed-Victualler organization may be, its influence is at best but an insignificant factor among other influences at work when national feeling is really aroused. In the second place, it has been once again made clear to all who choose to see, that neither the metropolitan newspapers nor the average "society" Englishman represent, or even understand in any but the most limited sense, the opinion of the bulk of their countrymen. In the third place, it seems now tolerably plain that the people of this country have no sympathy with "Jingoism," but prefer the chances of "peace and prosperity" at home to those of "gunpowder and glory" abroad. These, I think, are the three principal lessons to be drawn from the elections, and on each I propose to say a few words.

Firstly, then, as regards the discomfiture of the licensed victuallers:

this result, although mainly private to Englishmen, may not be without some interest to American politicians. For years it has been a belief current with both parties, and almost an axiom with the Conservatives (to judge by their reckless bids for its support), that the beer interest in England was all-powerful, and that into whichever scale the beer-barrel was thrown, that scale must throw the other up. This belief has been carefully fostered by the licensed victuallers themselves as represented by their accredited agents, and they have loudly vaunted their powers. Now that the beer interest does command very considerable influence no one doubts; the mere trade vote alone in most constituencies is sufficient to turn a closely contested election in favor of the side it supports, without counting the equally undoubted though much exaggerated influence possessed by many publicans over their more ignorant customers in the ready means, only too often used by the more unscrupulous among them, of indirect corruption in the way of "treating." If, however, public opinion is really nearly balanced, it can matter little, except to office-holders, to which side it actually tends, as neither party can be strong enough to give full effect to its own policy; but when, as in the present instance, public feeling is strongly and earnestly aroused, and the nation is really moved to throw off an unbearable burden, not all the influence of all the licensed victuallers in the country can seriously affect the result. At the present General Election, as at the last, the whole organized influence of the licensed victuallers has been thrown into the Tory scale; and now, as then, the great bulk of the members of the society, personally and through their organization, have done their utmost to injure and discredit the Liberal party. After the election of 1874, these victuallers took great credit to themselves and received much credit from others for this influence, and it was thought in many quarters, as well as among themselves, that the change in public opinion which then manifested itself was due very largely to that influence. The result of the present election has utterly refuted this claim: it has shown conclusively that the victuallers are not the power they thought themselves, and that the mass of the electors of this country are not to be influenced in the formation and practical application of their political principles by any private trade interest whatever. For when the greatest and best organized and most compact of all trade interests has so signally failed, it is unnecessary to discuss whether weaker ones might have succeeded.

Of course it is not to be forgotten that, with all their organization

and unity of apparent interests, the licensed victuallers can no more claim the absolute and unquestioning adherence of all the members of their trade than can any other association of independent or partially independent individuals; and all Liberals know and remember with pleasure that many licensed victuallers, probably, in all the constituencies have chosen to act and vote according to their political convictions, without allowing themselves to be led astray by the violent and unwise partisanship of their official organization. I say unwise, because, as Mr. Bright pointed out when he was interviewed by the victuallers in Birmingham, that while all the respectable members of either party were absolutely agreed that certain restrictions must be placed on the trade in the interest of the nation, the Liberals, who have certainly taken the more decided view of the necessary restrictions, and shown the most honest desire to carry those restrictions into effect, have, nevertheless, never in any instance even suggested a serious proposal calculated to affect the trade without at the same time including in that proposal the most ample suggestions for reasonable compensation; and that, after all, the Liberal party in England is the ruling power, and likely, in the nature of things, always to continue so. Wherefore it was unwise to create irritation and even animosity in the minds of those who, being generally in the ascendant, might some day, even without intention, allow that slowly forming sense of irritation to affect their judgment in dealing with the license question, and treat the trade less gently if not less justly than they might otherwise have done. That the licensed victuallers had not the political power which they believed themselves to have has long been known to active Liberals in the provinces, though probably to the London government-papers it is entirely a new revelation. In Birmingham, for instance, where three Radicals were returned to Parliament in 1874, notwithstanding the pronounced espousal of the Tory side by the victuallers' association, it has been for some years past the custom to fight the municipal election on political as well as municipal grounds. The Conservatives, with a view to influencing the Parliamentary election in their favor, first threw down the gauntlet, which was immediately picked up by the Liberals; and so successfully have the latter fought the resulting struggle that the town council is now, with two or three exceptions, entirely composed of professed Liberals, though generally the whole strength of the victuallers' organization (with the exception of some independent individual members) has been exerted on the Tory side. In this city, therefore, as in some other constituencies, it has been possible fairly

to gauge the real strength of the beer interest, and, without underrating that strength, it is yet a sound conclusion that so long as the Liberal policy is satisfactory to the bulk of the electors, the Liberals can safely allow the licensed victuallers to do their very worst. The vast majority of the classes in the towns are by far too intelligent to have their political convictions swayed by the men who stand to them only in the relation of bidders for their support, and whose patrons they are.

There seems now to be some hope that the licensed victuallers themselves have taken the lessons of the election to heart and are at last coming to their senses, since the parliamentary agent of the National Licensed Victuallers' Defence League has just written to the newspapers, deprecating "extreme and hostile legislation," and venturing to hope that "the day is not far distant when the rule of acting at future elections in a combined form will become exceptional," provided "an attitude of moderation is manifested by the new Government towards the trade." That such moderation will be manifested, as it always has been, by the responsible leaders of the Liberal party there is little reason to doubt; but it is surely rather a cool assumption on the part of an organization which first began hostilities, and with some success, that now, after suffering a signal discomfiture, it should immediately claim to be treated with as much deference as though its foolish assaults on Liberal candidates had never been made, — it being evident that if the organized opposition of the trade to the Liberal party ceases at all, it will only be because it recognizes at last the advisability in its own interests of not provoking that party too far, and of ceasing its attempts to subordinate the higher interests of the nation to the apparent interests of a single trade.

We turn now to the value of the opinion and prophecies ventured by most of the London press and by Conservative sympathizers on the political feelings and action of the nation. That favorable views of their own position should have been held by zealous Conservatives was not unnatural. The wish is often father to the thought; and these gentlemen, misled by their own ardent desires, looked around them only through spectacles of their own manufacture, declining altogether to trust to their unaided eyesight or to the spectacles of their opponents, which, however, have certainly proved to be by far the more trustworthy of the two. That English Conservatives, therefore, should have been led away into optimistic views of their future successes is, I say, not unnatural; but that any intelligent foreigner

should have shared those views, as many undoubtedly have done, notwithstanding the last fifty years of political history in this country, seems strange, and I think can be accounted for only by the fact that most of these gentlemen, in forming their opinion of the political change in this country, form them almost necessarily on the views expressed in the metropolitan English newspapers and on conversations with Englishmen abroad, belonging generally to the middle and upper classes, from which very classes the great bulk of the Conservative strength, such as it is, is drawn.

If the present election were to serve no other purpose, it ought at any rate to show unmistakably that neither the metropolitan newspapers nor the bulk of those who form "society" in England represent in any way the wishes or desires of the majority of voting Englishmen. What these newspapers and these Englishmen at home and abroad do represent, doubtless fairly well, is the opinion of "society" as represented at court, in clubs, drawing-rooms, and elsewhere where well-to-do people meet one another. When the metropolitan papers talk somewhat ponderously as to what Englishmen will do and what they will not do, what they think and what they do not think, in matters political, reference is really made only to that section of the middle and upper classes among whom the writers mix; and they leave out of the question altogether the opinion of the lower-middle and the working classes, for the simple reason that few of these writers can have any means of gauging the political sympathies of these classes, even in the metropolis itself, and certainly not in the country generally. To well-informed Englishmen at home, living outside the narrow gossip of London cliques, it has been apparent for years that the influence of the London papers, outside of the metropolitan or home district, is practically dead, and their pretensions to lead public opinion have ceased to be other than matter for ridicule; but the result of the election of 1874, of the agitation on the Bulgarian atrocities (when the "Times" especially was ludicrously frantic in its efforts to ascertain which way public opinion was setting), and still more recently of the election of 1880, show most plainly not only that the bulk of the London papers no longer lead, but that they are utterly unable even to follow public opinion; and that outside of those narrow circles to which I have alluded, and in which the "leader" writers mix, they are as absolutely ignorant of the feelings and wishes of the majority of Englishmen as they are of those of the Zulus or any other race for whom at times they profess to

speak. Only so late as March 10, on the very eve of the great change in party government, the "Times" said:—

The Liberal leaders must determine whether they will once for all abandon the tactics and the tone which have been so utterly unsuccessful during the last two years. They owe it to their party and to the public not to permit themselves to be forced into a position in which they would be practically powerless. There is no disguising the fact that nothing less than this might be the consequence of a false move at the present moment: the prime minister might easily win a victory which would for a time completely crush his opponents. Lord Beaconsfield has become of late a singularly powerful prime minister, etc.; but what would be his position if the coming election were made a repetition of the disputes of the last three years, if it were fought on the same ground and led to the same result? The inevitable effect would necessarily be to augment incalculably Lord Beaconsfield's personal influence, and to render him perhaps the most powerful minister we have seen in our generation.

Such a passage, read after the result, needs no comment. Never were reckless statements and ignorant confidence more utterly discredited. Article after article appeared in the same paper day by day, ponderous and dogmatical, after the fashion of that sheet, all in the same strain, and showing again and again the same stupendous ignorance and marvellous blindness of this self-styled leader of English public opinion down to March 30, when it said: "There is a vast mass of public opinion in England which is independent of both parties; . . . this central body of political feeling does not believe with Mr. Bright and speakers of his school." Four days later the returns for the borough were almost completed, and it was patent to all that more followers and speakers of Mr. Bright's school had been elected than on any previous occasion; in fact, that with few exceptions the followers and speakers of Mr. Bright's school had been elected wherever they had offered themselves. As with the "Times," so was it with other London newspapers of the same genus; that is, newspapers adhering to the principles of neither party, but professing to lead both, and always to be found on the side of the government of the day, — willingly if that government is Conservative, reluctantly if it be Liberal. One and all they have groped and blundered in utter darkness; one and all they are conscious to-day of their miserable failures, and are exhausting their ingenuity in distorting the meaning of language and endeavoring to show that they have been right throughout, or at least only a very little wrong. There was once an officer of artillery, who being asked by his commander why he did not bring his guns into action at a critical

moment, replied that there were thirty good reasons for not doing so, and that the first was that he had n't any gun. If only the London government-press would give us their first reason for having totally failed even to follow public opinion,—namely, that they knew nothing whatever about it,—they might spare us the other twenty-nine, with their tedious and unnecessary explanations. In future it may be hoped that neither Englishmen nor foreigners will be misled by the idea that the London newspaper or the London society gossip represents British political feeling in any but the most limited sense, or have the slightest practical influence thereon. In England of to-day it is the great party leaders and the earnest thinkers and speakers on either side, writing or speaking openly in their own names, who strike the keynote for their respective followers; these are the men, if any, who really lead public opinion, and not anonymous writers of newspaper articles, however able such writers may be, and however distinguished in their unknown rank of life. It is the provincial press which follows, with by far the truest judgment and shrewdest intelligence, the public opinion led and formed as above described. Whoever wishes to know the average opinion of the upper and middle classes in London, and to a less extent in the provinces, may consult the London newspapers of the day; but if it is desired to gather what may be known or surmised of the real weight of English political opinion, it can be done only by careful reference to the principal provincial newspapers all over the country.

Lastly, we come to the most important result of all which I think may fairly be deduced from these elections, and that is that Lord Beaconsfield has not only not succeeded in carrying the nation with him in his foreign policy, but that on the contrary the nation by its action at the polls has shown most conclusively, and in a way which there can be no misunderstanding, that it utterly dissents from the system of “meddle and muddle”—to use Lord Beaconsfield’s own words applied to Lord John Russell’s foreign policy some years ago—which the conservative council has been so actively engaged in importing into our foreign relations. Further, I think we are justified in assuming that the average Englishman of to-day (I do not mean the average “society” Englishman) is, notwithstanding a certain individual pugnacity, a peaceful and order-loving man, very different from the rampant “Jingo” who for the past six years has done duty, thanks to the government organs, in his place. The Tories, and notably that portion of the London press which was converted to

Toryism by Lord Beaconsfield's majority in 1874, in their bitter disappointment and dismay have attempted to pick up some stray crumbs of comfort by affecting to believe the childish assumption that the country was not passing judgment on the conservative policy but only on a conservative ministry, and that it was more a change of men than of policy which the constituencies of the United Kingdom desired. So long as there was a ray of hope, they chose to anticipate that the returns from the counties would presently neutralize those from the boroughs, and so check the Liberal triumph. But never were hopes more cruelly dashed; never before, I believe, has a Government in this country been condemned by so vast and overwhelming a majority. East and west, north and south, from manufacturing, cathedral, and county towns, from large boroughs and small ones, from the county division, industrial and agricultural alike,—here, and from all directions in England and Ireland, in Scotland and in Wales, with an almost unanimous vote, the constituencies have spoken, and condemned the government of Lord Beaconsfield and all its works; and so condemning it, have necessarily most strongly condemned that portion of its work on which it always founded its strongest claims to the support of the electors, namely, its foreign policy. But in fact this early assumption that the nation was condemning the man and not the policy was obviously and childishly put forward only in hopes of alleviating the Tory disaster by an explanation colorable if incorrect.

The question was fairly put in Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1880, in an article entitled "The Appeal to the Country," in which the writer (a Conservative of course) says, with a plainness which he now doubtless regrets: "Lord Beaconsfield appeals to the country to say whether he is not the right man in the right place,—his policy the only possible alternative to national humiliation and confusion." When these words were written, the writer doubtless shared with most of his party in the blind confidence that a conservative government would again be returned to power, and that on a future occasion he would be able to dwell on the simplicity of the question and the satisfactory nature of the response. The response, however, has proved satisfactory only to the other party. The tremendous force of the returning wave of Liberal opinion incontrovertibly proves that the nation has been thoroughly aroused and stirred to its very depths: no less profound awakening could have produced such a result. Now it has been mainly the foreign policy of the Government which has excited this grand

popular sentiment. The Tory Government originally came in on two principal grounds: they promised to give the "harassed interests" and the country generally a period of repose from annoying and heroic legislation, and they undertook by a spirited foreign policy to reassert the influence of England, alleged to be lost in the councils of Europe. The rest from heroic legislation was necessarily altogether negative in its character, and not calculated to arouse either strong opposition or much enthusiasm, but the "spirited foreign policy" was to be active, as, indeed, it has been with a vengeance. It has been claimed by the Conservatives all along as their strong point; on it Beaconsfield has rested his chief claim to the support of the country; and it has occupied the attention of the people almost exclusively for the last few years. The country has doubtless been dissatisfied with the Government at home, but it would have been impossible that the domestic policy — or, to speak perhaps more correctly, the lack of domestic policy — should have aroused so much adverse feeling. The government of Lord Beaconsfield during its six years of office has not passed a single measure of first-rate importance, and has immediately abandoned any bill which seemed likely to provoke much opposition from any save extreme Liberals or Radicals. Thus his government at home, however retrograde in principle, has been of so weak a description that to the bulk of the electors it has been merely negative in its results. Now, a large mass of the electorate does not abide permanently by either party, — it simply votes as its feelings move it at the moment; and the feelings of this mass now, as at most general elections for the last fifty years, has moved it to vote against a Tory Government, more unanimously and with more energy this time than ever before, because, having had more rope allowed to it than on past occasions, the Tory Government has manifested more clearly than has been previously possible its tendency to hang not only itself but also the country.

A Liberal Government was deposed six years ago mainly because, in carrying out the many and greatly needed reforms which it undertook, it necessarily interfered with many so-called "vested interests," and excited not only the active animosity of those immediately affected, but aroused the selfish fears of timid waverers all over the country lest their own turn should come next. The Conservatives have carefully avoided the rock, as much, perhaps, from the very mediocre abilities of most of those composing the cabinet, unfitting them to initiate any comprehensive reforms, as from the superb wisdom of

their chief ; and though even on their home policy they would probably have gone out, it would have been by a much smaller majority ; for numbers who have voted at the present election would not have taken the trouble to do so merely on the question of what had not been done : right things left undone can never move to indignation like wrong things done. Taking all things into account, I think that no unprejudiced observer can doubt for a moment that the nation has recorded its adverse vote, firstly and mainly, against Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy ; and in so doing has registered its utter disgust with and repudiation of the combined turbulence, brag, and failure which have marked that policy, — a repudiation all the stronger and more remarkable because Englishmen as a race are certainly not peculiarly free from national vanity or pride and a consequent desire to see their country influential in the councils of Europe. We are all human, all Englishmen first, and members of one or the other political party only because we believe that that party will best secure the greatness of our common country. We all would like to secure for ourselves the privileges abroad once attached to the proud boast, "Civis Romanus sum ;" and any party in this or any other civilized country which comes before the electors with an avowed determination to carry out a policy that shall provide a royal road to these ends immediately commands a large amount of sympathy, not only from those who already believe in it, but from vast numbers of others who are pleased with the idea, and weakly hope at the moment that it is only necessary for the claim to be asserted in order to be admitted, forgetting that the character of arbiter of nations can be achieved, if at all, only at the cost of untold human suffering and enormous losses in life and property. Fortunately for the cause of humanity, this pre-eminence among nations is not now-a-days to be attained by any country.

As we understand the recent election, Englishmen have indicated thereby that even if the idea of a more active and spirited foreign policy than a Liberal Cabinet is likely to adopt attracts them for a moment, they can at least readily distinguish between that and the bastard article which it has been attempted to foist upon them ; and it has once again come home to them that a spirited foreign policy under a conservative *régime* means that we are to have abroad injustice, mismanagement, and disaster, large words and small performance, subservience to the strong and bullying for the weak, repression of free nationalities in the interest of imperialism, and the loss of our good name as a friend and mother of free nations ; that at home we

are to see increased expenditure, loss of trade, misery, and general discontent, — everywhere, incompetence and failure. The Conservatives boasted much of the immediate influence which they gave to the councils of England abroad, but they decidedly ignored the fact that, had it not been for the forty years or so of Liberal rule which made and left the country wealthy and strong beyond all precedent, that influence could never have been exerted ; and that, had the country been weakened and emasculated, as they claimed at the hustings and through their organs in the press, instead of finding England's influence in Europe a recognized fact so soon as they attempted to exert it, they must on the contrary have waited many years to create it. By the practical illustration they themselves have given us of the influence which England possesses (even though exerted on the wrong side) after so many years of Liberal rule, they may have unintentionally strengthened the hand of Liberal governments in future ; since, at the election of 1874, there were undoubtedly many voters who have subsequently seen reason to alter their opinions, who did not fully recognize that the power and prestige of the country were all the greater by reason of long years of prosperity and peace, increasing wealth and expanding trade.

The crisis just past was a severe one for the country ; but, fortunately for England's good name and her position among nations, she has proved herself equal to it. Another six years of Conservative rule, under such a government as that we have just thrown off, wasting our resources, revealing by incompetence our weaknesses, arraying against us all the prejudices of our native subjects, alienating among the free constitutional people of Europe our old and best allies, failing by duplicity and secret conventions to gain any new ones among the autocratic nations of Europe (all the time only too glad to see the one great free country of Europe frittering away its resources and wasting its strength in ignoble wars and needless panics), — in short, another six years of Tory rule, carrying on the policy of the last six years, would have done much towards temporarily relegating England to the position of a second-rate power. After all, the matter for wonder at the present election has been, not that the nation should once more have trusted the Liberal party with power, but that it should have, even in a moment of temporary madness, expected better things from the Tory party. Of course the intellectual calibre of the Tory leader was not so patent then as now, but it might have been fairly surmised from his antecedents. Let any impartial man compare the men who

rank as leaders among the Tories with the same class among the Liberals, and hesitate, if it be possible, for one minute, as to which party possesses, at least among its active members, — the exponents and agents of its general policy, — the superiority in intellectual vigor and activity.

The Tories, judged by their words and actions, — always excepting their leader, — are hardly fit for an average metropolitan vestry. They have scarcely ventured anything at home or abroad without failure. In the words of a pamphlet entitled "Five Years of Tory Rule," published during the election, to the charges in which, except in one instance, I believe no answer has been attempted : —

"In our relations with Russia, war has again and again been risked without the country being distinctly aware of the question in dispute. Vacillation has marked every step of our diplomacy: the acceptance of the Andrassy Note was followed by the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum; ostentatious indifference to the Bulgarian atrocities was supplemented by an unenforced demand for the punishment of their perpetrators; the resolution after the Constantinople conference to give no countenance to Turkey was succeeded by the appointment of a fanatically Turcophile ambassador; Lord Salisbury's dispatch of defiance gave place to the Marvin Memorandum; the promise to aid Greece was fulfilled by allowing the Porte deliberately to delay a settlement; the declaration deliberately to abide by the Berlin Treaty was the prelude to suffering the Russians to postpone evacuation, and the Turks to abandon the Balkans. From first to last the same symptoms have appeared: the Government vapors, vacillates, and is vanquished."

The same censure is applicable to almost everything the Government have touched. They drifted into the Zulu war, by their own confession, against their wishes; they began that miserable war in Afghanistan, which still drags its unsatisfactory length along, avowedly for the sake of a "scientific frontier," — and the scientific frontier has long ago been "lost to sight," if "to memory dear," in the confusion worse confounded that has ensued; they have disordered the finances and arrested many needed reforms at home; and finally, as a natural result, during their term of power the country has passed from a period of unexampled prosperity to a period of almost unexampled depression. The Liberals, on the other hand, have from time to time carried a series of great measures at home, have augmented the powers and resources of the country, and carried on steadily and firmly a foreign policy, which, if less showy and bombastic, and containing fewer of those elements of gunpowder and glory in which Jingoës delight, has been at any rate truer, nobler, and more generally spirited than anything since attempted. They protected Belgium in her neutrality during

the Franco-German war by a firm declaration of their intentions; before that, they assisted Italy to attain unity, and backed Greece in obtaining her independence; when they considered the honor of the country was concerned in the Mason and Slidell affair, they promptly interfered, and undertook, if necessary, to defend Canada with all the power of England. They gave to our colonies their free constitutional governments, and thereby did more by a single action to secure their loyalty than all the big words and small acts of the Conservatives could do; and be it remembered that the only British colony ever lost — the United States themselves — were lost by the crass folly and stupid obstinacy of a conservative king and government; and we may, I think, fairly assume that, had the Liberals had their way, the despotisms of Russia and Turkey would have fared much worse, and the struggling and subject nationalities of the East much better than they have done under the cynical interference of Lord Beaconsfield. At any rate, rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, the English nation has once more shown, in the most decided manner, — and it is this reiterated decision that foreign governments will do well to note, — that Englishmen as a nation are averse to war and war-makers, and that, while they are always prepared to defend their just rights, and in some cases the rights of others, and notwithstanding a more or less marked tendency to pugnacity and national vanity, they may be counted on in the main to be found in the van of modern progress towards that happy if far-distant time when the poet's dream may be realized: —

“— the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

WALTER CHAMBERLAIN.

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